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DEMOCRACY AND EFFICIENCY.

It is no longer possible to mistake the reaction against democracy. The nineteenth century was above all others a century of democracy; and yet the world is no more convinced of the benefits of democracy as a form of government at its end than it was at its beginning. The history of closeted Switzerland has not been accepted as proving the stability of democratic institutions; the history of the United States has not been accepted as establishing their tendency to make governments just and liberal and pure. Their eccentric influence in France, their disastrous and revolutionary operation in South America, their power to intoxicate and their powerlessness to reform, — except where the states which use them have had in their training and environment what Switzerland or the colonies and commonwealths sprung from England have had, to strengthen and steady them, — have generally been deemed to offset every triumph or success they can boast. When we praise democracy, we are still put to our proofs; when we excuse its errors, we are understood to have admitted its failure.

There need be in this, however, no serious discouragement for us, whose democratic institutions have in all large things succeeded. It means nothing more than that the world is at last ready to accept the moral long ago drawn for it by de Tocqueville. He predicted the stability of the government of the United States, not because of its intrinsic ex-

cellence, but because of its suitability to the particular social, economic, and political conditions of the people and the country for whose use and administration it had been framed; because of the deliberation and sober sagacity with which it had been devised and set up; because it could reckon upon a sufficient "variety of information and excellence of discretion" on the part of the people who were to live under it to insure its intelligent operation; because he observed a certain uniformity of civilization to obtain throughout the country, and saw its affairs steadied by their fortunate separation from European politics; because he found a sober, religious habit of thought among our people, and a clear sense of right. Democracy was with us, he perceived, already a thing of principle and custom and nature, and our institutions admirably expressed our training and experience. No other people could expect to succeed by the same means, unless those means equally suited their character and stage of development. Democracy, like every other form of government, depended for its success upon qualities and conditions which it did not itself create, but only obeyed.

Many excellent suggestions, valid and applicable everywhere, we have given the world, with regard to the spirit in which government should be conducted. No doubt class privilege has been forever discredited because of our example. We have taught the world the principle of the general welfare as the

object and end of government, rather than the prosperity of any class or section of the nation, or the preferment of any private or petty interest. We have made the law appear to all men an instrument wherewith to secure equality of rights and a protection which shall be without respect of persons. There can be no misgivings about the currency or the permanency of the *principles* of right which we have exalted. But we have not equally commended the forms or the organization of the government under which we live.

A federal union of diverse commonwealths we have indeed made to seem both practicable and efficient as a means of organizing government on a great scale, while preserving at the same time the utmost possible latitude and independence in local self-government. Germany, Canada, Australia, Switzerland herself, have built and strengthened their constitutions in large part upon our model. It would be hard to exaggerate the shock which has been given to old theories, or the impetus which has been given to hopeful experiment, in the field of political action, by our conspicuous successes as constitution-makers and reformers. But those successes have not been unlimited. We have not escaped the laws of error that government is heir to. It is said that riots and disorders are more frequent amongst us than in any other country of the same degree of civilization; justice is not always done in our courts; our institutions do not prevent, they do not seem even to moderate, contests between capital and labor; our laws of property are no more equitable, our laws of marriage no more *moralizing*, than those of undemocratic nations, our contemporaries; our cities are perhaps worse governed than any in Europe outside the Turkish Empire and Spain; crime defies or evades the law amongst us as amongst other peoples, less favored in matters of freedom and privilege; we have no monopoly either

of happiness or of enlightened social order. As we grow older, we grow also perplexed and awkward in the doing of justice and in the perfecting and safeguarding of liberty. It is character and good principle, after all, which are to save us, if we are to escape disaster.

That moral is the justification of what we have attempted. It is for this that we love democracy: for the emphasis it puts on character; for its tendency to exalt the purposes of the average man to some high level of endeavor; for its just principle of common assent in matters in which all are concerned; for its ideals of duty and its sense of brotherhood. Its forms and institutions are meant to be subservient to these things. Democracy is merely the most radical form of "constitutional" government. A "constitutional" government is one in which there is a definite understanding as to the sphere and powers of government; one in which individual liberty is defined and guaranteed by specific safeguards, in which the authority and the functions of those who rule are limited and determined by unmistakable custom or explicit fundamental law. It is a government in which these understandings are kept up, alike in the making and in the execution of laws, by frequent conferences between those who govern and those who are governed. This is the purpose of representation: stated conference and a cordial agreement between those who govern and those who are governed. The process of the understanding is discussion, — public and continuous, and conducted by those who stand in the midst of affairs, at the official centre and seat of management, where affairs can be looked into and disposed with full knowledge and authority; those intrusted with government being present in person, the people by deputy.

Representative government has had its long life and excellent development, not in order that common opinion, the opinion of the street, might prevail, but

in order that the best opinion, the opinion generated by the best possible methods of general counsel, might rule in affairs; in order that some sober and best opinion might be created, by thoughtful and responsible discussion conducted by men intimately informed concerning the public weal, and officially commissioned to look to its safeguarding and advancement, — by discussion in parliaments, discussion face to face between authoritative critics and responsible ministers of state.

This is the central object to which we have devoted our acknowledged genius for practical politics. During the first half century of our national life we seemed to have succeeded in an extraordinary degree in approaching our ideal, in organizing a nation for counsel and coöperation, and in moving forward with cordial unison and with confident and buoyant step toward the accomplishment of tasks and duties upon which all were agreed. Our later life has disclosed serious flaws, has even seemed ominous of pitiful failure, in some of the things we most prided ourselves upon having managed well: notably, in pure and efficient local government, in the successful organization of great cities, and in well-considered schemes of administration. The boss — a man elected by no votes, preferred by no open process of choice, occupying no office of responsibility — makes himself a veritable tyrant amongst us, and seems to cheat us of self-government; parties appear to hamper the movements of opinion rather than to give them form and means of expression; multitudinous voices of agitation, an infinite play of forces at cross-purpose, confuse us; and there seems to be no common counsel or definite union for action, after all.

We keep heart the while because still sure of our principles and of our ideals: the common weal, a common and cordial understanding in matters of government, secure private rights and yet concerted

public action, a strong government and yet liberty also. We know what we have to do; what we have missed and mean to find; what we have lost and mean to recover; what we still strive after and mean to achieve. Democracy is a principle with us, not a mere form of government. What we have blundered at is its new applications and details, its successful combination with efficiency and purity in governmental action. We tell ourselves that our partial failure in these things has been due to our absorption in the tasks of material growth; that our practical genius has spent itself upon wealth and the organization of industry. But it is to be suspected that there are other elements in the singular fact. We have supposed that there could be one way of efficiency for democratic governments, and another for monarchical. We have declined to provide ourselves with a professional civil service, because we deemed it undemocratic; we have made shift to do without a trained diplomatic and consular service, because we thought the training given by other governments to their foreign agents unnecessary in the case of affairs so simple and unsophisticated as the foreign relations of a democracy in politics and trade, — transactions so frank, so open, so straightforward, interests so free from all touch of chicane or indirection; we have hesitated to put our presidents or governors or mayors into direct and responsible relations of leadership with our legislatures and councils in the making of laws and ordinances, because such a connection between lawmakers and executive officers seemed inconsistent with the theory of checks and balances whose realization in practice we understood Montesquieu to have proved essential to the maintenance of a free government. Our theory, in short, has paid as little heed to efficiency as our practice. It has been a theory of non-professionalism in public affairs; and in many great matters of

public action non-professionalism is non-efficiency.

"If only we had our old leisure for domestic affairs, we should devise a way of our own to be efficient, consonant with our principles, characteristic of our genius for organization," we have heard men say. "How fatal it may prove to us that our attention has been called off from a task but half done to the tasks of the world, for which we have neither inclination nor proper training nor suitable organization, — from which, until now, we were so happily free! We shall now be forever barred from perfection, our own perfection, at home!" But may it not be that the future will put another face upon the matter, and show us our advantage where least we thought it to lie? May it not be that the way to perfection lies along these new paths of struggle, of discipline, and of achievement? What will the reaction of new duty be? What self-revelations will it afford; what lessons of unified will, of simplified method, of clarified purpose; what disclosures of the fundamental principles of right action, the efficient means of just achievement, if we but keep our ideals and our character?

At any rate, it is clear that we could not have held off. The affairs of the world stand in such a case, the principles for which we have battled the long decades through are now put in such jeopardy amidst the contests of nations, the future of mankind faces so great a peril of reactionary revolution, that our own private business must take its chances along with the greater business of the world at large. We dare not stand neutral. All mankind deem us the representatives of the moderate and sensible discipline which makes free men good citizens, of enlightened systems of law and a temperate justice, of the best experience in the reasonable methods and principles of self-government, of public force made consistent with individual liberty; and we shall

not realize these ideals at home, if we suffer them to be hopelessly discredited amongst the peoples who have yet to see liberty and the peaceable days of order and comfortable progress. We should lose heart ourselves, did we suffer the world to lose faith in us as the champions of these things.

There is no masking or concealing the new order of the world. It is not the world of the eighteenth century, nor yet of the nineteenth. A new era has come upon us like a sudden vision of things unprophe-sied, and for which no polity has been prepared. Here is straightway a new frontage for the nations, — this frontage toward the Orient. Our almost accidental possession of the Philippines has put us in the very presence of the forces which must make the politics of the twentieth century radically unlike the politics of the nineteenth; but we must have taken cognizance of them and dealt with them in any event. They concern us as nearly as they concern any other nation in the world. They concern all nations, for they shall determine the future of the race. Fortunately, they have not disclosed themselves before we were ready. I do not mean that our thought was prepared for them; I do not mean that our domestic affairs were in such shape as to seem fairly well ordered, so that we might in good conscience turn from them as from things finished and complete, and divert our energies to tasks beyond our borders. I mean that this change in the order of the world came, so far as we are concerned, at the natural point in our national development. The matter is worth looking into.

There has been a certain singular unity in our national task, hitherto; and these new duties now thrust upon us will not break that unity. They will perpetuate it, rather, and make it complete, if we keep but our integrity and our old-time purpose true. Until 1890 the United States had always a frontier; looked always to a region beyond, unoccupied,

unappropriated, an outlet for its energy, a new place of settlement and of achievement for its people. For nearly three hundred years their growth had followed a single law, — the law of expansion into new territory. Themselves through all their history a frontier, the English colonies in America grew into a nation whose life poured still with strong tide along the old channel. Over the mountains on to the long slopes that descended to the Mississippi, across the great river into the plains, up the plains to the crowning heights of the Rockies, beyond the Rockies to the Pacific, slowly moved the frontier nation. England sought colonies at the ends of the earth to set her energy free and give vent to her enterprise; we, a like people in every impulse of mastery and achievement, had our own vast continent and were satisfied. There was always space and adventure enough and to spare, to satisfy the feet of our young men.

The great process put us to the making of states; kept the wholesome blood of sober and strenuous and systematic work warm within us; perpetuated in us the spirit of initiative and of practical expediency which had made of the colonies vigorous and heady states; created in us that national feeling which finally put sectionalism from the field and altered the very character of the government; gave us the question of the extension of slavery, brought on the Civil War, and decided it by the weight of the West. From coast to coast across the great continent our institutions have spread, until the western sea has witnessed the application upon a great scale of what was begun upon a small scale on the shores of the Atlantic, and the drama has been played almost to its last act, — the drama of institutional construction on the vast scale of a continent. The whole European world, which gave us our materials, has been moralized and liberalized by the striking and stupendous spectacle.

No other modern nation has been schooled as we have been in big undertakings and the mastery of novel difficulties. We have become confirmed in energy, in resourcefulness, in practical proficiency, in self-confidence. We have become confirmed, also, so far as our character is concerned, in the habit of acting under an odd mixture of selfish and altruistic motives. Having ourselves a population fit to be free, making good its freedom in every sort of unhampered enterprise, determining its own destiny unguided and unbidden, moving as it pleased within wide boundaries, using institutions, not dominated by them, we have sympathized with freedom everywhere; have deemed it niggardly to deny an equal degree of freedom to any race or community that desired it; have pressed handsome principles of equity in international dealings; have rejoiced to believe that our principles might some day make every government a servant, not a master, of its people. Ease and prosperity have made us wish the whole world to be as happy and well to do as ourselves; and we have supposed that institutions and principles like our own were the simple prescription for making them so. And yet, when issues of our own interest arose, we have not been unselfish. We have shown ourselves kin to all the world, when it came to pushing an advantage. Our action against Spain in the Floridas, and against Mexico on the coasts of the Pacific; our attitude toward first the Spaniards, and then the French, with regard to the control of the Mississippi; the un pitying force with which we thrust the Indians to the wall wherever they stood in our way, have suited our professions of peacefulness and justice and liberality no better than the aggressions of other nations that were strong and not to be gainsaid. Even Mr. Jefferson, philanthropist and champion of peaceable and modest government though he was, exemplified this double temper of the people he ruled. "Peace

is our passion," he had declared ; but the passion abated when he saw the mouth of the Mississippi about to pass into the hands of France. Though he had loved France and hated England, he did not hesitate then what language to hold. "There is on the globe," he wrote to Mr. Livingston at Paris, "one single spot the possessor of which is our natural and habitual enemy. The day that France takes possession of New Orleans seals the union of two nations, who, in conjunction, can maintain exclusive possession of the sea. From that moment we must marry ourselves to the British fleet and nation." Our interests must march forward, altruists though we are ; other nations must see to it that they stand off, and do not seek to stay us.

It is only just now, however, that we have awakened to our real relationship to the rest of mankind. Absorbed in our own development, we had fallen into a singular ignorance of the rest of the world. The isolation in which we lived was quite without parallel in modern history. Our only near neighbor of any consequence was like ourselves in every essential particular. The life of Canada has been unlike ours only in matters which have turned out in the long run to be matters of detail ; only because she has had direct political connection with the mother country, and because she has had to work out the problem of forming a real union of life and sentiment between alien strains of French and English blood in her population. The contrast grows less and less between the two sides of the friendly border. And so we have looked upon nothing but our own ways of living, and have been formed in isolation. This has made us — not provincial, exactly : upon so big and various a continent there could not be the single pattern of thought and manners and purpose to be found cloistered in a secluded province. But if *provincial* be not the proper word, it suggests the actual fact. We have, like provincials, too habitually

confined our view to the range of our own experiences. We have acquired a false self-confidence, a false self-sufficiency, because we have heeded no successes or failures but our own.

There could be no better illustration of this than the constant reargument, *de novo*, of the money question among us, and the easy currency to be obtained, at every juncture of financial crisis, for the most childish errors with regard to the well-known laws of value and exchange. No nation not isolated like ourselves in thought and experience could possibly think itself able to establish a value of its own for gold and silver, by legislation which paid no regard either to the commercial operations or to the laws of coinage and exchange which obtained outside its own borders. That a great political party should be able to win men of undoubted cultivation and practical sense to the support of a platform which embodied palpable and thrice-proven errors in such matters, and that, too, at a great election following close upon protracted, earnest, frank, and universal discussion, and should poll but little less than half the votes of the nation, is startling proof enough that we have learned to think, for the most part, only in terms of our own separate life and independent action, and have come to think ourselves a divided portion of mankind, masters and makers of our own laws of trade.

We have been equally deceived in matters in which we might more reasonably have deemed ourselves accredited experts. Misled by our own splendid initial advantage in the matter of self-government, we have suffered ourselves to misunderstand self-government itself, when the question was whether it could be put into practice amidst conditions totally unlike those with which, and with which alone, we have been familiar. The people of the United States have never known anything but self-government since the colonies were founded. They have for-

gotten the discipline which preceded the founding of the colonies, the long drill in order and in obedience to law, the long subjection to kings and to parliaments which were not in fact of the people's choosing. They have forgotten how many generations were once in tutelage in order that the generations which discovered and settled the coasts of America might be mature and free. No thoughtful student of history or observer of affairs needs to be told the necessary conditions precedent to self-government: the slow growth of the sense of law; the equally slow growth of the sense of community and of fellowship in every general interest; the habit of organization, the habit of discipline and obedience to those intrusted with authority, the self-restraint of give and take; the allegiance to ideals, the consciousness of mutual obligation; the patience and intelligence which are content with a slow and universal growth. These things have all been present in abundant measure in our own national life; but we have not deemed them singular, and have assumed that they were within reach of all others as well, and at as little cost of conscious effort.

Our own form of self-government is, in fact, by no means the one necessary and inevitable form. England is the oldest home of self-government in the modern world; our own principles and practices of self-government were derived from her; she has served as the model and inspiring example of self-government for every country in Europe throughout a century of democratic reform. And yet England did not have what we should call local self-government until 1888, outside her boroughs. Until 1888, influential country gentlemen, appointed justices of the peace by the crown upon the nomination of the Lord Chancellor, were the governing officers of her counties. Practically every important matter of local administration was in their hands, and yet the people

of the counties had absolutely no voice in their selection. Things had stood so for more than four hundred years. Professor Rudolph Gneist, the great German student of English institutions, in expounding English ideas of self-government as he found them exemplified in the actual organization of local administration, declared that the word *government* was quite as emphatic in the compound as the word *self*. The people of the counties were not self-directed in affairs: they were governed by crown officials. The policy of the crown was indeed moderated and guided in all things by the influence of a representative parliament; the justices received no salaries; were men resident in the counties for which they were commissioned, identified with them in life and interest, landlords and neighbors among the men whose public affairs they administered. They had nothing to gain by oppression, much to gain by the real advancement of prosperity and good feeling within their jurisdictions: they were in a very excellent and substantial sense representative men. But they were not elected representatives; their rule was not democratic either in form or in principle. Such was the local self-government of England during some of the most notable and honorable periods of her history.

Our own, meanwhile, though conceived in the same atmosphere and spirit, had been set up upon a very different pattern, suitable to a different order of society. The appointment of officials was discredited amongst us; election everywhere took its place. We made no hierarchy of officials. We made laws, — laws for the selectmen, laws for the sheriff, laws for the county commissioners, laws for the district attorney, laws for each official from bailiff to governor, — and bade the courts see to their enforcement; but we did not subordinate one officer to another. No man was commanded from the capital, as if he were a servant of officials rather than

of the people. Authority was put into commission and distributed piecemeal; nowhere gathered or organized into a single commanding force. Oversight and concentration were omitted from the system. Federal administration, it is true, we constituted upon a different principle, — the principle of appointment and of responsibility to the President; but we did not, when that new departure was made, expect the patronage of the President to be large, or look to see the body of federal officials play any very important or intimate part in our life as a people. The rule was to be, as before, the dispersion of authority. We printed the *SELF* large and the *government* small in almost every administrative arrangement we made; and that is still our attitude and preference.

We have found that even among ourselves such arrangements are not universally convenient or serviceable. They give us untrained officials, and an expert civil service is almost unknown amongst us. They give us petty officials, petty men of no ambition, without hope or fitness for advancement. They give us so many elective offices that even the most conscientious voters have neither the time nor the opportunity to inform themselves with regard to every candidate on their ballots, and must vote for a great many men of whom they know nothing. They give us, consequently, the local machine and the local boss; and where population crowds, interests compete, work moves strenuously and at haste, life is many-sided and without unity, and voters of every blood and environment and social derivation mix and stare at one another at the same voting places, government miscarries, is confused, irresponsible, unintelligent, wasteful. Methods of electoral choice and administrative organization, which served us admirably well while the nation was homogeneous and rural, serve us oftentimes ill enough now that the nation is heterogeneous and crowded into cities.

It is of the utmost importance that we should see the unmistakable truth of this matter and act upon it with all candor. It is not a question of the excellence of self-government: it is a question of the method of self-government, and of choosing which word of the compound we shall emphasize in any given case. It is a matter of separating the essentials from the non-essentials, the principle of self-government from its accidental forms. Democracy is unquestionably the most wholesome and livable kind of government the world has yet tried. It supplies as no other system could the frank and universal criticism, the free play of individual thought, the open conduct of public affairs, the spirit and pride of community and of coöperation, which make governments just and public-spirited. But the question of efficiency is the same for it as for any other kind of polity; and if only it have the principle of representation at the centre of its arrangements, where counsel is held and policy determined and law made, it can afford to put into its administrative organization any kind of businesslike power or official authority and any kind of discipline as if of a profession that it may think most likely to serve it. This we shall see, and this we shall do.

It is the more imperative that we should see and do it promptly, because it is our present and immediate task to extend self-government to Porto Rico and the Philippines, if they be fit to receive it, — so soon as they can be made fit. If there is to be preparation, we must know of what kind it should be, and how it ought to be conducted. Although we have forgot our own preparatory discipline in that kind, these new tasks will undoubtedly teach us that some discipline — it may be prolonged and tedious — must precede self-government and prepare the way for it; that one kind of self-government is suitable for one sort of community, one stage of

development, another for another ; that there is no universal form or method either of preparation or of practice in the matter ; that character and the moralizing effect of law are conditions precedent, obscure and difficult, but absolutely indispensable. An examination of our own affairs will teach us these things ; an examination of the affairs of the peoples we have undertaken to govern will confirm us in the understanding of them.

We shall see now more clearly than ever before that we lack in our domestic arrangements, above all things else, concentration, both in political leadership and in administrative organization ; for the lack will be painfully emphasized, and will embarrass us sadly in the career we have now set out upon. Authority has been as much dispersed and distributed in the making of law and the choice of policy, under the forms we have used hitherto, as it has been in administrative action. We have been governed in all things by mass meetings. Committees of Congress, as various in their make-up as the body itself, sometimes guided by the real leaders of party, oftener guided by men whom the country at large neither knew nor looked to for leadership, have determined our national policy, piece by piece, and the pieces have seldom been woven together into any single or consistent pattern of statesmanship. There has been no leadership except the private leadership of party managers, no integration of the public business except such as was effected by the compromises and votes of party caucuses. Such methods will serve very awkwardly, if at all, for action in international affairs or in the government of distant dependencies. In such matters leadership must be single, open, responsible, and of the whole. Leadership and expert organization have become imperative, and our practical sense, never daunted hitherto, must be applied to the task of developing them at once and with a will.

We did not of deliberate choice undertake these new tasks which shall transform us. All the world knows the surprising circumstances which thrust them upon us. Sooner or later, nevertheless, they would have become inevitable. If they had not come upon us in this way, they would have come in another. They came upon us, as it was, though unexpected, with a strange opportuneness, as if part of a great preconceived plan for changing the world. Every man now knows that the world is to be changed,—changed according to an ordering of Providence hardly so much as foreshadowed until it came ; except, it may be, to a few Europeans who were burrowing and plotting and dreaming in the mysterious East. The whole world had already become a single vicinage ; each part had become neighbor to all the rest. No nation could live any longer to itself, the tasks and the duties of neighborhood being what they were. Whether we had had a material foothold there or not, it would have been the duty of the United States to play a part, and a leading part at that, in the opening and transformation of the East. We might not have seen our duty, had the Philippines not fallen to us by the willful fortune of war ; but it would have been our duty, nevertheless, to play the part we now see ourselves obliged to play. The East is to be opened and transformed, whether we will or no ; the standards of the West are to be imposed upon it ; nations and peoples which have stood still the centuries through are to be quickened, and made part of the universal world of commerce and of ideas which has so steadily been a-making by the advance of European power from age to age. It is our peculiar duty, as it is also England's, to moderate the process in the interests of liberty : to impart to the peoples thus driven out upon the road of change, so far as we have opportunity or can make it, our own principles of self-help ; teach them

order and self-control in the midst of change; impart to them, if it be possible by contact and sympathy and example, the drill and habit of law and obedience which we long ago got out of the strenuous processes of English history; secure for them, when we may, the free intercourse and the natural development which shall make them at least equal members of the family of nations. In China, of course, our part will be indirect, but in the Philippines it will be direct; and there in particular must the moral of our polity be set up and vindicated.

This we shall do, not by giving them out of hand our codes of political morality or our methods of political action, the generous gifts of complete individual liberty or the full-fangled institutions of American self-government, — a purple garment for their nakedness, — for these things are not blessings, but a curse, to undeveloped peoples, still in the childhood of their political growth; but by giving them, in the spirit of service, a government and rule which shall moralize them by being itself moral, elevate and steady them by being itself pure and steadfast, inducting them into the rudiments of justice and freedom. In other words, it is the aid of our character they need, and not the premature aid of our institutions. Our institutions must come after the ground of character and habit has been made ready for them; as effect, not cause, in the order of political growth. It is thus that we shall ourselves recognize the fact, at last patent to all the world, that the service of democracy has been the development of ideals rather than the origination of practical methods of administration of universal validity, or any absolute qualification of the ultimate conceptions of sovereignty and the indispensable disciplinary operation of law. We must aid their character and elevate their ideals, and then see what these will bring forth, generating after their kind.

As the panacea for oppressive taxation lies in honesty and economy rather than in this, that, or the other method of collection, in reasonable assessment rather than in a particular machinery of administration, so the remedy for oppressive government in general is, not a constitution, but justice and enlightenment. One set of guarantees will be effective under one set of circumstances, another under another.

The best guarantee of good government we can give the Filipinos is, that we shall be sensitive to the opinion of the world; that we shall be sensitive in what we do to our own standards, so often boasted of and proclaimed, and shall wish above all things else to live up to the character we have established, the standards we have professed. When they accept the compulsions of that character and accept those standards, they will be entitled to partnership with us, and shall have it. They shall, meanwhile, teach us, as we shall teach them. We shall teach them order as a condition precedent to liberty, self-control as a condition precedent to self-government; they shall teach us the true assessment of institutions, — that their only invaluable content is motive and character. We shall no doubt learn that democracy and efficiency go together by no novel rule. Democracy is not so much a form of government as a set of principles. Other forms of government may be equally efficient; many forms of government are more efficient, — know better ways of integrating and purifying administration than we have yet learned, more successful methods of imparting drill and order to restless and undeveloped peoples than we are likely to hit upon of ourselves, a more telling way of getting and a more effectual way of keeping leadership in a world of competitive policies, doubtful concerts, and international rivalries. We must learn what we can, and yet scrupulously square everything that we do with the high principles we

brought into the world: that justice may be done to the lowly no less than to the great; that government may serve its people, not make itself their master, — may in its service heed both the wishes and the needs of those who obey it; that authority may be for leadership, not for aggrandizement; that the people may be the state.

The reactions which such experiments in the universal validity of principle and method are likely to bring about in respect of our own domestic institutions

cannot be calculated or forecast. Old principles applied in a new field may show old applications to have been clumsy and ill considered. We may ourselves get responsible leadership instead of government by mass meeting; a trained and thoroughly organized administrative service instead of administration by men privately nominated and blindly elected; a new notion of terms of office and of standards of policy. If we but keep our ideals clear, our principles steadfast, we need not fear the change.

Woodrow Wilson.

MR. MCKINLEY AS PRESIDENT.

To understand Mr. McKinley as President you must understand him as a man. This seems easy, since he has lived so simply and so openly. But, on the contrary, it is hard, because, more than most Presidents, Mr. McKinley has been at once misunderstood and successfully misrepresented. Like all his predecessors, he is neither the saint that his friends, nor the sinner that his enemies, have painted; but, unlike most of his predecessors, he has been made to appear, partly by friends and partly by enemies, very different from the man he really is.

Nothing illustrates the popular misunderstanding of Mr. McKinley more than the astounding delusion, entertained by some Republicans as well as by many Democrats who do not know him, that he is, and has been ever since 1895, more or less under the influence of Senator Hanna. This sums up, in a way that is as unjust as it is picturesque, all the notions to the effect that Mr. McKinley is a yielding and unstable person, without convictions, or even opinions, that cannot be changed at the command of a stronger man. Newspaper cartoons, which now have more influ-

ence than newspaper editorials, are largely responsible for these strange beliefs, but they have been fostered by uninformed editors and politicians misled by deceptive appearances and by malice. It is interesting to see how ignorance alone misleads writers about President McKinley who are friendly to him, as when they speak of him as "stolid and solemn" because they have only seen his manner in public, when the fact is that he is a man of humor, who enjoys even the cartoons at his own expense, and is as fond of good jokes, and as apt at telling them, as Abraham Lincoln. Remembering the fate of public men who have done otherwise, Mr. McKinley has kept his wit and humor for private conversation, and thus, naturally enough, has been accused of having none. These writers would probably be unwilling to believe that Mr. McKinley was a constant reader of Mr. Dooley during the Spanish War, just as Mr. Lincoln found recreation in the humorists of the Civil War.

As it takes more faith to be an infidel than a believer, so it takes more credulity to believe in the McKinley of fiction than in the McKinley of fact. It

seems incredible that intelligent and educated men and women should be able to believe, even on the authority of both newspaper cartoons and editorials, that the man who has done what Mr. McKinley has done could be under the domination of any other man. Even after taking from President McKinley all the achievements of his administration that can possibly be credited to others, it must be admitted that he has accomplished more than any of his predecessors, with possibly one or two exceptions, in what he has clearly done himself. From such work it ought to be easy to infer the workman.

At all events, the only way to understand President McKinley's first administration is to recognize the fact that it was his administration. There is no doubt about this fact in Washington, where the whole story is known in detail, and all the characters in it are rightly appreciated because thoroughly understood. If it be said that Washington is friendly to Mr. McKinley, it can be said that Washington is familiar with Mr. McKinley. He has had to meet the disadvantage that the prophet finds proverbially in his own country and in his own house; for he has lived in Washington for almost a quarter of a century, and has grown steadily into larger powers before the eyes of many men who remember what he was when he first came to the House of Representatives. He has had to live down that familiarity which, in the beginning of a career, is still apt to breed contempt. It has been hard to do this, just as it has been hard to take command of men who were his commanders when he first appeared in public life. But to make himself the acknowledged leader under these circumstances means more than if he had gained the place by coming first to Washington with the prestige and authority of a President elect, personally unknown to most public men.

President McKinley's personal man-

ner, which has had so much to do with his success, has had quite as much to do with the misunderstanding of him. The expression of a kindly and equable nature governed by the moderation and patience suggested by the crest of his Scotch ancestors, an olive branch clasped in a mailed hand, with the motto "Not too much," its strength failed to impress those who think that brusqueness and bluster and bragging are the necessary signs of power. "A very parfit gentil knyghte" is to many people a weakling simply because he is gentle, and they have had to know Mr. McKinley well to appraise him properly. Even close acquaintance has not helped those of opposite qualities to appreciate him. His "*suaviter et fortiter*" is one of the secrets of his success in making his way to the headship of his party, through the ranks of his colleagues, without alienating any considerable number of them, and without making personal enemies of any of his political opponents. It is the key, too, to his dealings with his Cabinet, which has contained such a large proportion of strong men, with Senators and Representatives of all parties, and with public men generally. Mr. McKinley has had his own way more than most party leaders, more than most of his predecessors in the White House. But he has had it in his own way. Always tactful, serene, patient, modest in manner, never sounding a trumpet of announcement or indulging in noisy threatenings or complaining recriminations, he has not had credit for his courage, persistence, and determination. He has cared more for real success than for making people think that he would have it or had won it. Now, most men are still children who are impressed by appearances. They like to be told, even by the President himself, that he is doing or going to do great things, especially if, as in the case of Andrew Jackson, he publicly defies some enemy, or talks contemptuously of

the coordinate branches of the government. Most Americans look upon the President as superior to the Congress and the Supreme Court, about whose powers and functions they know very little; and they are rather pleased than otherwise when he acts as though he agreed with this opinion. Even if such a President actually fails to accomplish, perhaps because of a bellicose and blustering manner, any real, substantial success in the way of legislation or diplomatic negotiations; even if he is destructive rather than constructive, and leaves the country and his party worse off than when he became President, he may remain a hero indefinitely to many people.

Not only is Mr. McKinley's manner different from that of the Presidents that such men admire, but his theory of the presidency is equally different. Trained as he was, almost from his youth up, in the House of Representatives, intimately acquainted with all the phases of Congress and deeply imbued with its spirit, while possessed of the friendship of most of its leaders of his time, it was very natural that he should consider it entitled to its full constitutional powers and duties, and to the most respectful consideration on a plane of absolute equality with the President of the United States. Mr. Garfield was the only President of our time, except Mr. McKinley, who came to the White House after such an experience at the Capitol, and he had precisely the same theory of the relations between the President and Congress. According to this theory, Congress ought not to dominate the President, the President ought not to dominate Congress, but they should cooperate as far as practicable for the good of the country.

As human nature is very much the same in Congress as in a stock exchange, a church convention, or a newspaper office, the President who deals with Congress tactfully and courteously will, in the

long run, get more of what he wants than the President who does not do so. He may not get so much credit for what he does gain, from those people who like to see a President fight Congress, especially in that flattering way which consists in appealing to them to make Congress do what the President wants done. The tendency toward government by a monarch in this country appears most clearly in the sayings and doings of the people who want "a strong man in the White House," who shall show his strength by fighting the Senators and Representatives, who have been chosen quite as directly by the popular voice as he has. They like an arrogant egotism in the President, and would be quite willing to have him dominate Congress all the time, and the Supreme Court part of the time. They think the President is very much more likely to be right, and certainly more nearly represents the popular will, or at least what the popular will ought to be, than the other two branches of the government, and that he ought to fight as hard to get what he wants in legislation as to protect the executive prerogatives from encroachment. What they want, apparently, is a President who shall be the whole government, as in Mexico.

President McKinley had the point of view of Congress before he took the point of view of the President. He knows that Congress, collectively, is as wise, as patriotic, and as representative of the people as he is, and that, individually, there may be men in both houses who would be able to take his place at short notice, without detriment to the country. He remembers, too, how he looked at the President when he was a member of the House, and how what the President said and did affected him. It is, therefore, comparatively easy for him to practice the Golden Rule in dealings with Congress as in dealings with others. By treating Senators and Representatives, collectively and individually, in this

spirit, President McKinley has forfeited the praise of some men outside of Congress, but he has won the confidence and coöperation of Congress as has no other President. It is admitted that no other President has had so many personal friends and admirers in Congress; and there could be no greater tribute to Mr. McKinley, for no one knows him better than these men. When, on the 9th of March, 1898, without a written request, without a word from him in public and formal fashion, on his mere intimations to the leaders of all parties in private conversation in his office, both houses by unanimous vote gave him fifty million dollars, "for the national defense, and for each and every purpose connected therewith, to be expended at the direction of the President," Congress showed what it thought of President McKinley. No such appropriation on such a request was ever made in such a way before, and it never would have been made in that way for any other kind of a President.

It is not enough that a President should be patriotic and high-minded in his intentions and wise in his purposes; he must also be efficient in carrying them out. In point of efficiency President McKinley has no superior in his predecessors, and this is largely because he has treated Congress as he wanted Congress to treat him. It is also, however, because Congress believed in him. The personal equation was as important in this case as in any other. His career has kept him under public observation from the day when, as a boy, he left his simple but comfortable home in the Western Reserve to go to the Civil War. As he rose from private to major, and as, after the war, he rose from country lawyer to Representative in Congress, he was constantly watched, and men recorded that he was honest, candid, courageous, clean in speech and behavior, a model son and an ideal husband. This record, with his intelligence and industry and his felicitous manner,

has given him his place among public men. It is impossible to describe either President McKinley or his reputation without dwelling upon the fact that he has lived a life as nearly blameless as that of any public man of our history. It may be, as we are told sometimes, that a good man may make a bad President, and that a bad man may make a good President, but in this particular instance a good man makes a good President chiefly because he is a good man.

His character secured him the confidence of his associates, his temperance and moderation kept mind and body in full vigor, and his religious faith sustained him in dark and trying days. Besides all this, his good life has given him much of his hold upon the country at large. Yet it must not be forgotten that goodness and greatness are not the same thing in a President, and that Mr. McKinley has shown not only goodness, but greatness. It is simple truth to say that he has met all the extraordinary requirements of an extraordinary period, and met them easily and well, and this is to say that he is a great President. It has been hard for many public men who frankly admitted his goodness to frankly admit his greatness, because he has been growing ever since they first knew him, and they have been too close to the process to observe the results. But some have been wiser. Mr. McKinley had been marked for the presidency by keener eyes, at a greater distance, than those of his associates, long before he was honored with a ballot in a national convention. Twenty years ago Mr. Blaine predicted with emphasis that Mr. McKinley would become President, at a time when Mr. McKinley had still to wait ten years before he became leader of the House. And there were others than Mr. Blaine who saw then, or a little later, that this young statesman, so strong, so industrious, so attractive, and so honorably ambitious, would reach the White House if he lived. As each

opportunity came to him Mr. McKinley was ready for it, and he had patience to wait for the opportunity.

He might have been nominated for the presidency at Chicago, in the Republican National Convention of 1888, had he been willing to desert John Sherman, who could not be nominated, but whom McKinley, as a member of the Ohio delegation, had been instructed to support. He was the most popular man in that convention, and was applauded every time he came into the hall. After five ballots had shown that none of the candidates had a majority, on the sixth ballot one vote was cast for William McKinley, and this was cheered by two thirds of the convention. Seventeen votes were cast for him by the next state called; and while the convention was cheering for him, and it seemed evident that it would nominate him, he sprang upon a chair and stopped it all by an appeal, or rather a demand, "that no delegate who would not cast reflection upon me shall cast a ballot for me. I cannot," said Mr. McKinley to the convention, "I cannot, consistently with the wish of the state whose credentials I bear, and which has trusted me; I cannot, consistently with my own views of personal integrity, consent, or seem to consent, to permit my name to be used as a candidate before this convention. I would not respect myself if I could find it in my heart to do, or permit to be done, that which could even be ground for any one to suspect that I wavered in my loyalty to Ohio, or my devotion to the chief of her choice and the chief of mine." And on the seventh ballot Benjamin Harrison was nominated.

Four years later Mr. McKinley was tested again, while presiding as chairman of the Republican National Convention at Minneapolis, where he had gone to advocate the renomination of President Harrison. The anti-Harrison managers, without consulting Mr. McKinley, sought to unite a majority of

the convention in his support, and were apparently succeeding. They had induced the Ohio delegation, of which he was a member, to vote for him. From the chair Mr. McKinley challenged the announcement of the Ohio vote, and demanded, as a member of the delegation, that its roll should be called. Upon this poll of the delegation, his alternate, under his instructions, voted for Benjamin Harrison, while all the other votes were cast for Mr. McKinley; but Mr. McKinley's action prevented the success of the movement to nominate him, and although he received 182 votes, Mr. Harrison was renominated on that ballot.

When the fullness of time for his nomination came, at St. Louis, in 1896, he received the nomination on the first ballot with 661½ votes, 84½ being cast for Thomas B. Reed, 61½ for M. S. Quay, 58 for Levi P. Morton, and 35½ for William B. Allison. In 1900 he was nominated before the convention met at Philadelphia, by the voice of his party, and, when the roll was called, received the votes of all the 926 delegates.

All this time Mr. McKinley had been broadening and deepening in mind and heart. All this time, through prosperity and adversity, public and private, he had been getting a stronger and wider grip upon the majority of his countrymen. The McKinley tariff bill of 1890, although he was not entirely responsible for it, retired him from Congress, but made him governor of Ohio, and eventually President of the United States. There was nothing accidental in it all. It was simply a natural and orderly process of evolution under favoring circumstances. It was the old story of an American country boy's success through steady and deserved promotion, without wealth, or a college education, or high social position as aid or hindrance. At fifty-three, ripened and enriched intellectually, he was elected President of the United States as though

by inevitable logic. He was ready for his great task. How great it was to be neither he nor any one else could have imagined then. Few seriously thought that the United States was in danger of war with Spain, and even those who thought war possible did not conceive the extent and character of its consequences. Mr. McKinley was elected, as he thought, and as almost everybody else in his party thought, to substitute on the statute books, in coöperation with the Republican Congress elected at the same time, a modification of the McKinley tariff bill for the Wilson-Gorman tariff law, and thus to restore the prosperity which had for some reason disappeared; and also, as others thought, to bring about the enactment of a law for the maintenance of the existing gold standard, and to remedy the defects in the Treasury system which, under the conditions of the former administration, had compelled it to issue two hundred and thirty million dollars in new bonds, and at the same time to make a last effort to secure an agreement on "international bimetalism." To accomplish these things was felt to be enough for one administration, with the minor matters which naturally would be disposed of besides.

If the Cuban question, with all its consequences, could have been postponed for four years, and if the Chinese question, with all its consequences, had not arisen, Mr. McKinley could still have pointed, at the end of his first administration, to a record of work accomplished that would have been extremely creditable. The Fifty-Fifth Congress, on his recommendation and under his inspiration, passed the Dingley tariff law to take the place of the Wilson-Gorman law, at the extra session which he called promptly after his inauguration; and the next Congress, on his recommendation and under his inspiration, passed the law to maintain the gold standard, to provide for refunding at two per cent, the

lowest rate of interest ever paid by the United States government, and to extend the national banking system to small towns. These two measures by themselves would make a very respectable showing for an administration in time of peace. While neither the President nor Congress can make prosperity to order, they can make conditions which are favorable or unfavorable to it. The Wilson-Gorman act, which was considered to be so largely a protectionist measure that President Cleveland allowed it to become law only against his protest, did not yield sufficient revenue, because the Supreme Court annulled its provision for an income tax; and this kept the "endless chain" going which drew the gold out of the Treasury, and compelled the issue of bonds to put more gold in the Treasury, since there was no law to protect the gold reserve necessary to maintain the gold standard. Following close on the commercial panic of 1893, these conditions prevented the restoration of business confidence, and so the return of prosperity. Sentiment, as usual, played a large part in the matter. President McKinley, who was nominated chiefly because of his record on the tariff question, and elected largely because of his position on the money question, stood, after his victory at the polls, as the prophet of "good times," and the long-desired confidence began to return before he was inaugurated. Redeeming his pledges in the order in which it could be best done, as well as in the order of making them, President McKinley first secured the necessary revenue, and at the same time satisfied the sentimental desire for a Republican tariff. He knew that that could be had quickly and easily, compared with any measure for the improvement of the financial system, in view of the differences over remedies for its ills which compelled delay and discussion. The drain of the Treasury gold was stopped, so that there was time to consider what

should be and what could be done with respect to the future of the currency system. By the time Congress met in regular session the President was ready with his recommendation, which, postponing all the more elaborate and experimental projects of "currency reform," provided the plan on which the gold standard act of 1900 was built, — of keeping United States notes redeemed in gold at the Treasury, to be paid out again only in exchange for gold.

The President's wisdom in pressing the tariff bill ahead of the currency reform measure was shown by the fact that Congress could not agree upon a financial bill, and he had to wait until the first session of the next Congress for the law he desired. By that time, good crops, and a demand for them, and for an unparalleled amount of our manufactures, abroad, besides the extraordinary demand at home, caused by the Spanish War, had reversed the conditions of the former administration, so that gold was pouring into the Treasury. After the law was passed, this influx of gold continued until the Treasury held more than ever before in the history of the country. In inducing Congress to pass these two important acts President McKinley showed over and over again his tact and skill and courage, and utilized his friendly relations with Senators and Representatives of the opposition, as well as of his own party, to the utmost advantage. In this work, as in all his dealings with Congress, President McKinley showed little care for getting the credit of what was done, compared with his great desire to secure results and maintain harmony. This way of thinking came out constantly in his unwillingness to exercise the veto power, which, he thought, ought to be reserved for rare occasions; preferring to point out privately his objections to bills before or after they came to him, so that their sponsors might correct them by amendments or new legislation, without having to un-

dergo the disappointment, sometimes humiliating, of a presidential veto.

President McKinley, besides settling, with the aid of Congress, the tariff and the Treasury questions to the satisfaction of a majority of the people, brought about the annexation of Hawaii and the much-needed improvement in the government of Alaska. The adjustment of the long-standing controversy with the Pacific railroads, as to their indebtedness for the aid given them by the government, which secured a much larger amount than had been regarded as obtainable, so that the government will lose none of the principal, and only a comparatively small proportion of the interest, was so quietly made under President McKinley's direction that the country generally probably does not realize that it has been done.

In his strictly executive work President McKinley has shown administrative ability of the first order. This has appeared not only in his management of great affairs, but in what might be called the routine business of the office. Under his direction, his admirable secretaries, John Addison Porter and George B. Cortelyou, revolutionized the business methods of the Executive Mansion, to the great benefit of the government and everybody who had business with the President. In the matter of appointments, small and great, President McKinley has done his best to secure the best men available, and with remarkable success. He has not hesitated to appoint, as well as to retain, Democrats who seemed better fitted than Republicans for particular places. In the selection of men to establish civil government in the islands taken from Spain the President exercised his usual care, and was as usual successful. Like every other President, he had to make most of his appointments on the recommendation of public men. Even a President like Mr. McKinley, who has more personal friends than any other man in his party, cannot know who

should fill every office to which he must make an appointment, even if he were disposed, as President McKinley was not, to ignore any of the party leaders. But President McKinley has held to one rule throughout his dealings with the party leaders in making appointments, and that is that he must have a suitable man for every vacancy. When a suitable man was not presented, the party leader would be given, politely but positively, the alternative of indorsing a man that the President could find without his assistance.

A friend of the civil service reform when it had few friends in public life, who avowed his friendship in public speech in the House of Representatives when it was much harder to do so than a few years later, President McKinley has made his appointments in the spirit of the true civil service reformer, nor has he taken any backward step in the execution of the civil service law. He has been severely, but unjustly, criticised for taking out of the classified service a number of places which had been included in it by President Cleveland's blanket order at the close of his last administration. But these were taken out only because, in the practical working of the order, Cabinet officers, all of whom were civil service reformers, — notably Secretary Gage, — advised the President that, for administrative reasons, it was necessary to permit exemptions. It was well understood at the time President Cleveland issued his order that it was experimental, and that his successor would have to make exceptions. President McKinley refused to yield many exceptions that he was urged by party leaders to grant, just as he stood firmly and successfully against any such looting of the executive departments as had taken place to a greater or less extent under recent administrations. The enemies of civil service reform, who are wiser in their generation than the children of light, can testify, and have tes-

tified, sometimes in bitterness, to the stanchness with which President McKinley has protected the merit system.

President McKinley has not been unmindful of the evil of the commercial combinations which will always go by the misnomer "trusts." He did all that he could do to meet them under the law through the Department of Justice, and all that he could do to strengthen the law by recommendations to Congress, and meantime favored and appointed the Industrial Commission, which Congress authorized, and which has collected much valuable information on this subject.

The President has been fortunate in his dealings with foreign nations, apart from those which grew out of the war with Spain. He was able to settle satisfactorily the old and vexatious question of our relations to England and Germany in the Samoan Islands, by ending the embarrassing condominium and dividing the islands among the three governments, securing the best harbor for the United States. When the Yukon gold discoveries moved Canada to claim American territory in Alaska, in order to get a seaport for the Yukon district, and Great Britain, somewhat against her will, pressed the claim, with an intimation that a collision between American miners and Canadian constabulary would mean bloodshed, and might mean war, Secretary Hay, under the President's direction, succeeded in arranging a *modus vivendi* which, by establishing a temporary boundary line, postponed the question to a better occasion for peaceful settlement, without giving the Canadians, even temporarily, a seaport, or any concession of real importance. Secretary Hay was also able to negotiate with Great Britain a convention popularly known as the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, which abrogated so much of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty as prevented the United States from constructing an Isthmian canal without the

coöperation of Great Britain, and secured the absolute neutrality, and therefore the absolute protection, of such a canal when built, since the other Powers were known to be ready to assent to it. But, unfortunately, the treaty was sent to the Senate on the eve of the presidential campaign, and side-tracked by Republican Senators upon Democratic criticism because it had not reserved the right to the United States to close the canal against an enemy in time of war. It was pressed, however, in the next session of Congress, only to be so amended as to provide for an exclusively United States canal before it was ratified.

The attempt which the President made through the Wolcott Commission to secure an international agreement on bimetallism failed, as was inevitable in view of the conditions; but its very failure helped the gold standard movement.

President McKinley's personal qualities make him most successful in the performance of all the social functions of his office, formal and informal. President Arthur, hitherto unexcelled among modern Presidents in charm and courtesy to callers and guests, has been surpassed by President McKinley. "I ran into a bank of roses," said a Senator who went angrily to the White House to ask the removal of a Cabinet officer, and came away smiling, without having been able to complete his request: and this sums up in a striking way the experiences of all those who talk with the President. He likes to please. He would rather say yes than no, although he says no firmly enough whenever it is absolutely necessary to deny a request, but he always makes his visitor feel his desire to gratify him. Although he has never been a society man, he has performed the duties of entertaining at dinners and receptions — which are so much more important than they seem outside of Washington — in a most acceptable manner. His kindness and thoughtfulness have appeared in number-

less personal courtesies to those in special joy or special sorrow, which have given him a personal place in Washington such as no other President has ever had. All this, and much more of a minor character, would have made an enviable record for President McKinley in his first administration, if there had been no Spanish War or Chinese upheaval.

The war with Spain, which President McKinley did everything in his power to prevent, gave him the great opportunity of his life, and the one that he best improved. In it he lifted his administration to the plane of those of Washington and Lincoln, and linked his name with theirs for our time, if not for all time, as the liberator of millions from the yoke of Spain. The country wanted war, but was not prepared for it; the President did not want it, but was prepared for it when it came. Throughout the war he was not only the actual commander in chief, but the director of our diplomacy. The story of the United States in the summer of 1898 is as dramatic and as brilliant and as glorious as any that history tells. Spain was expelled from her last strongholds in the West Indies and in the East Indies, and shut up in the home peninsula; the islands she had misgoverned came under our flag; the United States, as the champion of the millions whom Spain had oppressed, came out of her isolation, and received recognition from all the nations. President McKinley could say more truthfully than any other man, "This was my work," while, with characteristic modesty, thoughtfulness, and generosity, he was praising and thanking other men, all of whom did not deserve to be so praised and thanked. The suddenness and completeness of our achievement won the admiration of the world. Its consequences made us an active instead of a passive world power, and gave us new duties and responsibilities, which we may regret, but could not honorably avoid.

No one foresaw all of this when President McKinley was elected. Few foresaw even the possibility of it when he was inaugurated. On that beautiful 4th of March nothing seemed more unlikely than that in a year the United States would be entering into war again. The thousands who heard President McKinley's inaugural address, in which Cuba was not even mentioned by name, listened without apprehension of war to the President's declaration against it in the abstract, and his warm commendation of the treaty of arbitration which Secretary Olney had concluded with Great Britain, and which the Senate had not yet ratified, as an illustration of the way in which war should be averted. War with Spain to free Cuba had been suggested by sensational newspapers, but they had not been taken seriously. The country was quite willing to leave Spain in possession of Cuba, if Spain could be induced to stop the cruelties, and give the Cubans a measure of freedom. It was willing to give the new President time to work it all out. A strong minority, made up of intelligent and unemotional people, was opposed to any interference by the United States that would bring the United States into a serious collision with Spain. While he was waiting in his Canton home for inauguration day, Mr. McKinley, whose sympathies had been touched by the tales of the suffering in Cuba, brought to him, after election, by agents of the Cubans and others who wanted him to use his coming power to secure better conditions, and, if possible, independence for Cuba, thought out carefully a plan for bringing about the amelioration, if not the emancipation of Cuba, by diplomatic negotiations with Spain, to be carried on as rapidly as practicable. The surrender of Spanish sovereignty from motives of self-interest on the part of Spain, and probably for a sum of money to be paid by the United States, or by a Cuban republic under a guarantee by

the United States, was apparently the ultimate object of this plan, although its purpose might have been satisfied by the cessation of Spanish cruelties, and the concession of real autonomy to the Cubans. President McKinley had the horror of war which most good men who have fought on great battlefields have entertained. He believed, as he said in his inaugural address, that "war should never be entered upon until every agency of peace has failed; peace is preferable to war in almost every contingency."

Mr. McKinley is a born peacemaker, in spite of his valiant service in the Civil War, and the fighting courage he has shown when it was necessary in public life. It is interesting to recall that the purpose he had most at heart, when he became President, was to bring about a complete reunion of the North and South, and to trample out the last embers of hostility between them. As a Northern soldier who was personally popular in the South, he felt that he could do much in his high office to obliterate sectional feeling and restore lasting peace. He could not know that he would be powerfully aided in this undertaking by another war, and that his great desire for the reconciliation of North and South would be satisfied when they once more marched to battle under the old flag.

The President has good reason to believe that if it had not been for the explosion of the Maine, war with Spain could have been averted, and his general purpose with respect to Cuba accomplished. While the war can justly be called a war of humanity, it is still true that the feeling suggested in the popular cry, "Remember the Maine!" was the immediate cause of it, under the predisposing cause of chivalric sympathy with the oppressed Cubans.

The President made the bravest fight of his life during the year that he tried to relieve Cuba by peaceful means, while the demand for war gradually rose until it engulfed Congress and all his advis-

ers, and left him only the alternative of guiding it into the best expression, or of being swept aside by it. When he saw that there was nothing left but this choice, by choosing quickly and acting calmly and courageously, he was able to prevent a formal declaration of war at the first, and any official recognition of the paper republic of Cuba, with all the embarrassing consequences which that would have entailed. He also kept the full direction of the war, and was able to bring it to a close largely by his personal management of our dealings with other countries. After the explosion of the *Maine*, the President was preparing, through the State, War, and Navy departments, for the conflict that seemed likely to come. Through the State Department he was making our position clear to foreign nations, trying to conciliate their friendship, and getting valuable information about their intentions. Through the War and Navy departments, especially the latter, he was doing all that could be done to get the army and navy into a state of readiness. Both were very far from being ready, — a fact which the men and the newspapers who were advocating the war-making measure of recognizing the independence of the republic of Cuba probably did not realize. At last the verdict of the Court of Inquiry came, and its significant conclusion, although it did not hold the Spanish government or any Spaniard responsible, confirmed in most American minds the suspicion that the *Maine* had been blown up by Spanish agencies. All that President McKinley could do then was to delay the process of going to war until the army and navy were better prepared for it, with the faint hope that, in the interval, Spain might come to a better understanding with the Cubans by agreeing to give up the island. He has been criticised because he did not hold out longer against the demand for war, but those who were in Washington at the time can see no justice in this

criticism. Spain prevented him from doing so by characteristic procrastination and persistence in a fatuous course. Congress, which had shown its confidence in the President by the unprecedented action of giving him fifty million dollars to spend in his own discretion for "the national defense," remained on good terms with him; but with almost unanimous voice, all the Democrats and the majority of the Republicans being openly in favor of war with Spain, it insisted that he should cut short the negotiations which he was still carrying on, and recommend war. Speaker Reed could not restrain the Republicans of the House. One by one the conservative men in the Cabinet and Congress who had stood by the President at first, including Vice President Hobart, his most trusted counselor, joined more or less strongly in the general demand. No President with less personal influence could have held Congress back so long. Finally, when he could do no more, and there was no hope of accomplishing anything by further resistance, he recommended armed intervention, after a last appeal to Spain; and Congress, under the guidance of his counsels authorizing this, refused to recognize the republic of Cuba, but promised that we would make Cuba independent. Spain responded by breaking off diplomatic relations, and the war was on.

Its striking events are so fresh in the public mind that they need not be rehearsed. President McKinley played the same part that President Lincoln played in the Civil War, night and day, sometimes all night and day, from the "war room" in the White House. The War Department, with a Secretary chosen with no thought of war, an antiquated bureau system, and some inefficient officials among many who were highly efficient, was used by President McKinley as the best means then at hand, and no one regretted more than he any ill consequences that followed, or made

more allowance for them. He could find compensation for whatever was lacking in the War Department in the almost faultless administration of the Navy Department, which shone the more by contrast. At the head of the State Department, after the war began, he had his closest personal friend and most trusted adviser, William R. Day; and in their administration of its affairs no real mistakes have been discovered, although there was some criticism at the time. When the inner history of that war comes to be written, it will be seen that the administration's achievements in diplomacy were more remarkable than its achievements on the sea or in the field. The way in which the invaluable moral aid of Great Britain was secured, when all other Powers were indifferent or unfriendly to us, and still regarded us as a second or third class power, and the way in which they were later brought to see our true position and influence, and therefore to cultivate our friendship, made a wonderful impression upon the world. President McKinley, who seemed to overlook nothing, made the war the occasion for establishing more firmly the most enlightened rules of naval warfare, and thus incidentally conferred a lasting benefit on all maritime nations.

It was by the administration's diplomacy that the war was brought so quickly to an end; for Spain would have dragged it on indefinitely, in spite of her defeats, if it had not been for the pressure brought upon her, through France, by the other Powers to end what had become a trying and even dangerous situation to most of them, with the threat looming large before their imaginations that the United States, for the first time, would invade Europe by attacking the Spanish coast. President McKinley made peace in the courteous and clement fashion characteristic of him, and with such acknowledgments to France and her representatives as furnished recognition for their timely assistance, and drew our

ancient ally back to us, with her modern ally, Russia, our quondam friend.

President McKinley, in sending Admiral Dewey to capture or destroy the Spanish fleet in the Philippines, had no intention of acquiring that archipelago for the United States. He merely sought to make war most effectively on Spain. Nor, when Admiral Dewey, having no other port open to him in that part of the world, and having shattered the only sovereignty there was in the Philippines, remained in Manila harbor, was there any intention on the part of the President to take even the city of Manila as a permanent possession. The Philippines had not been in his scheme of action any more than they had been in the thought of the country. It was a providence, or an accident, according to the point of view, that the most striking victory of the war came at the most unexpected point and time, and with the most unexpected consequences. But events marched fast from May until September, when Secretary Day and the other members of the Peace Commission went to Paris to negotiate the treaty of peace with the representatives of Spain; and by that time it was evident that, for our own interest in the East, and for the protection of those who had trusted us in particular, and of all the inhabitants of the Philippines in general, we must remain in the archipelago.

Upon this principle, the cession of the entire archipelago was obtained in the treaty of peace concluded on December 10, 1898; the United States agreeing to pay Spain twenty million dollars, and the treaty providing that "the civil rights and political status of the native inhabitants of the territories hereby ceded to the United States shall be determined by the Congress." Proclamation was immediately made by our representatives in the Philippines that the authority thus obtained by the United States would be used only for the protection and benefit of the natives; that "we come, not as

invaders or conquerors, but as friends ;” and every effort was made to impress this upon the people. The President has been more severely criticised for taking the Philippines than for any other act of his administration or of his life. Not only his political opponents generally, but many of his own party, have contended that he ought not to have done so, although they have not agreed as to what he should have done. It is a matter of fact that the treaty of peace, carrying the title to the Philippines, was ratified by the two-thirds vote of the Senate on the 6th of February, 1899, and the twenty million dollars promised to Spain was immediately appropriated by large majorities in both houses of Congress ; and neither of these things could have been accomplished except by the leave of those who differed from the President. And Congress has left the whole matter to the President ever since.

The President, it should be said, has been criticised also, though less severely, by those who thought that he ought to have prevented the insurrection by having the leaders apprehended before they were ready to strike, instead of allowing them to obtain advantage of his policy of conciliation. To this the reply is that until the treaty of peace was ratified, after the armistice with Spain was begun, he could not honorably do anything in the Philippines but what he did do, to say nothing of his desire to win the affection of the people. In this effort he has spared no pains. He sent first the Schurman Commission, and then the Taft Commission, to treat with the natives, with a view to convincing them of our good intentions, and setting up suitable local and general governments for them, offering amnesty and even reward to armed insurgents ; and those efforts are gradually producing the result desired. The President has constantly emphasized the difference between Aguinaldo and his associates of the Tagal tribe, and the people of the other eighty tribes of the

archipelago ; justly holding the former responsible for the insurrection, and believing that the latter would willingly have accepted the sovereignty of the United States, and the good government that it means. He has argued that only as a sovereign power can we guide the Filipinos to self-development and self-government ; that a protectorate would be impossible ; and that we could no more establish one, under the arguments of his opponents, “ without the consent of the governed,” than we could establish a government of our own.

The logic and the practical wisdom have been in the President’s argument rather than in that of his opponents, many of whom were trying to rush us into war with Spain when he was trying to prevent it, and are now unwilling to take the necessary consequences. They have called President McKinley, the most democratic of men, an “ imperialist,” and have accused him, known to be a lover of peace and a hater of war, of leaning to “ militarism.” Nevertheless, while the people generally have grown as weary as the President himself of the long and costly struggle in the Philippines, fomented and maintained in a measure by the President’s critics, it seems certain that a majority of the voters would have condemned at the polls a surrender to Aguinaldo or an abandonment of the purpose of the President in the Philippines ; and that the overwhelming majority of the President’s reelection means that the country believes the time has come when, in the providence of God, our nation, reunited by war, prosperous and powerful beyond the dreams of its founders, must meet new responsibilities in new ways.

By the treaty of peace, the United States took Cuba in trust for its people, then without other government than that of Spain, and it took Porto Rico absolutely as partial indemnity, as the island commanding the entrance to the proposed Nicaraguan Canal, and for the benefit of the Porto Ricans. The United

States, through the declaration of Congress, having promised Cuba independence upon the establishment of a stable government, President McKinley, through Major General Leonard Wood and other competent officers, has been endeavoring to construct a state out of the ruins that we found when we took possession on the 1st of January, 1899. He is able to say with truth: "We have restored order and established domestic tranquillity. We have fed the starving, clothed the naked, and ministered to the sick. We have improved the sanitary condition of the island. We have stimulated industry, introduced public education, taken a full and comprehensive enumeration of the inhabitants." Local governments administered by the people have been chosen for all the municipalities of Cuba, and by the first Monday in November last a convention, chosen by the people, had assembled to frame a constitution, which must be acceptable to Congress, preparatory to independence and adjustment of Cuba's relations to the United States. But although by that time the army of occupation had been cut down from 43,000 to less than 6000, the fact that the President had not withdrawn it and all other American authority from the island, precipitously and without action of Congress, was used to sustain the accusations of "imperialism" and "militarism," and even insinuations that the promise of the United States would not be kept; while the embezzlements of two or three postal officials in Cuba, in spite of the prompt exposure and prosecution of them by the administration, were dwelt upon.

Much more was made by the President's critics, in his own party as well as in the opposition, of a determination to treat Porto Rico as a special form of territory, not intended to become a state, and for two years to be distinguished by a duty of fifteen per cent of the Dingley tariff on its imports and exports in its dealings with the United States. De-

claring that "the Constitution follows the flag," although that doctrine is contrary to the precedents, and without waiting for the authoritative decision sought from the Supreme Court of the United States, the opponents of the President's policy stirred up a strong sentiment against this form of imperialism. The President had said, in his annual message in December, 1899, that it was our "plain duty" to give Porto Rico freedom of trade with the United States; and his critics harped upon that, ignoring the fact that it was found afterwards to be necessary to provide revenue temporarily for the island by very small tariff duties, all the money collected here as well as there being spent on the island, which, swept by a hurricane and disordered by Spanish misrule, could not raise adequate revenue by internal taxation. Congress was careful to provide that this tariff taxation should cease in two years, and earlier if sufficient revenue were provided otherwise. The President sent an admirable man in Governor Allen, and gave him assistants of like character, to coöperate with the natives, who were given a larger measure of self-government than Louisiana had under Jefferson, in the reorganization and up-building of the island. Guam and other small islands taken from Spain have been governed wisely and without serious criticism.

From the time that Mr. John Hay succeeded Secretary Day as the head of the State Department, the President's attention was directed with special care, amid all his other responsibilities, to the necessity of maintaining our commercial and other treaty rights in China, in view of the gradual encroachments of Russia, Germany, England, and France upon the territory and authority of that empire. In due time, Secretary Hay, by the President's direction, by clever and candid management, drew from these Powers and others assent to the maintenance of the "open door" of commercial and

financial dealings with China, guaranteed to us as to the other Powers by the treaties with China, and declarations that no further territorial acquisition would be made by the Powers in China. This success in an entirely new rôle among the nations gave our government a position of leadership in China; so that when, in May, 1900, the anti-foreign Empress Dowager and her advisers encouraged anti-foreign demonstrations by the patriotic society known as the "Boxers," which led to attacks upon the diplomatic corps and the other foreigners in Peking, and finally their imprisonment in the British legation compound under intermittent assaults from imperial troops, the concerted movement for their rescue was led by the United States, helped greatly by having the Philippines as a base of operations. Moreover, Secretary Hay, on the 3d of July, laid down the principles which were accepted by the other Powers, for the settlement of this matter with China, under which, after the rescue, negotiations began for the settlement, with the strict understanding that there would be no territorial

indemnities, and no interference with the open door in the exaction of penalties for the past and guarantees for the future. In the rivalries among the European Powers over this settlement, they paid a remarkable tribute to the success of the McKinley administration in foreign affairs by competing with one another for the favor and influence of the United States. President McKinley, who had been accused by his critics of entangling alliances with Great Britain and other countries, notwithstanding his constant refusal to enter into such alliances, was able to secure every advantage the United States desired by acting concurrently with the Powers as they accepted his principles of dealing with the Chinese question, and finally to prevent the dismemberment of the Chinese Empire and maintain the open door.

Without undertaking to anticipate the judgment of posterity, it seems safe to say that President McKinley has had a great part to play, and has played it well, and that it was fortunate for the republic that he was at its head in the closing years of the nineteenth century.

Henry B. F. Macfarland.

PENELOPE'S IRISH EXPERIENCES.¹

PART FIFTH.

XXII.

"Moist and agreeable, — that's the Irish notion both for climate and company."

SHAN VAN VOCHT HOTEL,
Heart of Connemara.

SHAN VAN VOCHT means in English the "Poor Little Old Woman," one of the many endearing names given to Ireland in the Gaelic. There is, too, a well-known rebel song called by this title, —

one which was not only written in Irish and English, but which was translated into French for the soldiers at Brest who were to invade Ireland under Hoche.

We had come from Knockcool, Donegal, to Westport, in County Mayo, and the day was enlivened by two purely Irish touches, one at the beginning and one at the end. We alighted at a certain railway junction to await our train, and were interested in a large detach-

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ment of soldiers, — starting for a long journey, we judged, by the number of railway carriages and the amount of luggage and stores. In every crowded compartment there were two or three men leaning out over the locked doors; for the guard was making ready to start. All were chatting gayly with their sweethearts, wives, and daughters, save one gloomy fellow sitting alone in a corner, searching the crowd with sad eyes for a wished-for face or a last greeting. The bell rang, the engine stirred; suddenly a pretty, rosy girl flew breathlessly down the platform, pushing her way through the groups of on-lookers. The man's eyes lighted; he rose to his feet, but the other fellows blocked the way; the door was locked, and he had but one precious moment. Still he was equal to the emergency, for he raised his fist and with one blow shattered the window, got his kiss, and the train rumbled away, with his victorious smile set in a frame of broken glass! I liked that man better than any one I've seen since Himself deserted me for his Duty! How I hope the pretty girl will be faithful, and how I hope that an ideal lover will not be shot in South Africa!

And if he was truly Irish, so was the porter at a little way station where we stopped in the dark, after being delayed interminably at Claremorris by some trifling accident. We were eight persons packed into a second-class carriage, and totally ignorant of our whereabouts; but the porter, opening the door hastily, shouted, "Is there anny one there for here?" — a question so vague and illogical that none of us said anything in reply, but simply gazed at one another, and then laughed as the train went on.

We are on a here-to-day-and-gone-to-morrow journey, determined to avoid the railways, and travel by private conveyance and the public "long cars," just for a glimpse of the Weeping West before we settle down quietly in County Meath for our last few weeks of Irish life.

Thus far it has been a pursuit of the picturesque under umbrellas; in fact, we're destroyed wid the dint of the damp! If the barometer bore any relation to the weather, we could plan our drives with more discretion; but it sometimes remains as steady as a rock during two days of sea mist, and Francesca, finding it wholly regardless of gentle tapping, lost her temper on one occasion and rapped it so severely as to crack the glass. That this peculiarity of Irish barometers has been noted before we are sure, because of this verse written by a native bard: —

"When the glass is up to thirty,
Be sure the weather will be dirty.
When the glass is high, O very!
There'll be rain in Cork and Kerry.
When the glass is low, O Lork!
There'll be rain in Kerry and Cork!"

I might add: —

And when the glass has climbed its best,
The sky is weeping in the West.

The national rainbow is as deceitful as the barometer, and it is no uncommon thing for us to have half a dozen of them in a day, between heavy showers, like the smiles and tears of Irish character; though, to be sure, one does not need to be an Irish patriot to declare that a fine day in this country is worth three fine days anywhere else. The present weather is accounted for partially by the fact that, as Horace Walpole said, summer has set in with its usual severity, and the tourist is abroad in the land.

I am not sure but that we belong to the hated class for the moment, though at least we try to emulate tourist virtues, if there are any, and avoid tourist vices, which is next to impossible, as they are the fruit of the tour itself. It is the circular tour which, in its effect upon the great middle class, is the most virulent and contagious, and which breeds the most offensive habits of thought and speech. The circular tour is a magnificent idea, a praiseworthy

business scheme ; it has educated the minds of millions, and why it should have ruined their manners is a mystery, unless indeed they had none when they were at home. Some of our fellow travelers with whom we originally started disappear every day or two, to join us again. We lose them temporarily when we take a private conveyance or when they stop at a cheap hotel, but we come together again on coach or long car ; and although they have torn off many coupons in the interval, their remaining stock seems to assure us of their society for days to come.

We have a Protestant clergyman who is traveling for his health, but beguiling his time by observations for a volume to be called *The Relation between Priests and Pauperism*. It seems, at first thought, as if the circular coupon system was ill fitted to furnish him with corroborative detail ; but inasmuch as every traveler finds in a country only, so to speak, what he brings to it, he will gather statistics enough. Those persons who start with a certain bias of mind in one direction seldom notice any facts that would throw out of joint those previously amassed ; they instinctively collect the ones that "match," all others having a tendency to disturb the harmony of the original scheme. The clergyman's traveling companion is a person who possesses not a single opinion, conviction, or trait in common with him ; so we conclude that they joined forces for economy's sake. This comrade we call "the man with the evergreen heart," for we can hardly tell by his appearance whether he is an old young man or a young old one. With his hat on he is juvenile ; when he removes it, he is so distinctly elderly that we do not know whether to regard him as damaged youth or well-preserved old age ; but he transfers his solicitous attentions to lady after lady, rebuffs not having the slightest effect upon his warm, susceptible, ardent nature. We suppose that he

is single, but we know that he can be married at a moment's notice by anybody who is willing to accept the risks of the situation. Then we have a nice schoolmaster, so agreeable that Salemina, Francesca, and I draw lots every evening as to who shall sit beside him next day. He has just had seventy boys down with measles at the same time, giving prizes to those who could show the best rash ! Salemina is no friend to the competitive system in education, but this appealed to her as being as wise as it was whimsical.

We have also in our company an indiscreet and inflammable Irishman from Wexford and a cutler from Birmingham, who lose no opportunity to have a conversational scrimmage. When the car stops to change or water the horses (and as for this last operation, our steeds might always manage it without loss of time by keeping their mouths open), we generally hear something like this ; for although the two gentlemen have never met before, they fight as if they had known each other all their lives.

Mr. Shamrock. "Faith, then, if you don't like the hotels and the railroads, go to Paris or London ; we've done widout you up to now, and we can kape on doing widout you ! We'd have more money to spind in entertainin' you if the government had n't taken three million of pounds out of us to build fortifications in China."

Mr. Rose. "That's all bosh and nonsense ; you would n't know how to manage a hotel if you had the money."

Mr. Shamrock. "If we can't make hotel-kapers, it's soldiers we can make ; and be the same token you can't manage India or Canada widout our help ! Faith, England owes Ireland more than she can pay, and it's not her business to be thravelin' round criticisin' the troubles she's helped to projuce."

Mr. Rose. "William Ewart Gladstone did enough for your island to make up for all the harm that the other statesmen may or may not have done."

Mr. Shamrock, touched in his most vulnerable point, shrieks above the rattle of the wheels: "The wurst statesman that iver put his name to paper was William Ewart Gladstone!"

Mr. Rose. "The best, I say!"

Mr. Shamrock. "I say the wurst!"

Mr. Rose. "The best!!"

Mr. Shamrock. "The wurst!!"

Mr. Rose (after a pause). "It's your absentee landlords that have done the mischief. I'd hang every one of them, if I had my way."

Mr. Shamrock. "Faith, they'd be absint thin, sure enough!"

And at this everybody laughs, and the trouble is over for a brief space, much to the relief of Mrs. Shamrock.

The last two noteworthy personages are a dapper Frenchman, who is in business at Manchester, and a portly Londoner, both of whom are seeing Ireland for the first time. The Frenchman does not grumble at the weather; for he says that in Manchester it rains twice a day all the year round, save during the winter, when it commonly rains all day.

Sir James Paget, in an address on Recreation, defined its chief element to be surprise. If that is true, the portly Londoner must be exhilarated beyond words. But with him the sensation does not stop with surprise: it becomes first amazement, and then horror; for he is of the comparative type, and therefore sees things done and hears things said, on every hand, that are not said and done at all in the same way in London. He sees people — ay, and policemen — bicycling on footpaths and riding without lamps, and is horrified to learn that they are seldom, if ever, prosecuted. He is shocked at the cabins, and the rocks, and the beggar children, and the lack of trees; at the lack of logic, also, and the lack of shoes; at the prevalence of the brogue; above all, at the presence of the pig in the parlor. He is outraged at the weather, and he minds getting wet the more because he hates Irish whis-

key. He keeps a little notebook, and he can hardly wait for dinner to be over, he is so anxious to send a communication (probably signed "Veritas") to the London Times.

The multiplicity of rocks and the absence of trees are indeed the two most striking features of the landscape; and yet Boate says, "In ancient times, as long as the land was in full possession of the Irish themselves, all Ireland was very full of woods on every side, as evidently appeareth by the writings of Giraldus Cambrensis." But this was long ago, —

"Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the brow of a stranger."

In the long wars with the English these forests were the favorite refuge of the natives, and it was a common saying that the Irish could never be tamed while the leaves were upon the trees. Then passages were cut through the woods, and the policy of felling them, as a military measure, was begun and carried forward on a gigantic scale in Elizabeth's reign.

At one of the cabins along the road they were making great preparations, which we understood, from having seen the same thing in Lislara. There are wee villages and solitary cabins so far from chapel that the priests establish "stations" for confession. A certain house is selected, and all the old, infirm, and feeble ones come there to confess and hear mass. The priest afterwards eats breakfast with the family; and there is great pride in this function, and great rivalry in the humble arrangements. Mrs. Odevaine often lends a linen cloth and flowers to one of her neighbors, she tells us; to another a knife and fork, or a silver teapot; and so on. This cabin was at the foot of a long hill, and the driver gave me permission to walk; so Francesca and I slipped down, I with a parcel which chanced to have in it some small purchases made at the last hotel. We asked if we might help a bit, and give a little teapot of Belleek ware and

a linen doily trimmed with Irish lace. Both the articles were trumpery bits of souvenirs, but the old dame was inclined to think that the angels and saints had taken her in charge, and nothing could exceed her gratitude. She offered us a potato from the pot, a cup of tea or goat's milk, and a flower from a cracked cup; and this last we accepted as we departed in a shower of blessings, the most interesting of them being, "May the Blessed Virgin twine your brow with roses when ye sit in the sates of glory!" and "The Lord be good to ye and sind ye a duke for a husband!" We felt more than repaid for our impulsive interest, and as we disappeared from sight a last "Bannact dea leat!" (God's blessing be on your way!) was wafted to our ears.

I seem to have known all these people before, and indeed I have met them between the covers of a book; for Connemara has one prophet, and her name is Jane Barlow. In how many of these wild bog lands of Connaught have we seen a huddle of desolate cabins on a rocky hillside, turf stacks looming darkly at the doors, and empty black pots sitting on the thresholds, and fancied we have found Lisconnel! I should recognize Ody Rafferty, the Widow McGurk, Mad Bell, old Mrs. Kilfoyle, or Stacey Doyne, if I met them face to face, just as I should know other real human creatures of a higher type, — Beatrix Esmond, Becky Sharp, Meg Merrilies, or Di Vernon.

XXIII.

"Did the Irish elves ever explain themselves to you, Red Rose?"

"No, I can't say that they did," said the English Elf. "You can't call it an explanation to say that a thing has always been that way, just; or that a thing would be a heap more bother any other way."

The west of Ireland is depressing, but it is very beautiful; at least if your taste includes an appreciation of what is

wild, magnificent, and sombre. Oppressed you must be, even if you are an artist, by its bleakness and its dreariness, its lonely lakes reflecting a dull gray sky, its desolate bog lands, its solitary chapels, its wretched cabins perched on hillsides that are very wildernesses of rocks. But for cloud effects, for wonderful shadows, for fantastic and unbelievable sunsets, when the mountains are violet, the lakes silver with red flashes, the islets gold and crimson and purple, and the whole cloudy west in a flame, it is unsurpassed; only your standard of beauty must not be a velvet lawn studded with copper beeches, or a primary-hued landscape bathed in American sunshine. Connemara is austere and gloomy under a dull sky, but it has the poetic charm that belongs to all mystery, and its bare cliffs and ridges are delicately penciled on a violet background, in a way peculiar to itself and enchantingly lovely.

The waste of all God's gifts; the incredible poverty; the miserable huts, often without window or chimney; the sad-eyed women, sometimes nothing but "skin, bones, and grief;" the wild, beautiful children, springing up like startled deer from behind piles of rocks or growths of underbrush; the stony little bits of earth which the peasants cling to with such passion, while good grass lands lie unused, yet seem forever out of reach, — all these make one dream, and wonder, and speculate, and hope against hope that the worst is over and a better day dawning. We passed within sight of a hill village without a single road to connect it with the outer world. The only supply of turf was on the mountain top, and from thence it had to be brought, basket by basket, even in the snow. The only manure for such land is seaweed, and that must be carried from the shore to the tiny plats of sterile earth on the hillside. I remember it all, for I refused to buy a pair of stockings of a woman along the road. We

had taken so many that my courage failed; but I saw her climbing the slopes patiently, wearily, a shawl over her white hair, — knitting, knitting, knitting, as she walked in the rain to her cabin somewhere behind the high hills. We never give to beggars in any case, but we buy whatever we can as we are able; and why did I draw the line at that particular pair of stockings, only to be haunted by that pathetic figure for the rest of my life? Beggars there are by the score, chiefly in the tourist districts; but it is only fair to add that there are hundreds of huts where it would be a dire insult to offer a penny for a glass of water, a sup of milk, or the shelter of a turf fire.

As we drive along the road, we see, if the umbrellas can be closed for a half hour, flocks of sheep grazing on the tops of the hills, where it is sunnier, where food is better and flies less numerous. Crystal streams and waterfalls are pouring down the hillsides to lose themselves in one of Connemara's many bays, and we have a glimpse of *osmunda* fern, golden green and beautiful. It was under a branch of this *Osmunda regalis* that the Irish princess lay hidden, they say, till she had evaded her pursuers. The blue turf smoke rises here and there, — now from a cabin with houseleek growing on the crumbling thatch, now from one whose roof is held on by ropes and stones, — and there is always a turf bog, stacks and stacks of the cut blocks, a woman in a gown of dark red flannel resting for a moment, with the empty creel beside her, and a man cutting in the distance. After climbing the long hill beyond the "station" we are rewarded by a glimpse of more fertile fields; the clumps of ragwort and purple loosestrife are reinforced with kingcups and lilies growing near the wayside, and the rare sight, first of a pot of geraniums in the window, and then of a garden all aglow with red fuchsias, torch plants, and huge dahlias, so cheers Veritas that he takes heart again. "This is something like

home!" he exclaims breezily; whereupon Mr. Shamrock murmurs that if people find nothing to admire in a foreign country save what resembles their own, he wonders that they take the trouble to be traveling.

"It is a darlin' year for the pitaties," the driver says; and there are plenty of them planted hereabouts, even in stony spots not worth a *keenogue* for anything else, for "pitaties does n't require anny *inthricket* farmin', you see, ma'am."

The clergyman remarks that only three things are required to make Ireland the most attractive country in the world, — "Protestantism, cleanliness, and gardens;" and Mr. Shamrock, who is of course a Roman Catholic, answers this tactful speech in a way that surprises the speaker and keeps him silent for hours.

The Birmingham cutler, who has a copy of Ismay's *Children* in his pocket, triumphantly reads aloud, at this moment, a remark put into the mouth of an Irish character: "The low Irish are quite destitute of all notion of beauty, — have not the remotest particle of artistic sentiment or taste; their cabins are exactly as they were six hundred years ago, for they never want to improve themselves."

Then Mr. Shamrock asserts that any show of prosperity on a tenant's part would only mean an advance of rent on the landlord's; and Mr. Rose retorts that while that might have been true in former times, it is utterly false to-day.

Mrs. Shamrock, who is a natural apologist, pleads that the Irish gentry have the most beautiful gardens in the world and the greatest natural taste in gardening, and there must be some reason why the lower classes are so different in this respect. May it not be due partly to lack of ground, lack of money to spend on seeds and fertilizers, lack of all refining, civilizing, and educating influences? Mr. Shamrock adds that the dwellers in cabins cannot successfully train creepers against the walls or flowers in the doorway, because of the goat, pig, donkey,

ducks, hens and chickens; and Veritas asks triumphantly, "Why don't you keep the pig in a sty, then?"

The man with the evergreen heart (who has already been told this morning that I am happily married, Francesca engaged, Salemina a determined celibate, but Benella quite at liberty) peeps under Salemina's umbrella at this juncture, and says tenderly, "And what do you think about these vexed questions, dear madam?" Which gives her a chance to reply with some distinctness, "I shall not know what I think for several months to come; and at any rate, there are various things more needed on this coach than opinions."

At this the Frenchman murmurs, "Ah, qu'elle a raison!" and the Birmingham cutler says, "'Ear! 'ear!"

On another day the parson began to tell the man with the evergreen heart some interesting things about America. He had never been there himself, but he had a cousin who had traveled extensively in that country, and had brought back much unusual information. "The Americans are an extraordinary people on the practical side," he remarked; "but having said that, you have said all, for they are sordid and absolutely devoid of ideality. Take an American at his roll-top desk, a telephone at one side and a typewriter at the other, talk to him of pork and dollars, and you have him at his very best. He always keeps on his Panama hat at business, and sits in a rocking-chair smoking a long cigar. The American woman wears a blue dress with a red lining, or a black dress with orange trimmings, showing a survival of African taste; while another exhibits the American Indian type, — sallow, with high cheek bones. The manners of the servant classes are extraordinary. I believe they are called the 'help,' and they commonly sit in the drawing-room after the work is finished."

"You surprise me!" said Mrs. Shamrock.

"It is indeed amazing," he continued; "and there are other extraordinary customs, among them the habit of mixing ices with all beverages. They plunge ices into mugs of ale, beer, porter, lemonade, or Apollinaris, and sip the mixture with a long ladle at the chemist's counter, where it is usually served."

"You surprise me!" exclaimed the cutler.

"You surprise me too!" I echoed in my inmost heart. Francesca would not have confined herself to that blameless mode of expression, you may be sure, and I was glad that she was on the back seat of the car. I did not know it at the time, but Veritas, who is a man of intelligence, had identified her as an American, and, wishing to inform himself on all possible points, had asked her frankly why it was that the people of her nation gave him the impression of never being restful or quiet, but always so excessively and abnormally quick in motion and speech and thought.

"Casual impressions are not worth anything," she replied nonchalantly. "As a nation, you might sometimes give us the impression of being phlegmatic and slow-witted. Both ideas may have some basis of fact, yet not be absolutely true. We are not all abnormally quick in America. Look at our messenger boys, for example."

"We! Phlegmatic and slow-witted!" exclaimed Veritas. "You surprise me! And why do you not reward these government messengers for speed, and stimulate them in that way?"

"We do," Francesca answered; "that is the only way in which we ever get them to arrive anywhere, — by rewarding and stimulating them at both ends of the journey, and sometimes, in extreme cases, at a halfway station."

"This is most interesting," said Veritas, as he took out his damp notebook; "and perhaps you can tell me why your newspapers are so poorly edited, so cheap, so sensational?"

"I confess I can't explain it," she sighed, as if sorely puzzled. "Can it be that we have expended our strength on magazines, where you are so lamentably weak?"

At this moment the rain began, as if there had been a long drought, and the sky had just determined to make up the deficiency. It fell in sheets, and the wind blew I know not how many Irish miles an hour. The Frenchman put on a silk mackintosh with a cape, and was berated by everybody in the same seat because he stood up a moment and let the water in under the lap covers. His umbrella was a dainty *en-tout-cas* with a mother-of-pearl handle, that had answered well enough in heavy mist or soft drizzle. His hat of fine straw was tied with a neat cord to his buttonhole; but although that precaution insured its ultimate safety, it did not prevent its soaring from his head and descending on Mrs. Shamrock's bonnet. He conscientiously tried holding it on with one hand, but was then reproved by both neighbors because his mackintosh dripped over them.

"How are your spirits, Frenchy?" asked the cutler jocosely.

"I am not too greatly sad," said the poor gentleman, "but I will be glad it should be finished; far more joyfully would I be at Manchester, triste as it may be."

Just then a gust of wind blew his cape over his head, and snapped his parasol.

"It is evidently it has been made in Ireland," he sighed, with a desperate attempt at gayety. "It should have had a grosser stem, and hélas! it must not be easy to have it mended in these barbarous veelages."

We stopped at four o'clock at a way-side hostelry, and I had quietly made up my mind to descend from the car, and take rooms for the night, whatever the place might be. Unfortunately, the same idea occurred to three or four of the soaked travelers; and as men could leap

down, while ladies must wait for the steps, the chivalrous sex secured the rooms, and I was obliged to ascend again, wetter than ever, to my perch beside the driver.

"Can I get the box seat, do you think, if I pay extra for it?" I had asked one of the stablemen, before breakfast.

"You don't need to be payin', miss! Just confront the driver, and you'll get it aisy!" If, by the way, I had confronted him at the end instead of at the beginning of the journey, I should never have succeeded; for my coat had been leaked upon by red and green umbrellas, my hat was a shapeless jelly, and my face imprinted with the spots from a drenched blue veil.

After two hours more of this we reached the Shan Van Vocht Hotel, where we had engaged apartments; but we found to our consternation that it was full, and that we had been put in lodgings a half mile away.

Salemina, whose patience was quite exhausted by the discomforts of the day, groaned aloud when we were deposited at the door of a village shop, and ushered upstairs to our tiny quarters; but she ceased abruptly when she really took note of our surroundings. Everything was humble, but clean and shining, — glass, crockery, bedding, floor, on the which we were dripping pools of water, while our landlady's daughter tried to make us more comfortable.

"It's a soft night we're havin'," she said, in a dove's voice, "but we'll do right enough if the win' does n't rise up on us."

Left to ourselves, we walked about the wee rooms on ever new and more joyful voyages of discovery. The curtains rolled up and down easily; the windows were propped upon nice clean sticks instead of tennis rackets and hearth brushes; there was a well-washed stone to keep the curtain down on the sill; and just outside were tiny window gardens, in each of which grew three marigolds and three

asters, in a box fenced about with little green pickets. There were well-dusted books on the tables, and Francesca wanted to sit down immediately to *The Charming Cora*, reprinted from *The Girl's Own Paper*. Salemina meantime had tempted fate by looking under the bed, where she found the floor so exquisitely neat that she patted it affectionately with her hand.

We had scarcely donned our dry clothing when the hotel proprietor sent a jaunting car for our drive to the seven-o'clock table d'hôte dinner. We carefully avoided our traveling companions that night, but learned the next morning that the Frenchman had slept on four chairs, and rejected the hotel coffee with the remark that it was not "*véritable*," — a criticism in which he was quite justified. Our comparative Englishman had occupied a cot in a room where the tin bathtubs were kept. He was writing to the *Times* at the moment of telling me his woes, and, without seeing the letter, I could divine his impassioned advice never to travel in the west of Ireland in rainy weather. He remarked (as if quoting from his own communication) that the scenery was magnificent, but that there was an entirely insufficient supply of hot water; that the waiters had the appearance of being low comedians, and their service was of the character one might expect from that description; that he had been talking before breakfast with a German gentleman, who had sat on a wall opposite the village of Dugort, in the island of Achill, from six o'clock in the morning until nine, and in that time he had seen coming out of an Irish hut three geese, eight goslings, six hens, fifteen chickens, two pigs, two cows, two barefooted girls, the master of the house leading a horse, three small children carrying cloth bags filled with school-books, and finally a strapping mother leading a donkey loaded with peat baskets; that all this poverty and ignorance and indolence and filth was spoiling his

holiday; and finally, that if he should be as greatly disappointed in the fishing as he had been in the hotel accommodations, he should be obliged to go home; and not only that, but he should feel it his duty to warn others of what they might expect.

"Perhaps you are justified," said Francesca sympathetically. "People who are used to the dry, sunny climate and the clear atmosphere of London ought not to expose themselves to Irish rain without due consideration."

He agreed with her, glancing over his spectacles to see if she by any possibility could be amusing herself at his expense, — good old fussy, fault-finding Veritas; but indeed Francesca's eyes were so soft and lovely and honest that the more he looked at her, the less he could do her the injustice of suspecting her sincerity.

But mind you, although I would never confess it to Veritas, because he sees nothing but flaws on every side, the Irish pig is, to my taste, a trifle too much in the foreground. He pays the rent, no doubt; but this magnificent achievement could be managed from a sty in the rear, ungrateful as it might seem to immure so useful a personage behind a door or conceal his virtues from the public at large.

XXIV.

"Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes."

If you drive from Clifden to Oughterard by way of Maam Cross, and then on to Galway, you will pass through the O'Flahertys' country, one of whom, Murrough O'Flaherty, was governor of this county of Iar (western) Connaught. You will like to see the last of the O'Flaherty yews, a thousand years old at least, and the ruins of the castle and banqueting hall. The family glories are enumerated in ancient Irish manuscript,

and instead of the butler, footman, chef, coachman, and gardener of to-day we read of the O'Flaherty physician, standard bearer, brehon or judge, keeper of the black bell, master of the revels, and keeper of the bees; and the moment Himself is rich enough, I intend to add some of these personages to our staff.

We afterwards learned that there was formerly an inscription over the west gate of Galway:—

“From the fury of the O'Flaherties,
Good Lord, deliver us.”

After Richard de Burgo took the town, in 1226, it became a flourishing English colony, and the citizens must have guarded themselves from any intercourse with the native Irish; at least, an old by-law of 1518 enacts that “neither O' nor Mac shalle strutte ne swagere thro' the streetes of Galway.”

We did not go to Galway straight, because we never do anything straight. We seldom get any reliable information, and never any inspiring suggestions, from the natives themselves. They are all patriotically sure that Ireland is the finest counthry in the world, God bless her! but in the matter of seeing that finest counthry in the easiest or best fashion they are all very vague. Indirectly, our own lack of geography, coupled with the ignorance of the people themselves, has been of the greatest service in enlivening our journeys. Francesca says that, in looking back, she finds that our errors of judgment have always resulted in our most charming and unforgettable experiences; but let no one who is traveling with a well-balanced and logical-minded man attempt to follow in our footsteps.

Being as free as air on this occasion (if I except the dread of Benella's scorn, which descends upon us now and then, and moves us to repentance, sometimes even to better behavior), we passed Porridgetown and Cloomore, and ferried across to the opposite side of Lough Corrib. Salemina, of course, had fixed

upon Cong as our objective point, because of its caverns and archæological remains, which Dr. La Touche tells her not on any account to miss. Francesca and I said nothing, but we had a very definite idea of avoiding Cong, and going nearer Tuam, to climb Knockma, the hill of the fairies, and explore their ancient haunts and archæological remains, which are more in our line than the caverns of Cong.

Speaking of Dr. La Touche reminds me that we have not the smallest notion as to how our middle-aged romance is progressing. Absence may, at this juncture, be just as helpful a force in its development as daily intercourse would be; for when one is past thirty, I fancy there is a deal of “thinking-it-over” to do. Precious little there is when we are younger; heart does it all then, and never asks head's advice! But in too much delay there lies no plenty, and there's the danger. Actually, Francesca and I could be no more anxious to settle Salemina in life if she were lame, halt, blind, and homeless, instead of being attractive, charming, absurdly young for her age, and not without means. The difficulty is that she is one of those “continent, persisting, immovable persons” whom Emerson describes as marked out for the blessing of the world. That quality always makes a man anxious. He fears that he may only get his rightful share of blessing, and he craves the whole output, so to speak.

We naturally mention Dr. La Touche very often, since he is always writing to Salemina or to me, offering counsel and suggestion. Madam La Touche, the venerable aunt, has written also, asking us to visit them in Meath; but this invitation we have declined, principally because the Colquhouns will be with them, and they would surely be burdened by the addition of three ladies and a maid to their family; partly because we shall be freer in our own house, which will be as near the La Touche mansion as pos-

sible, you may be sure, if Francesca and I have anything to do with choosing it.

The *La Touche* name, then, is often on our lips, but *Salemina* offers no intimation that it is indelibly imprinted on her heart of hearts. It is a good name to be written anywhere, and we fancied there was the slightest possible hint of pride and possession in *Salemina's* voice when she read to us to-night, from her third volume of *Lecky's History of Ireland in the Eighteenth Century*, a paragraph concerning one *David La Touche*, from whom *Dr. Gerald* is descended:—

“In the last of the Irish Parliaments no less than five members of the name sat together in the House of Commons, and his family may claim what is in truth the highest honor of which an Irish family can boast,—that during many successive governments and in a period of most lavish corruption it possessed great parliamentary influence, and yet passed through political life untitled and unstained.”

There is just the faintest gleam of hope, by the way, that *Himself* may join us at the very end of June, and he is sure to be helpful on this sentimental journey; he aided *Ronald* and *Francesca* more than once in their tempestuous love affair, and if his wits are not dulled by marriage, as so often happens, he will be invaluable. It will not be long then, probably, before I assume my natural, my secondary position in the landscape of events. The junior partners are now, so to speak, on their legs, although it is idle to suppose that such brittle appendages will support them for any length of time. As soon as we return in the autumn, I should like to advertise (if *Himself* will permit me) for a perfectly sound and kind junior partner,—one who has been well broken to harness, and who will neither shy nor balk, no matter what the provocation; the next step being to urge *Himself* to relinquish altogether the bondage of business care. There is no need of his continuing in it, since other peo-

ple's business will always give him ample scope for his energies. He has, since his return to America, dispensed justice and mercy, chiefly mercy, to one embezzler, one honest fellow tempted beyond his strength, one widow, one unfortunate friend of his youth, and two orphans, and it was in no sense an extraordinary season.

To return to notes of travel, our method of progression, since we deserted the highroad and the public car, has been strangely varied. I think there is no manner of steed or vehicle which has not been used by us, at one time or another, even to the arch donkey and the low-backed car with its truss of hay, like that of the immortal *Peggy*. I thought at first that “arch” was an unusual adjective to apply to a donkey, but I find after all that it is abundantly expressive. *Benella*, who disapproves entirely of this casual sort of traveling, far from “answerable roads” and in “backwards places” (Irish for “behind the times”), is yet wonderfully successful in discovering equipages of some sort in unlikely spots.

In towns of any size or pretension, we find by the Town Cross or near the inn a motley collection of things on wheels, with drivers sometimes as sober as *Father Mathew*, sometimes not. Yesterday we had a mare which the driver confessed he bought without “overcircumspectin’ it,” and although you could n’t, as he said, “extinguish her at first sight from a grand throtter, she had n’t rightly the speed you could wish.”

“It’s not so powerful young she is, melady!” he confessed. “You’d be afther lookin’ at a chicken a long time and niver be reminded of her; but sure ye might thry her, for belike ye would n’t fancy a horse that would be leppin’ stone walls wid ye, like *Dan Ryan's*, there! My little baste’ll get ye to *Rossan* before night, and she won’t hurt man nor mortal in doin’ it.”

“*Begorra*, you’re right, nor herself

nayther," said Dan Ryan; "and if it's leppin' ye mane, sure she could n't lep a sod o' turf, that mare could n't! God pardon ye, melady, for thrustin' yerself to that paiceable brindly-colored ould hin, whin ye might be gettin' a dacint high-steppin' horse for a shillin' or two more; an' belike I might contint meself to take less, for I would n't be extortin' ye like Barney O'Mara there!"

Our chosen driver replied to this by saying that he would n't be caught dead at a pig fair with Dan Ryan's horse, but in the midst of all the distracting discussions and arguments that followed we held to our original bargain; for we did not like the look of Dan Ryan's high-stepper, who was a "thrifle mountainy," as they say in these parts, and had a wild eye to boot. We started, and in a half hour we could still see the chapel spire of the little village we had just left. It was for once a beautiful day, but we felt that we must reach a railway station some time or other, in order to find a place to sleep.

"Can't you make her go a bit faster? Do you want to keep us on the road all night?" inquired Francesca.

"I do not, your ladyship's honor, ma'am."

"Is she tired, or does n't she ever go any better?" urged Salemina.

"She does; it's God's truth I'm tellin' ye, melady, she's that flippant sometimes that I scarcely can hould her, and the car jumps undher her like a spring bed."

"Then what on earth is the matter with her?" I inquired, with some fire in my eye.

"Sure I believe she's takin' time to think of the iligant load she's carryin', melady, and small blame to her!" said Mr. Barney O'Mara; and after that we let him drive as best he could, although it did take us four hours to do nine Irish miles. He was a perfect honey-pot of useless and unreliable information, was Barney O'Mara, and most

learned in fairy lore; but, for that matter, all the people walking along the road, the drivers, the boatmen and guides, the men and women in the cottages where we stop in a shower or to inquire the way, relate stories of phookas, leprehauns, and sprites, banshees and all the various classes of elves and fays, as simply and seriously as they would speak of any other occurrences. Barney told us gravely of the old woman who was in the habit of laying *pishogues* (charms) to break the legs of his neighbor's cattle, because of an ancient grudge she bore him; and also how necessary it is to put a bit of burning turf under the churn to prevent the phookas, or mischievous fairies, from abstracting the butter or spoiling the churning in any way. Irish fays seem to be much interested in dairy matters, for, besides the sprites who delight in spoiling the churning (I wonder if a lazy up-and-down movement of the dasher invites them at all?), it is well known that many a milkmaid on a May morning has seen fairy cows browsing along the banks of lakes, — cows that vanish into thin mist at the sound of human footfall.

When we were quite cross at missing the noon train from Rossan, and quite tired of the car's jolting, Barney appeased us all by singing, in a delightful mellow voice, a fairy song called *The Leprehaun*.¹ This personage, you must know, if you have n't a large acquaintance among Irish fairies, is a tricky fellow in a green coat and scarlet cap, with brave shoe buckles on his wee brogues. You will catch him sometimes, if the "glamour" is on you, under a burdock leaf or a thorn bush, and he is always making or mending a shoe. He commonly has a little purse about him, which, if you are quick enough, you can snatch; and a wonderful purse it is, for, whatever you spend, there is always money to be found in it. Truth to tell, nobody has yet succeeded in being quicker than

¹ By Patrick W. Joyce.

Master Leprehaun, though many have offered to fill his cruiskeen with "mountain dew," of which Irish fairies are passionately fond.

"In a shady nook, one moonlight night,
A leprehaun I spied;
With scarlet cap and coat of green,
A cruiskeen by his side.
'T was tick, tack, tick, his hammer went,
Upon a weeny shoe;
And I laughed to think of his purse of gold;
But the fairy was laughing too!

"With tip-toe step and beating heart,
Quite softly I drew nigh:
There was mischief in his merry face,
A twinkle in his eye.
He hammered, and sang with tiny voice,
And drank his mountain dew;
And I laughed to think he was caught at last;
But the fairy was laughing too!

"As quick as thought I seized the elf.
'Your fairy purse!' I cried.
'The purse!' he said — 't is in her hand —
That lady at your side.'
I turned to look: the elf was off.
Then what was I to do?
O, I laughed to think what a fool I'd been;
And the fairy was laughing too!"

I cannot communicate any idea of the rollicking gayety and quaint charm Barney gave to the tune, nor the light-hearted, irresistible chuckle with which he rendered the last two lines, giving a snap of his whip as accent to the long "O": —
"O, I laughed to think what a fool I'd been;
And the fairy was laughing too!"

After he had sung it twice through, Benella took my guitar from its case for me, and we sang it after him, again and again; so it was in happy fashion that we at last approached Ballyrossan, where we bade Barney O'Mara a cordial farewell, paying him four shillings over his fare, which was cheap indeed for the song.

As we saw him vanish slowly up the road, ragged himself, the car and harness almost ready to drop to pieces, the mare, I am sure, in the last week of her existence, we were glad that he had his Celtic fancy to enliven his life a bit, —

that fancy which seems a providential reaction against the cruel despotisms of fact.

XXV.

"There sings a bonnie linnet
Up the heather glen;
The voice has magic in it
Too sweet for mortal men!
Sing O, the blooming heather,
O, the heather glen!
Where fairest fairies gather
To lure in mortal men."

CARRIG-A-FOOKA INN, near Knockma,
On the shores of Lough Corrib.

A modern Irish poet¹ says something that Francesca has quoted to Ronald in her letter to-day, and we await from Scotland his confirmation or denial. He accuses the Scots of having discovered the fairies to be pagan and wicked, and of denouncing them from the pulpits, whereas Irish priests discuss with them the state of their souls; or at least they did, until it was decided that they had none, but would dry up like so much bright vapor at the last day. It was more in sadness than in anger that the priests announced this fiat; for Irish sprites and goblins do gay, graceful, and humorous things, for the most part, tricky sins, not deserving annihilation, whereas Scottish fays are sometimes malevolent, — or so says the Irish poet.

This is very sad, no doubt, but it does not begin to be as sad as having no fairies at all. There must have been a few in England in Shakespeare's time, or he could never have written *The Tempest* or *the Midsummer Night's Dream*; but where have they vanished?

As for us in America, I fear that we never have had any "wee folk." The Indians had their woodland spirits, spirits of rocks, trees, mountains, star and moon maidens; the negroes had their enchanted animals and conjure men; but as for real wee folk, either they were not indigenous to the soil, or else we

¹ W. B. Yeats.

unconsciously drove them away. Yet we had facilities to offer! The columbines, harebells, and fringed gentians would have been just as cosy and secluded places to live in as the Irish fox-gloves, which are simply running over with fairies. Perhaps they would n't have liked our cold winters; still it must have been something more than climate, and I am afraid I know the reason well, — we are too sensible; and if there is anything a fairy detests, it is common sense. We are too rich, also; and a second thing that a fairy abhors is the chink of dollars. Perhaps, when I am again enjoying the advantages brought about by sound money, commercial prosperity, and a magnificent system of public education, I shall feel differently about it; but for the moment I am just a bit embarrassed and crestfallen to belong to a nation absolutely shunned by the fairies. If they had only settled among us like other colonists, shaped us to their ends as far as they could, and, when they could n't, conformed themselves to ours, there might have been, by this time, fairy trusts stretching out benign arms all over the continent.

Of course it is an age of incredulity, but Salemina, Francesca, and I have not come to Ireland to scoff, and, whatever we do, we shall not go to the 'length of doubting the fairies; for, as Barney O'Mara says, "they stand to raison."

Glen Ailna is a "gentle" place near Carrig-a-fooka Inn, — that is, one beloved by the *sheehogues*; and though you may be never so much interested, I may not tell you its exact whereabouts, since no one can ever find it unless he is himself under the glamour. Perhaps you might be a doubter, with no eyes for the "dim kingdom;" perhaps you might gaze forever, and never be able to see a red-capped fiddler, fiddling under a blossoming sloe bush. You might even see him, and then indulge yourself in a fit of common sense or doubt of your own eyes, in which case the wee dancers

would never flock to the sound of the fiddle or gather on the fairy ring. This is the reason that I shall never take you to Knockma, to Glen Ailna, or especially to the hyacinth wood, which is a little plantation near the ruin of a fort. Just why the fairies are so fond of an old *rath* or *lis* I cannot imagine, for you would never suppose that antiquaries, archæologists, and wee folk would care for the same places.

My desire of all desires is to see a fairy ring and its dancers, or hear the fairy pipes. The "ring" is made, you know, by the tiny feet that have tripped for ages and ages, flying, dancing, circling, over the tender young grass. Rain cannot wash it away; you may walk over it; you may even plough up the soil, and replant it ever so many times; the next season the fairy ring shines in the grass just the same. It seems strange that I am blind to it, when an ignorant, dirty spalpeen who lives near the foot of Knockma has seen it and heard the fairy music again and again. He took me to the very place where, last Lammas Eve, he saw plainly — for there was a beautiful white moon overhead — the arch king and queen of the fairies, who appear only on state occasions, together with a crowd of dancers, and more than a dozen pipers piping melodious music. Not only that, but (lucky little beggar!) he heard distinctly the *fulparnee* and the *folpornee*, the *rap-lay-hoota* and the *roolya-boolya*, — noises indicative of the very jolliest and wildest and most uncommon form of fairy conviviality. Failing a glimpse of these midsummer revels, my next choice would be to see the Elf Horseman galloping round the shores of the Fairy Lough in the cool of the morn.

"Loughareema, Loughareema,
Stars come out and stars are hidin';
The wather whispers on the stones,
The flitherin' moths are free.
Onest before the mornin' light
The Horseman will come ridin'
Roun' an' roun' the Fairy Lough,
An' no one there to see."

But there will be some one there, and that is the aforesaid Jamesy Flanigan! Sometimes I think he is fibbing, but a glance at his soft, dark, far-seeing eyes under their fringe of thick lashes convinces me to the contrary. His field of vision is different from mine, that is all, and he fears that if I accompany him to the shores of the Fairy Lough the Horseman will not ride for him; so I am even taunted with undue common sense by a little Irish gossoon.

I tried to coax Benella to go with me to the hyacinth wood by moonlight. Fairies detest a crowd, and I ought to have gone alone; but, to tell the truth, I hardly dared, for they have a way of kidnapping attractive ladies and keeping them for years in the dim kingdom. I would not trust Himself at Glen Ailna for worlds, for gentlemen are not exempt from danger. Connla of the Golden Hair was lured away by a fairy maiden, and taken, in a "gleaming, straight-gliding, strong crystal canoe," to her domain in the hills; and Oisín, you remember, was transported to the Land of the Ever Youthful by the beautiful Niam. If one could only be sure of coming back! But Oisín, for instance, was detained three hundred years, so one might not be allowed to return, and still worse, one might not wish to; three hundred years of youth would tempt — a woman! My opinion, after reading the *Elf Errant*, is that one woman has been there, — Moira O'Neill. I should suspect her of being able to wear a fairy cap herself, were it not for the human heart throb in her verses; but I am sure she has the glamour whenever she desires it, and hears the fairy pipes at will.

Benella is of different stuff; she not only distrusts fairies, but, like the Scotch Presbyterians, she fears that they are wicked. "Still, you say they have n't got immortal souls to save, and I don't suppose they're responsible for their actions," she allows; "but as for traipsing up to those heathenish haunted woods

when all Christian folks are in bed, I don't believe in it, and neither would Mr. Beresford; but if you're set on it, I shall go with you!"

"You would n't be of the slightest use," I answered severely; "indeed, you'd be worse than nobody. The fairies cannot endure doubters; it makes them fold their wings over their heads and shrink away into their flower cups. I should be mortified beyond words if a fairy should meet me in your company."

Benella seemed hurt and a trifle resentful as she replied: "That about doubters is just what Mrs. Kimberly used to say." (Mrs. Kimberly is the Salem priestess, the originator of the "science.") "She could n't talk a mite if there was doubters in the hall; and it's so with spiritualists and clairvoyants too, — they're all of 'em scare-cats. I guess likely that those that's so afraid of being doubted had some good reason for it!"

Well, I never went to the hyacinth wood by moonlight, since so many objections were raised, but I did go once at noonday, the very most unlikely hour of all the twenty-four, and yet —

As I sat there beneath a gnarled thorn, weary and warm with my climb, I looked into the heart of a bluebell forest growing under a circle of gleaming silver birches, and suddenly I heard fairy music, — at least it was not mortal, — and many sounds were mingled in it: the sighing of birches, the carol of a lark, the leap and laugh of a silvery runnel tumbling down the hillside, the soft whirr of butterflies' wings, and a sweet little over or under tone, from the over or under world, that I took to be the opening of a million hyacinth buds in the sunshine. Then I heard the delicious sound of a fairy laugh, and, looking under a swaying branch of meadow-sweet, I saw — yes, I really saw —

You must know that first a wee green door swung open in the stem of the meadow-sweet, and out of that land where you can buy joy for a penny

came a fairy in the usual red and green. I had the Elf Errant in my lap, and I think that in itself made him feel more at home with me, as well as the fact, perhaps, that for the moment I was n't a bit sensible and had no money about me. I was all ready with an Irish salutation, for the purpose of further disarming his aversion. I intended to say, as prettily as possible, though, alas, I cannot manage the brogue, "And what way do I see you now?" or "Good-mornin' to yer honor's honor!" But I was struck dumb by my good fortune at seeing him at all. He looked at me once, and then, flinging up his arms, he gave a weeny, weeny yawn! This was disconcerting, for people almost never yawn in my company; and, to make it worse, he kept on yawning, until, for very sympathy, and not at all in the way of revenge, I yawned too. Then the green door swung open again, and a gay rabble of wide-awake fairies came trooping out: and some of them kissed the hyacinth bells to open them, and some of them flew to the

thorn tree, until every little branch was white with flowers, where but a moment ago had been tightly closed buds. The yawning fairy slept meanwhile under the swaying meadowsweet, and the butterflies fanned him with their soft wings; but, alas, it could not have been the hour for dancing on the fairy ring, nor the proper time for the fairy pipers, and long, long, as I looked I saw and heard nothing more than what I have told you. Indeed, I presently lost even that, for a bee buzzed and a white petal dropped from the thorn tree on my face, and in that moment the glamour that was upon me vanished in a twinkling.

"But I really did see the fairies!" I exclaimed triumphantly to Benella, the doubter, when I returned to Carrigafooka Inn, much too late for luncheon.

"I should think you did, by the looks of your eyes," she responded, gazing at me searchingly. "Land! they're all puffed up, and you won't sleep a wink to-night!"

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

(To be continued.)

JOHN MARSHALL.¹

It was one hundred years ago on the 4th of February since the Supreme Court of the United States first sat in the new Capitol at Washington, that "wilderness city, set in a mudhole," of whose beginnings we have all lately been reading. The court sat with a new Chief Justice, John Marshall, of Virginia.

At that time he was something over forty-five years old, for he was born on September 24, 1755. His home had al-

ways been in Virginia. The first twenty years of his life were passed in that part of Prince William County which became, a few years after Marshall's birth, the new, wide-spreading, frontier county of Fauquier, — so named, after a Virginia fashion, from the new royal governor of 1758. He was born in the eastern part of it, and after ten years, or so, lived in the western part, at Oakhill and in the neighborhood, just under the Blue Ridge.

¹ What follows was, in part, contained in an address before the Harvard Law School and the Suffolk Bar, at Cambridge, on February 4, 1901, the centennial anniversary of the inau-

guration of Chief Justice Marshall. The consideration of the legal side of this great man is necessarily omitted here.

They show you still at Midland, on the Southern Railroad, a little south of Manassas, a small, rude heap of bricks and rubbish, as being all that is left of the house where Marshall was born; and children on the farm reach out to you a handful of the bullets with which that sacred spot and the whole region were thickly sown, before a generation had passed, after his death. Marshall's education was got from his father, from such teachers as the neighborhood furnished, and, for about a year, at a school in Westmoreland County, where his father and George Washington had attended, and where James Monroe was his own schoolmate.

His father, Thomas Marshall, — great-grandson of John Marshall, a Royalist captain of cavalry, who had come to Virginia in 1650, — a man of good stock, of a cultivated mind, enterprise, and strong character, had been a neighbor and friend of Washington in Westmoreland County, on the Potomac, where both were born; and had served under him as a surveyor of the estates of Lord Fairfax, and afterwards as an officer in the French War and the War of Independence. He became colonel of a Continental regiment, in which his son John was a lieutenant, and afterwards a captain; and Colonel Marshall showed distinguished capacity and courage. John Marshall loved and admired him, and declared him to be a far abler man than any of his sons. He took great care in the education of his children, among whom John was the oldest of fifteen. His wife, Mary Randolph Keith, was the daughter of a Scotch clergyman, who had married one of that Randolph family so famous in the history of Virginia. As I have said, all his later youth was passed in the mountain region, under the Blue Ridge. Judge Story declared that it was to the hardy, athletic habits of his youth among the mountains, operating, we may well conjecture, upon a happy physical inheritance, "that he probably owed that robust

and vigorous constitution which carried him almost to the close of his life with the freshness and firmness of manhood."

The farmhouse that Marshall's father built at Oakhill is still standing, an unpretending, small, frame building, having connected with it now, as a part of it, another house built by Marshall's son Thomas. At one time the farm comprised an estate of six thousand acres. Since 1865 it has passed out of the hands of the family. It is beautifully placed on high, rolling ground, looking over a great stretch of fertile country, and along the chain of the Blue Ridge, close by. To this region, where his children and kindred lived, about a hundred miles from Richmond, Marshall delighted to resort in the summer, all his life long. In the autumn of 1807, after the Burr trial, he writes to a friend, "The day after the commitment of Colonel Burr for a misdemeanor, I galloped to the mountains." "I am on the wing," he writes to Judge Story in 1828, "for my friends in the upper country, where I shall find rest and dear friends, occupied more with their farms than with party politics."

When Marshall was about eighteen years old he began to study Blackstone; but he quickly dropped it, for the troubles with Great Britain thickened, and, like his neighbors, he prepared for fighting. The earliest personal description of Marshall that we have belongs to this period. It is preserved in Horace Binney's admirable address at Philadelphia, after Marshall's death. He gives it from the pen of an eyewitness, a "venerable kinsman" of Marshall. News had come, in May, 1775, of the fighting at Concord and Lexington. The account shows us the youth, as lieutenant, drilling a company of soldiers in Fauquier County: —

"He was about six feet high, straight, and rather slender, of dark complexion, showing little if any rosy red, yet good health, the outline of the face nearly a circle, and, within that, eyes dark to

blackness, strong and penetrating, beaming with intelligence and good nature; an upright forehead, rather low, was terminated in a horizontal line by a mass of raven-black hair, of unusual thickness and strength. The features of the face were in harmony with this outline, and the temples fully developed. The result of this combination was interesting and very agreeable. The body and limbs indicated agility rather than strength, in which, however, he was by no means deficient. He wore a purple or pale blue hunting shirt, and trousers of the same material fringed with white. A round black hat, mounted with the buck's tail for a cockade, crowned the figure and the man. He went through the manual exercise by word and motion, deliberately pronounced and performed in the presence of the company, before he required the men to imitate him; and then proceeded to exercise them with the most perfect temper. . . .

"After a few lessons the company were dismissed, and informed that if they wished to hear more about the war, and would form a circle about him, he would tell them what he understood about it. The circle was formed, and he addressed the company for something like an hour. He then challenged an acquaintance to a game of quoits, and they closed the day with foot races and other athletic exercises, at which there was no betting."

"This," adds Mr. Binney, "is a portrait, my fellow citizens, to which, in simplicity, gayety of heart, and manliness of spirit, in everything but the symbols of the youthful soldier, and one or two of those lineaments which the hand of time, however gentle, changes and perhaps improves, he never lost his resemblance. All who knew him well will recognize its truth to nature."

In the war, Marshall served, as might be expected, with courage and fidelity. He was in the first fighting in Virginia, which was in the fall of 1775, at Nor-

folk; afterwards he served in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and New York; and again in Virginia, toward the end of the war. He was at Valley Forge, in the fighting at the Brandywine, Germantown, Monmouth, Stony Point, and Powles Hook, between 1776 and 1779. He served often as judge advocate, and in this way was brought into personal relations with Washington and Hamilton. A fellow officer and messmate describes him, during the dreadful winter at Valley Forge, as neither discouraged nor disturbed by anything, content with whatever turned up, and cheering everybody by his exuberance of spirits and "his inexhaustible fund of anecdote." He was "idolized by the soldiers and his brother officers."

President Quincy gives us a glimpse of him at this period, as he heard him described at a dinner with John Randolph and a large company of Virginians and other Southern gentlemen. They were talking of Marshall's early life and his athletic powers. "It was said," he relates, "that he surpassed any man in the army: that when the soldiers were idle at their quarters, it was usual for the officers to engage in matches at quoits, or in jumping and racing; that he would throw a quoit farther, and beat at a race any other; that he was the only man who, with a running jump, could clear a stick laid on the heads of two men as tall as himself. On one occasion he ran in his stocking feet with a comrade. His mother, in knitting his stockings, had the legs of blue yarn and the heels of white. This circumstance, combined with his uniform success in the race, led the soldiers, who were always present at these races, to give him the *sobriquet* of 'Silver-Heels,' the name by which he was generally known among them."

Toward the end of 1779, owing to the disbanding of Virginia troops at the end of their term of service, he was left without a command, and went to Virginia to await the action of the legislature as to

raising new troops. It was a fortunate visit ; for at Yorktown he met the young girl who, two or three years later, was to become his wife ; and he was also able to improve his leisure by attending, for a few months in the early part of 1780, two courses of lectures at the college, on law and natural philosophy. This was all of college or university that he ever saw ; but later he received their highest honors from several universities. Harvard made him doctor of laws in 1806. Marshall's opportunity for studying law, under George Wythe, at William and Mary College, seems to have been owing to a change in the curriculum, made, just at that time, at the instance of Jefferson, governor of the state, and, in that capacity, visitor of the college. The chair of divinity had just been abolished, and one of law and police, and another of medicine, were substituted. And on December 29 the faculty voted that, "for the encouragement of science, a student, on paying annually 1000 pounds of tobacco, shall be entitled to attend any school of the following Professors, viz. : of Law and Police ; of Natural Philosophy and Mathematics," etc. Marshall chose the two courses above named ; he must have been one of the very first to avail himself of this new privilege. He remained only one term. In view of what was to happen by and by, it is interesting to observe that his opportunity for an education in law came, thus, through the agency of Thomas Jefferson.

The records of the Phi Beta Kappa Society at William and Mary College, where that now famous society had originated less than a year and a half before, show that on the 18th of May, 1780, "Captain John Marshall, being recommended as a gentleman who would make a worthy member of the society, was balloted for and received ;" and three days later he was appointed, with others, "to declaim the question whether any form of government is more favorable to public vir-

tue than a Commonwealth." Bushrod Washington and other well-known names are found among his associates in this chapter, which has been well called "an admirable nursery of patriots and statesmen."

It was in the summer of 1780 that Marshall was licensed to practice law.

During this visit to Virginia, as I have said, he met at Yorktown the little lady, fourteen years old, who was to become his wife three years later, and the mother of his ten children,¹ and was to receive from him the most entire devotion until the day of her death at Christmas, in 1831. Some letters of her older sister, Mrs. Carrington, written to another sister, have lately been printed, which give us a glimpse of Captain Marshall in his twenty-fifth year. These ladies were the daughters of Jaquelin Ambler, formerly collector of customs at Yorktown, and then treasurer of the colony, and living in that town, next door to the family of Colonel Marshall. Their mother was that Rebecca Burwell for whom, under the name of "Belinda," Jefferson had languished, in his youthful correspondence of some twenty years before. The girls had often heard the captain's letters to his family, and had the highest expectations when they learned that he was coming home from the war. They were to meet him first at a ball, and were contending for the prize beforehand. Mary, the youngest, carried it off. "At the first introduction," writes her sister, who was but one year older, "he became devoted to her." "For my own part," she adds, "I felt not the smallest wish to contest the prize with her. . . . She, with a glance, divined his character, . . . while I, expecting an Adonis, lost all desire of becoming agreeable in his eyes when I beheld his awkward, unpolished manner and total negligence of person. How trivial now seem all such objections !" she exclaims, writing in 1810, and going on to speak with the utmost

¹ Only six of his children grew to full age.

admiration of his relations to herself and all her family, and, above all, to his wife. "His exemplary tenderness to our unfortunate sister is without parallel. With a delicacy of frame and feeling that baffles all description, she became, early after her marriage, a prey to extreme nervous affection, which, more or less, has embittered her comfort through her whole life; but this has only seemed to increase his care and tenderness, and he is, as you know, as entirely devoted as at the moment of their first being married. Always and under every circumstance an enthusiast in love, I have very lately heard him declare that he looked with astonishment at the present race of lovers, so totally unlike what he had been himself. His never failing cheerfulness and good humor are a perpetual source of delight to all connected with him, and, I have not a doubt, have been the means of prolonging the life of her he is so tenderly devoted to."

"He was her devoted lover to the very end of her life," another member of his family connection has said. And Judge Story, in speaking of him after his wife's death, described him as "the most extraordinary man I ever saw for the depth and tenderness of his feelings."

A little touch of his manner to his wife is seen in a letter, which is in print, written to her from the city of Washington, on February 23, 1825, in his seventieth year. He had received an injury to his knee, about which Mrs. Marshall was anxious. "I shall be out," he writes, "in a few days. All the ladies of the secretaries have been to see me, some more than once, and have brought me more jelly than I could eat, and many other things. I thank them, and stick to my barley broth. Still I have lots of time on my hands. How do you think I beguile it? I am almost tempted to leave you to guess, until I write again. You must know that I begin with the ball at York, our splendid assembly at the Palace in Williamsburg, my visit to

Richmond for a fortnight, my return to the field, and the very welcome reception you gave me on my arrival at Dover, our little tiffs and makings-up, my feelings when Major A. was courting you, my trip to the Cottage [the Ambler home in Hanover County, where the marriage took place], — the thousand little incidents, deeply affecting, in turn."

This "ball at York" was the one of which Mrs. Carrington wrote; and of the "assembly at the Palace" she also gave an account, remarking that "Marshall was devoted to my sister."

Miss Martineau, who saw him the year before he died, speaks with great emphasis of what she calls his "reverence" and his affectionate respect for women. There were many signs of this all through his life. Even in the grave and too monotonous course of his Life of Washington, one comes now and then upon a little gleam of this sort, that lights up the page; as when he speaks of Washington's engagement to Mrs. Custis, a lady "who to a large fortune and a fine person added those amiable accomplishments which . . . fill with silent but unceasing felicity the quiet scenes of private life." When he is returning from France, in 1798, he writes gayly back from Bordeaux to the Secretary of Legation at Paris: "Present me to my friends in Paris; and have the goodness to say to Madame Vilette, in my name and in the handsomest manner, everything which respectful friendship can dictate. When you have done that, you will have rendered not quite half justice to my sentiments." "He was a man," said Judge Story, "of deep sensibility and tenderness; . . . whatever may be his fame in the eyes of the world, that which, in a just sense, was his brightest glory was the purity, affectionateness, liberality, and devotedness of his domestic life."

Marshall left the army in 1781, when most of the fighting in Virginia was over; he began practice in Fauquier County,

when the courts were opened, after Cornwallis's surrender, in October of that year.

Among his neighbors he was always a favorite. In the spring of 1782 he was elected to the Assembly, and in the autumn to the important office of member of the Executive Council. "Young Mr. Marshall," wrote Edmund Pendleton, presiding judge of the Court of Appeals, to Madison, in November of that year, "is elected a councilor. . . . He is clever, but I think too young for that department, which he should rather have earned, as a retirement and reward, by ten or twelve years of hard service." But, whether young or old, the people were forever forcing him into public life. Eight times he was sent to the Assembly; in 1788 to the Federal Convention of Virginia, and in 1798 to Congress. Add to this his service as envoy to France in 1797-1798, and as Secretary of State in 1800-1801.

Unwelcome as it was to him, almost always, to have his brilliant and congenial place and prospects at the bar thus interfered with, we can see now what an admirable preparation all this was for the great station for which, a little later, to the endless benefit of his country, he was destined. What drove him into office so often was, in a great degree, that delightful and remarkable combination of qualities which made everybody love and trust him, even his political adversaries, so that he could be chosen when no one else of his party was available. In this way, happily for his country, he was led to consider, early and deeply, those difficult problems of government that distressed the country in the dark period after the close of the war, and during the first dozen years of the Federal Constitution.

As regards the effect of his earlier experience in enlarging the circle of a patriot's thoughts and affections, he himself has said: "I am disposed to ascribe my devotion to the Union, and to

a government competent to its preservation, at least as much to casual circumstances as to judgment. I had grown up at a time . . . when the maxim 'United we stand, divided we fall' was the maxim of every orthodox American; and I had imbibed these sentiments so thoroughly that they constituted a part of my being. I carried them with me into the army, where I found myself associated with brave men from different states who were risking life and everything valuable in a common cause, . . . and where I was confirmed in the habit of considering America as my country and Congress as my government." It was this confirmed "habit of considering America as my country," communicated by him to his countrymen, which enabled them to carry through the great struggle of forty years ago, and to save for us all, North and South, the inestimable treasure of the Union.

After Marshall's marriage, in January, 1783, he made Richmond his home for the rest of his life. It was still a little town, but it had lately become the capital of the state, and the strongest men at the bar gradually gathered there. Marshall met them all. One has only to look at the law reports of Call and Washington to see the place that he won. He is found in most of the important cases. In his time no man's name occurs oftener, probably none so often.

At first, he had brought from the army, and from his home on the frontier, simple and rustic ways which surprised some persons at Richmond, whose conception of greatness was associated with very different models of dress and behavior. "He was one morning strolling," we are told, "through the streets of Richmond, attired in a plain linen roundabout and shorts, with his hat under his arm, from which he was eating cherries, when he stopped in the porch of the Eagle Hotel, indulged in a little pleasantry with the landlord, and then

passed on." A gentleman from the country was present, who had a case coming on before the Court of Appeals, and was referred by the landlord to Marshall as the best lawyer to employ. But "the careless, languid air" of Marshall had so prejudiced the man that he refused to employ him. The clerk, when this client entered the court room, also recommended Marshall, but the other would have none of him. A venerable-looking lawyer, with powdered wig and in black cloth, soon entered, and the gentleman engaged him. In the first case that came up, this man and Marshall spoke on opposite sides. The gentleman listened, saw his mistake, and secured Marshall at once; frankly telling him the whole story, and adding that while he had come with one hundred dollars to pay his lawyer, he had but five dollars left. Marshall good-naturedly took this, and helped in the case. In the Virginia Federal Convention of 1788, at the age of thirty-three, he is described, rising after Monroe had spoken, as "a tall young man, slovenly dressed in loose summer apparel. . . . His manners, like those of Monroe, were in strange contrast with those of Edmund Randolph or of Grayson."

In such stories as these, one is reminded, as he is often reminded, of a resemblance between Marshall and Lincoln. Very different men they were, but both thorough Americans, with un-borrowed character and manners, and a lifelong flavor derived from no other soil.

At the height of Marshall's reputation, in 1797, a French writer, who had visited Richmond lately, in speaking of Edmund Randolph, says, "He has a great practice, and stands, in that respect, nearly on a par with Mr. J. Marshall, the most esteemed and celebrated counselor of this town." He mentions Marshall's annual income as being four or five thousand dollars. "Even by his friends," it is added, "he is taxed with

some little propensity to indolence, but he nevertheless displays great superiority when he applies his mind to business." Another contemporary, who praises his force and eloquence in speaking, yet says: "It is difficult to rouse his faculties. He begins with reluctance, hesitation, and vacancy of eye. . . . He reminds one of some great bird, which flounders on the earth for a while before it acquires impetus to sustain its soaring flight." And finally, William Wirt, who was seventeen years Marshall's junior, and came to the bar in 1792, when Marshall was nearly at the head of it, writing anonymously in 1804, describes him as one "who, without the advantage of person, voice, attitude, gesture, or any of the ornaments of an orator, deserves to be considered as one of the most eloquent men in the world." He attributes to him "one original and almost supernatural faculty, . . . of developing a subject by a single glance of his mind. . . . His eyes do not fly over a landscape and take in its various objects with more promptitude and facility than his mind embraces and analyzes the most complex subject. . . . All his eloquence consists in the apparently deep self-conviction and the emphatic earnestness and energy of his style, the close and logical connection of his thoughts, and the easy gradations by which he opens his lights on the attentive minds of his hearers."

In 1795 he declined the office of Attorney General of the United States, and in 1796 that of Minister to France, both offered him by Washington. When President Adams persuaded him in 1797 to go, with Pinckney and Gerry, as envoy to France, he wrote to Gerry of "General Marshall" (as he was then called, from his rank of brigadier general, since 1793, in the Virginia militia), "He is a plain man, very sensible, cautious, guarded, and learned in the law of nations." The extraordinary details of that unsuccessful six months' attempt to come to terms with France are found in Marshall's

very able dispatches and in the diary which he kept ; for, with the instinct of a man of affairs, he remembered that "a note is worth a cartload of recollections." His own part in the business was marked by great moderation and ability, and on his return, in 1798, he was received at Philadelphia with remarkable demonstrations and the utmost enthusiasm. A correspondent of Rufus King, writing from New York in July of that year, says, "No two men can be more beloved and honored than Pinckney and Marshall ;" and again in November : "Saving General Washington, I believe the President, Pinckney, and Marshall are the most popular characters now in our country. There is a certain something in the correspondence of Pinckney and Marshall . . . that has united all heads and hearts in their eulogy." It is understood that the correspondence was by Marshall. Gerry had allowed himself in a measure to be detached by the Directory from his associates, to their great displeasure. With them, in important respects, he disagreed.

It was in 1798 that Adams offered to Marshall the seat on the Supreme Bench, made vacant by the death of James Wilson. He declined it ; and it went to his old associate at William and Mary College, Bushrod Washington. Marshall did yield, however, to General Washington's urgent request to stand for Congress that year ; and apparently it was for a consultation on this question that he went to Mount Vernon, in the summer, in company with the coming judge. On their way they met with a misadventure which gave great amusement to Washington, and of which he enjoyed telling his friends. They came on horseback, and carried but one pair of saddlebags, each using one side. Arriving thoroughly drenched by rain, they were shown to a chamber to change their garments. One opened his side of the bags and drew forth a black bottle of whiskey. He insisted that he had opened his compan-

ion's repository. Unlocking the other side, they found a big twist of tobacco, some corn bread, and the equipment of a pack saddle. They had exchanged saddlebags with some traveler, and now had to appear in a ludicrous misfit of borrowed clothes.

The election of Marshall to Congress excited great interest. Washington heartily rejoiced in it. Jefferson, on the other hand, remarked that while Marshall might trouble the Republicans somewhat, yet he would now be unmasked. He had been popular with the mass of the people, Jefferson said, from his "lax, lounging manners," and with wiser men through a "profound hypocrisy." But now his British principles would stand revealed.

The New England Federalists were very curious about him ; they had been alarmed and outraged, during the campaign, by his expressing opposition to the alien and sedition laws ; but they were much impressed by him. Theodore Sedgwick wrote to Rufus King that he had "great powers, and much dexterity in the application of them. . . . We can do nothing without him." But Sedgwick wished that "his education had been on the other side of the Delaware." George Cabot wrote to King : "General Marshall is a leader. . . . But you see in him the faults of a Virginian. . . . He thinks too much of that state, and he expects that the world will be governed by rules of logic." But Cabot hopes to see him improve, and adds, "He seems calculated to act a great part." In the end, the Northern Federalists were disappointed in finding him too moderate. He held the place of leader of the House, and passed into the Cabinet in May, 1800 ; and on January 31, 1801, he was commissioned as Chief Justice.

Very soon after entering upon his duties as Chief Justice he undertook to write the Life of Washington. This gave him a great deal of trouble and mortification. It proved to be an im-

mense labor; the publishers were importunate, and he was driven into print before he was ready. The result was a work in five volumes, appearing from 1802 to 1804, full of the most valuable and authentic material, well repaying perusal, yet put together with singular lack of literary skill, and in many ways a great disappointment. In the later years of his life, he revised it, corrected some errors, shortened it, and published it in three volumes: one of them as a separate preliminary history of the colonial period, and the other two as the *Life of Washington*. This work, in its original form, gave great offense to Jefferson, written, as it was, from the point of view of a constant admirer and supporter of the policy of Washington; a "five volume libel," Jefferson called it.

Jefferson had a ludicrous misconception as to Marshall's real character. Referring in 1810 to the "batture" case, in which Edward Livingston sued him, and which was to come before Marshall, he says that he is certain what the result of the case should be, but nobody can tell what it will be; for "the Judge's mind [is] of that gloomy malignity which will never let him forego the opportunity of satiating it upon a victim. . . . And to whom is my appeal? From the judge in Burr's case to himself and his associate justices in *Marbury v. Madison*. Not exactly, however. I observe old Cushing is dead. [Judge Cushing had died a fortnight before.] At length, then, we have a chance of getting a Republican majority in the Supreme Judiciary." And he goes on to express his confidence in the "appointment of a decided Republican, with nothing equivocal about him."

Who was to be this decided and unequivocal Republican? Jefferson was anxious about it, and wrote to Madison, suggesting Judge Tyler, of Virginia, and reminding the President of Marshall's "rancorous hostility to his country." Who was it, in fact, that was appointed?

Who but Joseph Story! — a Republican, indeed, but one whom Jefferson, in this very year, was designating as a "pseudo-Republican," and who soon became Marshall's warmest admirer and most faithful supporter.

In those efforts on the part of some of the leaders of Virginia and the South, early in the century, to rid themselves of slavery, to which we at the North have never done sufficient justice, Marshall took an active part. The American Colonization Society was organized in 1816 or 1817, with Bushrod Washington for president. In 1823 an auxiliary society was organized at Richmond, of which Marshall was president, an office which he held nearly or quite up to the time of his death. It is interesting to observe that one of the plans for colonization was to have worked out the abolition of slavery in Virginia in the year 1901. Of slavery Marshall wrote to a friend, in 1826: "I concur with you in thinking that nothing portends more calamity and mischief to the Southern states than their slave population. Yet they seem to cherish the evil, and to view with immovable prejudice and dislike everything which may tend to diminish it. I do not wonder that they should resist any attempt, should one be made, to interfere with the rights of property, but they have a feverish jealousy of measures which may do good without the hazard of harm, that, I think, very unwise."

As to Marshall's religious affiliations, he was a regular and devoted attendant, all his life, of the Episcopal church, in which he was brought up; taking an active part in the services and the responses, and kneeling in prayer, we are told, even when the pews were so narrow that his tall form had to be accommodated by the projection of his feet into the aisle. His friend, Bishop Meade, the Episcopal bishop of Virginia, states that he was never a communicant in that church; and he quotes a letter from an Episcopal

clergyman who often visited Mrs. Harvie, Marshall's only daughter, in her last illness, and who reports from her the statement that, during the last months of his life, he told her the reason that he had never joined the Episcopal church, namely, that he was a Unitarian in opinion. It is added, however, in the same letter, that Mrs. Harvie, a person "of the strictest probity, the most humble piety, and the most clear and discriminating mind," also said that, during these last months, Marshall read Keith on Prophecy, and was convinced by that work, and the fuller investigation to which it led, of the Supreme Divinity of Jesus, and wished to commune, but thought it his duty to do it publicly; and while waiting for the opportunity, died.

The reader of such a statement seems to perceive or to conjecture an anxiety to relieve the memory of the Chief Justice of an opprobrium. Whatever the exact fact may be about this late change in opinion, we, in the latitude of New England, are not likely to be surprised or shocked that Marshall shared, during his active life, the speculative opinions of his friend Judge Story.

We often hear of the Chief Justice at his "Quoit Club." He was a famous player at quoits. A club had been formed by some of the early Scotch settlers of Richmond, and it came to include among its members leading men of the city, such as Marshall, Wirt, Nicholas, Call, Munford, and others. Chester Harding, the artist who painted the full-length portrait of Marshall that hangs in the Harvard Law School, tells us of seeing him at the Quoit Club. Fortunately, language does not, like paint, limit the artist to a single moment of time. He gives us the Chief Justice in

action. Marshall was then attending the Virginia Constitutional Convention, which sat from October, 1829, to January, 1830. The Quoit Club used to meet every week in a beautiful grove, about a mile from the city. Harding went early. "I watched," he says, "for the coming of the old chief. He soon approached, with his coat on his arm and his hat in his hand, which he was using as a fan. He walked directly up to a large bowl of mint julep, which had been prepared, and drank off a tumblerful of the liquid, smacked his lips, and then turned to the company with a cheerful 'How are you, gentlemen?' He was looked upon as the best pitcher of the party, and could throw heavier quoits than any other member of the Club. The game began with great animation. There were several ties; and before long I saw the great Chief Justice of the United States down on his knees, measuring the contested distance with a straw, with as much earnestness as if it had been a point of law; and if he proved to be in the right, the woods would ring with his triumphant shout."¹

An entertaining account has been preserved² of a meeting of the Club, held, apparently, while Marshall was still at the bar, at which he and Wickham — a leading Virginia lawyer, one of the counsel of Aaron Burr — were the caterers. At the table Marshall announced that at the last meeting two members had introduced politics, a forbidden subject, and had been fined a basket of champagne, and that this was now produced, as a warning to evil doers; as the Club seldom drank this article, they had no champagne glasses, and must drink it in tumblers. Those who played quoits retired, after a while, for a game. Most

¹ In speaking of this same Club, Mr. G. W. Munford says: "We have seen Mr. Marshall, in later times, when he was Chief Justice of the United States, on his hands and knees, with a straw and a penknife, the blade of the knife stuck through the straw, holding it between

the edge of the quoit and the hub; and when it was a very doubtful question, pinching or biting off the ends of the straw, until it would fit to a hair."

² In *The Two Parsons*, by G. W. Munford.

of the members had smooth, highly polished brass quoits. But Marshall's were large, rough, heavy, and of iron, such as few of the members could throw well from hub to hub. Marshall himself threw them with great success and accuracy, and often "rang the meg." On this occasion Marshall and the Rev. Mr. Blair led the two parties of players. Marshall played first, and rang the meg. Parson Blair did the same, and his quoit came down plumply on top of Marshall's. There was uproarious applause, which drew out all the others from the dinner; and then came an animated controversy as to what should be the effect of this exploit. They all returned to the table, had another bottle of champagne, and listened to arguments: one from Marshall for his view, and one from Wickham for Parson Blair. The company decided against Marshall. His argument is a humorous companion piece to any one of his elaborate judicial opinions. He began by formulating the question, "Who is winner when the adversary quoits are on the meg at the same time?" He then stated the facts, and remarked that the question was one of the true construction and application of the rules of the game. The one first ringing the meg has the advantage. No other one can succeed who does not begin by displacing this first one. The parson, he willingly allowed, deserves to rise higher and higher in everybody's esteem; but then he must n't do it by getting on another's back in this fashion. That is more like leapfrog than quoits. Then, again, the legal maxim is, *Cujus est solum, ejus est usque ad cælum*. His own right as first occupant extends to the vault of heaven; no opponent can gain any advantage by squatting on his back. He must either bring a writ of ejectment, or drive him out *vi et armis*. And then, after further argument of the same sort, he asked judgment, and sat down amidst great applause.

Mr. Wickham then rose, and made an argument of a similar pattern. No rule, he said, requires an impossibility. Mr. Marshall's quoit is twice as large as any other; and yet it flies from his arm like the iron ball at the Grecian games from the arm of Ajax. It is an iron quoit, unpolished, jagged, and of enormous weight. It is impossible for an ordinary quoit to move it. With much more of the same sort, he contended that it was a drawn game. After very animated voting, designed to keep up the uncertainty as long as possible, it was so decided. Another trial was had, and Marshall clearly won.

All his life he played this game. There is an account of a country barbecue in the mountain region, where a casual guest saw an old man emerge from a thicket which bordered a brook, carrying a pile of flat stones as high as he could hold between his right arm and his chin. He stepped briskly up to the company and threw them down. "There! Here are quite enough for us all."

Of Marshall's simple habits, remarkable modesty, and engaging simplicity of conduct and demeanor, every one who knew him speaks. "What was it in him which most impressed you?" asked one of his descendants, now a distinguished judge, of an older relative who had known him. "His humility," was her answer. "With Marshall," wrote President Quincy, "I had considerable acquaintance during the eight years I was member of Congress, from 1805 to 1813, played chess with him, and never failed to be impressed with the frank, cordial, childlike simplicity and unpretending manner of the man, of whose strength and breadth of intellectual power I was . . . well apprised."

"Nothing was more usual," we are told, as regards his life in Richmond, "than to see him returning from market, at sunrise, with poultry in one hand and a basket of vegetables in the other."

And again, some one speaks of meeting him on horseback, at sunrise, with a bag of seeds before him, on his way to his farm, three or four miles out of town. This was the farm at which, as he writes to James Monroe, his old friend and schoolmate, "I pass a considerable portion of my time in *laborious relaxation*." The Italics are his own.

In speaking of Marshall's personal qualities and ways, I must quote from the exquisite passages in Judge Story's address, delivered in the fall of 1835, to the Suffolk Bar, in which his own true affection found expression: "Upon a first introduction he would be thought to be cold and reserved; but he was neither the one nor the other. It was simply a habit of easy taciturnity, watching, as it were, his own turn to follow the line of conversation, and not to presume to lead it. . . . Meet him in a stage-coach as a stranger, and travel with him a whole day, and you would only be struck with his readiness to administer to the accommodation of others, and his anxiety to appropriate least to himself. Be with him the unknown guest at an inn, and he seemed adjusted to the very scene; partaking of the warm welcome of its comforts, whenever found; and if not found, resigning himself without complaint to its meanest arrangements. He had great simplicity of character, manners, dress, and deportment, and yet with a natural dignity that suppressed impertinence and silenced rudeness. His simplicity . . . had an exquisite naïveté, which charmed every one, and gave a sweetness to his familiar conversation approaching to fascination. The first impression of a stranger, upon his introduction to him, was generally that of disappointment. It seemed hardly credible that such simplicity should be the accompaniment of such acknowledged greatness. The consciousness of power was not there; the air of office was not there;

¹ Some of my readers will thank me for saying that the dealer who furnishes this portrait

there was no play of the lights or shades of rank, no study of effect in tone or bearing."

Of Marshall's appearance on the bench we have a picture in one of Story's letters from Washington, while he was at the bar. He is writing in 1808, the year after the Burr trial. "Marshall," he says, "is of a tall, slender figure, not graceful or imposing, but erect and steady. His hair is black, his eyes small and twinkling, his forehead rather low, but his features are in general harmonious. His manners are plain, yet dignified; and an unaffected modesty diffuses itself through all his actions. His dress is very simple, yet neat; his language chaste, but hardly elegant; it does not flow rapidly, but it seldom wants precision. In conversation he is quite familiar, but is occasionally embarrassed by a hesitancy and drawling. . . . I love his laugh, — it is too hearty for an intriguer, — and his good temper and unwearied patience are equally agreeable on the bench and in the study."

Daniel Webster, in 1814, wrote to his brother: "There is no man in the court that strikes me like Marshall. He is a plain man, looking very much like Colonel Adams, and about three inches taller. I have never seen a man of whose intellect I had a higher opinion."

In the year 1808, when Judge Story wrote what has been quoted above, Marshall was sketched in chalk by St. Me-min. It is a beautiful portrait, which its present owner, Mr. Thomas Marshall Smith, of Baltimore, John Marshall's great-grandson, has generously permitted to be copied for the use of the public.¹

It was in 1830 that Chester Harding, the artist, painted for the Boston Athenæum the full-length portrait of which, a little later, he made the replica afterwards purchased, by subscription, for the Law School. "I consider it," says Harding in photogravure is Mr. C. Klackner, of New York.

ing, "a good picture.¹ I had great pleasure in painting *the whole* of such a man. . . . When I was ready to draw the figure into his picture, I asked him, in order to save time, to come to my room in the evening. . . . An evening was appointed; but he could not come until after the 'consultation,' which lasts until about eight o'clock." It will be remembered that the judges, at that time, used to lodge together, in one house. "It was a warm evening," continues Harding, "and I was standing on my steps waiting for him, when he soon made his appearance, but, to my surprise, without a hat. I showed him into my studio, and stepped back to fasten the front door, when I encountered [several gentlemen] who knew the judge very well. They had seen him passing by their hotel in his hatless condition, and with long strides, as if in great haste, and had followed, curious to know the cause of such a strange appearance. . . . He said that the consultation lasted longer than he expected, and he hurried off as quickly as possible to keep his appointment with me." He declined the offer of a hat on his return. "Oh no, it is a warm night; I shall not need one."

The next year, 1831, was a sad one for Marshall. The greatest apprehensions were felt for his health. "Wirt," says John Quincy Adams in his Diary, on February 13, 1831, "spoke to me, also, in deep concern and alarm at the state of Chief Justice Marshall's health." In the autumn he went to Philadelphia to undergo the torture of the operation of lithotomy, before the days of ether. It was the last operation performed by the distinguished surgeon Dr. Physick. Another eminent surgeon, who assisted him, Dr. Randall, has given an account of this occasion, in which he says:—

"It will be readily admitted that, in

consequence of Judge Marshall's very advanced age, the hazard attending the operation, however skillfully performed, was considerably increased. I consider it but an act of justice, due to the memory of that great and good man, to state that, in my opinion, his recovery was in a great degree owing to his extraordinary self-possession, and to the calm and philosophical views which he took of his case, and the various circumstances attending it.

"It fell to my lot to make the necessary preparations. In the discharge of this duty I visited him on the morning of the day fixed on for the operation, two hours previously to that at which it was to be performed. Upon entering his room I found him engaged in eating his breakfast. He received me with a pleasant smile upon his countenance, and said: 'Well, doctor, you find me taking breakfast, and I assure you I have had a good one. I thought it very probable that this might be my last chance, and therefore I was determined to enjoy it and eat heartily.' I expressed the great pleasure which I felt at seeing him so cheerful, and said that I hoped all would soon be happily over. He replied to this that he did not feel the least anxiety or uneasiness respecting the operation or its results. He said that he had not the slightest desire to live, laboring under the sufferings to which he was then subjected; that he was perfectly ready to take all the chances of an operation, and he knew there were many against him; and that if he could be relieved by it he was willing to live out his appointed time, but if not, would rather die than hold existence accompanied with the pain and misery which he then endured.

"After he finished his breakfast I administered to him some medicine; he

¹ The half-length, sitting portrait of Marshall, in the dining hall at Cambridge, was painted by Harding, in 1828, for the Chief Justice himself; and by him given to Judge Story,

"to be preserved, when I shall sleep with my fathers, as a testimonial of sincere and affectionate friendship." Story bequeathed it to the college.

then inquired at what hour the operation would be performed. I mentioned the hour of eleven. He said, 'Very well; do you wish me now for any other purpose, or may I lie down and go to sleep?' I was a good deal surprised at this question, but told him that if he could sleep it would be very desirable. He immediately placed himself upon the bed, and fell into a profound sleep, and continued so until I was obliged to rouse him in order to undergo the operation. He exhibited the same fortitude, scarcely uttering a murmur, throughout the whole procedure, which, from the peculiar nature of his complaint, was necessarily tedious."

From the patient over a thousand calculi were taken. He had a perfect recovery; nor did the disorder ever return.

On Christmas Day of that year, as I have said, his wife died, the object of his tenderest affection ever since he had first seen her, more than fifty years before.

It was at this period, in 1831 and 1832, that Inman's fine portrait of him, now hanging in the Law Institute of Philadelphia, was painted, for the bar of that city. A replica is on the walls of the state library in Richmond, which Marshall himself bought for one of his sons. This portrait is regarded as the best of those painted in his later life. Certainly it best answers the description of him by an English traveler, who, seeing him in the spring of 1835, remarked that "the venerable dignity of his appearance would not suffer in comparison with that of the most respected and distinguished-looking peer in the British House of Lords."

¹ Many a "severe contusion" must he have suffered in those primitive days, from upsets and joltings, in driving every year between Richmond and Washington, some 120 miles each way; from Richmond to Raleigh and back, in attending his North Carolina circuit, about 175 miles each way; and between Rich-

mond and Oakhill, his country place, every summer, about 100 miles each way. For instance, in 1812, Cranch, the reporter, remarks that Marshall was not present at the beginning of the term, as he "received an injury by the oversetting of the stagecoach on his journey from Richmond."

After his recovery, in 1831, Marshall seems to have been in good health down to the early part of 1835. Then, we are told, he suffered "severe contusions"¹ in the stagecoach in returning from Washington. His health now rapidly declined. He went again for relief to Philadelphia, and died there on July 6, 1835, of a serious disorder of the liver. He had missed from his bedside his oldest son, Thomas, for whom he had been asking. Upon the gravestone of that son, behind the old house at Oakhill, you may read the pathetic tragedy, withheld from his father, that accounts for his absence. While hastening to Philadelphia, at the end of June, he was passing through the streets of Baltimore in the midst of a tempest, and was killed by the falling of a chimney in the storm.

The body of the great Chief Justice was carried home with every demonstration of respect and reverence. It was buried by the side of his wife, in the Shockoe Hill Cemetery in Richmond. There, upon horizontal tablets, are two inscriptions of affecting simplicity, both written by himself. The first runs thus: "John Marshall, Son of Thomas and Mary Marshall, was born the 24th of September, 1755, Intermarried with Mary Willis Ambler, the 3d of January, 1783. Departed this life the [6th] day of July, 1835." The second, thus: "Sacred to the memory of Mrs. Mary Willis Marshall, Consort of John Marshall, Born the 13th of March, 1766, Departed this life the 25th of December, 1831. This stone is devoted to her memory by him who best knew her worth, And most deplores her loss."

James Bradley Thayer.

mond and Oakhill, his country place, every summer, about 100 miles each way. For instance, in 1812, Cranch, the reporter, remarks that Marshall was not present at the beginning of the term, as he "received an injury by the oversetting of the stagecoach on his journey from Richmond."

A LETTER FROM GERMANY.

WHEN the year 1900 began, public opinion in Germany was wholly engrossed with the war in South Africa. In its latter half, the Chinese muddle monopolized attention, waning in importance only as the year drew to a close.

The enthusiastic sympathy of Germany with the Boers at first was modified to some extent later, by the growing conviction among cooler heads that Germany had more to gain by maintaining a good understanding with England than she could possibly lose through the downfall of the two Boer republics. The seizure of German ships through the rather high-handed action of English authorities in South Africa only embittered the public feeling against England. The German government, while resenting these seizures energetically, kept its composure throughout the incident, so that it was possible, later in the year, to enter into a friendly agreement with England in favor of the "open door" policy in China. The coming and passing of Kruger at the beginning of December, while opening a sharp controversy between the German people and the government, marked the close of the South African War as a factor in German politics. The Kruger incident was interesting as illustrating the struggle between sentiment and reason in the minds of the German people in regard to the fate of the Boers. The passionate enthusiasm for Kruger among the people and in the press found a fitting answer in the firm refusal of the government to commit itself to the waning fortunes of the fallen republics, to the prejudice of larger political interests of the Empire. Throughout this whole incident the new Chancellor showed himself a pupil of Bismarck's cool-headed policy of excluding all sentimental considerations and all racial antipathies from any influence

upon Germany's foreign relations, and in his determination to shape that policy solely with reference to Germany's practical advantages.

The Chinese question occupied, in proportion to the immediate tangible German interests involved, a vast space in the public attention of Germany during the year. This was of course due chiefly to the murder of the German minister to China, and the determination of the Kaiser that adequate punishment for this atrocity should be exacted, involving the sending of a military expedition of about 23,000 men to China. It was a novel event in the history of the Empire. It had never before occurred that even a thousand German soldiers were sent across seas at one time. This large military expedition, composed of volunteers from all sections of the country, brought home the Chinese imbroglio to the doors of the German people. Hence, notwithstanding the critical attitude of a large section of the press, it must be owned that the expedition was at first popular with the unthinking masses. It was less so later.

The interest of the German people in the Chinese question was enhanced by the appointment of Count Waldersee to the supreme command of all the foreign forces in the province of Pe-chee-lee. The German government, at a time when the commanders in China were in a hopeless deadlock over the appointment, repeatedly expressed its willingness to place its troops under any commander accepted by the other Powers. The controversy as to whether Waldersee's appointment was suggested by the Czar, or whether the latter acted only after Waldersee's name had been proposed to him by the Kaiser, is a question of minor moment. The important fact is that the other Powers readily accepted the ap-

pointment, and nowhere was it seriously maintained that Germany had made any undue attempt to seize upon the supreme command.

The attitude of the German government in the Chinese question was throughout influenced by two considerations; and this, it must be admitted, gave rise to a certain vacillation in German diplomacy. The first of these considerations was the preëminent importance of harmonious action on the part of the Powers in China, and the second was the feeling that it was necessary to inflict the severest possible punishment upon the authors of the Pekin atrocities. Germany started out by taking the attitude that no diplomatic relations should be opened with the Chinese government until the ministers in Pekin had designated the authors of the atrocities, and these had been delivered up by the Chinese government for condign punishment by the Powers. Later, owing to the attitude of the United States government, she found it advisable to abandon this position, and to give to the Chinese authorities the first chance of inflicting punishment upon the guilty. It may perhaps be justly claimed that Germany's policy in China was shaped by that stern logic which can brook no deviations from regularity in her own internal administration; and that she showed a certain shortsightedness in trying to deal with the complicated situation in China with an undiscriminating rigor which may have done more harm than good in its effect upon public Chinese opinion. Nevertheless, it must be recognized that Germany was willing to subject her plans of punishment to the larger interests of harmonious action by the Powers. By entering into an agreement with England for maintaining the "open door" in China, and against any partition of Chinese territory, Germany showed herself in harmony with the policy inaugurated by Mr. Hay.

In connection with the Chinese muddle

an outbreak of Jingoism was witnessed in Germany, such as the country had been comparatively unaccustomed to till that time. The bellicose and lurid talk in high places in connection with the expedition to China found a ready response among the larger part of the German people. The manner in which the appointment of Waldersee was received, together with his triumphal procession through Germany on his way to China, was also an indication that the Jingo spirit had invaded Germany. When, later, numerous letters from German soldiers in China were published in German newspapers, describing the summary manner in which the German military authorities dealt with the Boxers, and even villages infested by them; and when the leading military periodical in Germany apologized for the German method of conducting operations in China, and defended the policy of taking no prisoners, it was felt that the spirit of Jingoism was but bearing its legitimate fruit.

It is pleasant to note that the relations between Germany and the United States underwent a decided improvement during 1900. The long-standing controversy between the two countries, in regard to the application of the "most favored nation" clause in cases where our government formed reciprocity treaties with other countries, was amicably settled by the Washington government yielding substantially to the German position. Germany, on the other hand, discontinued her absurd examinations of American dried fruit for the San José scale. The opening of the German Atlantic cable fulfilled a long-cherished wish for direct cable communication with our country, — a wish entertained both by the commercial classes and by the newspaper press, since the latter had grown suspicious about English sources of information from the United States. The raising of a German loan of \$20,000,000 in New York came to the German pub-

lic as a new and surprising chapter in the relations between the two countries. The German money market had been so recently a lender to us that the announcement that a German loan had been placed in New York was received with incredulity and no little chagrin. Trade between Germany and the United States reached larger proportions than ever before, and the interest of the German press and public in American commercial affairs underwent a marked development. The long-standing complaint of Americans, that German newspapers print so little American news, certainly holds good no longer, so far as commercial and financial news is concerned.

In the internal affairs of Germany the most prominent fact was the change of Chancellors. Prince Hohenlohe, who had taken office confessedly to tide over a period where a positive leader and positive policies were lacking, played that rôle satisfactorily. He was a safe Chancellor, calculated to pour oil upon the waters and calm the waves, as he said upon taking office; but he lacked vigor and fertility in new ideas. His resignation was but the consummation in form of what had become substantially a fact months before; for the leading rôle in determining Germany's policies was fast passing from his hands into those of Count von Bülow. The resignation was accepted by the public without any deep regret at his passing from the stage, yet with general recognition of the fact that he had played at least a dignified and creditable part in German politics.

The appointment of Count von Bülow as Hohenlohe's successor had been anticipated, and was recognized on all sides as the most fitting that could be made. In the brief period since Bülow's appointment it has already become apparent that German politics, particularly German parliamentary life, has been enriched by a new force. During the Hohenlohe régime one of the most obvious

facts in Germany's internal politics was the lack of harmony in the ministry. Hohenlohe lacked the vigorous hand of a Bismarck to bend or break all opposing wills. Bülow, on taking office, emphasized the necessity of a homogeneous ministry, and there are already evidences that he will get what he wants. Bülow's début as Chancellor before the Reichstag was a parliamentary success such as Germany has scarcely witnessed since the Empire was founded. The new Chancellor showed himself a debater with unusual powers of delicate raillery, a master of rhetorical fencing, and yet of such suavity of manner toward his opponents as to conciliate them at the same time that he marched triumphantly over them. When the Reichstag met it was in an ugly mood, since its constitutional rights had been ignored in the matter of the expedition to China; and the indications were that the session would be a critical one for the government. It was no small achievement of Bülow to lay the storm so completely and in so short a time. The Chancellor's future pathway is beset with difficulties, since it will prove an extremely delicate task to shape legislation so as to satisfy, even remotely, the conflicting interests of the Agrarians and the rest of the population. Another difficult task will be to conduct the affairs of state under a ruler who insists upon exercising personally a controlling influence. Over against the latter fact, however, Bülow evidently possesses the full confidence of his master. It augurs well, too, for the future, that Bülow has already improved the relations of the South German cabinets toward the imperial government, — those relations having latterly grown somewhat disturbed. Bülow has entered upon his duties as Chancellor under the device of conciliation; it remains to be seen whether he has the firm hand, when the emergency arises, to hold in check the discordant political and economical elements in German life.

The rôle played by the Kaiser in the

politics of Germany during the year again calls for some remark. While the Kaiser scored a distinct success in securing the passage of the law doubling the German navy, the part he played — at least oratorically — in connection with the Chinese troubles was the subject of much criticism. The frequent description of the Kaiser as an impulsive man was never more aptly illustrated than in his speeches to the soldiers about to sail for China. It was felt in Germany that those speeches not only gave utterance to sentiments not in harmony with the best spirit of the time, but that they made the task of the German Foreign Office in dealing with a most delicate and complicated situation distinctly more difficult. The Kaiser had been gaining a reputation for greater steadiness of poise, greater self-restraint, greater prudence of utterance; but his speeches last summer again gave cause for apprehension among many of the best minds of Germany.

This dissatisfaction with the Kaiser's utterances was so strong and general that when the Reichstag met, in November, there was a feeling in all political parties that the old tradition of keeping the monarch out of the debates could no longer be adhered to. Consequently, the speeches of the Kaiser were discussed in the Reichstag by men of all parties, with a freedom that was new and refreshing in German political debates. Apart from the Kaiser's speeches in connection with the Chinese troubles, the debates brought out some frank complaints from the more "loyal" sections of German politics, that the Kaiser is surrounded by advisers who systematically misinform him as to the actual state of public opinion. It has long been felt, and particularly during the past few years, that the present system of two cabinets — one of which is nominally responsible to the Reichstag and public opinion, while the other is merely a personal cabinet, responsible to neither, and yet exercising an enormous

influence in shaping the monarch's policies — has been growing more and more intolerable. This system of personal government is becoming the subject of chronic disquietude in Germany, and even the more loyal section of the press is growing restive under it. Bismarck's wise maxim, "A monarch should appear in public only when attired in the clothing of a responsible ministry," is finding more and more supporters among intelligent Germans.

In connection with this subject the question of ministerial responsibility has also come up for discussion. It is seen more and more clearly that the responsibility of the ministry to the Reichstag, as required by the Constitution, is quite illusive where the Reichstag has no practical means for enforcing it. Hence, toward the end of the year, a movement was begun in the Reichstag for the organization of a Supreme Court of the Empire, equipped with large powers, one of which shall be to decide, in questions of controversy, as between the Reichstag and the ministry. It must be regarded, however, as very doubtful, considering the weak and flabby state of public opinion in Germany on questions of popular rights, whether anything will result from this movement for the present.

The legislation of Germany during the year 1900 offers much that is interesting in many ways. For Americans, the most important measure was the Meat Bill. This measure had been introduced in the Reichstag early in 1899, but the sharp conflict of interests about it kept it for more than a year in committee. When the bill finally emerged for discussion in the Reichstag, it was found that the Agrarian majority had distorted it from a sanitary to a protective measure. Both in the new form they gave the bill and in their discussions of it in the Reichstag, the Agrarians showed that it was chiefly the exclusion of foreign meats, rather than a system of sanitary inspection, that they

wanted. As finally passed in May the bill had lost some of the harsh prohibitory features given it by the Agrarians, the latter contenting themselves with the exclusion of canned meats and sausages. To the foreign student of German politics, the Meat Inspection Law is chiefly interesting as illustrating the tendency of the general government to seize upon functions which have hitherto been in the hands of the individual states and municipalities, as well as of bringing the private affairs of the people under the control of governmental authority. It is another long step of the German government away from the principle of *laissez-faire*. The task undertaken by the government here is itself a stupendous one. There is certainly no other great government in the world that would endeavor to organize the administrative machinery for inspecting every pound of meat that comes upon the markets of the country. What an illustration of the courage of government in Germany, when confronted with questions of infinite administrative details! So stupendous is this task that the law as a whole has not yet at this writing been put in force, owing to the enormous amount of preliminary work required.

The passage of the Fleet Increase Law was one of the most important measures, in relation to Germany's position as a world power, that has been adopted for many years. The bill was introduced in the Reichstag in January, with the declaration of the government that the increase of the fleet contemplated was necessary for insuring peace at sea, and for protecting Germany's trade interests throughout the world. The course of discussion on the bill clearly brought out the fact that the great bulk of the German people enthusiastically favored it; and when the measure came up for the final vote, it was carried by a two-thirds majority. The passage of this law will undoubtedly prove a momentous fact in Germany's history, since it is

openly confessed that Germany needs a great fleet in order to support and enforce her decisions in large international questions. If the increase of the fleet is to be interpreted as directed against any one nation, that nation is undoubtedly England.

Another law passed by the Reichstag was one for currency reform. It increases the non-legal-tender silver circulation from ten to fifteen marks *per caput*; and the metal needed for this new coinage is to be provided by gradually withdrawing the remaining stock of thalers from circulation. As the thalers have unlimited legal-tender quality, while other silver coins have not, the measure is, in effect, the final step in giving Germany a pure gold standard. The suspension of the sale of silver by Bismarck in 1879 left a large stock of thalers still in circulation, which at first proved dangerous for the gold standard. That danger vanished later; and the Currency Law of 1900 merely gave the finishing touch legally to the gold standard system already in perfect operation. The last blow to silver in Germany was in striking contrast to the passionate appeals for the "white metal" that still survive in American politics. Silver, in Germany, died practically without a struggle, and "passed in music out of sight."

The sharpest controversy in the Reichstag in 1900 was over the so-called Lex Heinze. Certain paragraphs of this measure gave the police very wide powers in the control of literary, dramatic, and artistic productions, with a view to the exclusion of everything calculated to offend the public sense of delicacy. There was a large majority in the Reichstag for these paragraphs, but the determined opposition of the Left parties, led by the Social Democrats, brought on the severest parliamentary struggle that Germany has seen since the Empire was founded. Obstruction by a minority in the Reichstag through parliamentary

tactics had hitherto been unknown in Germany; but so intense was the feeling among German literary people and artists against the drastic provisions of the *Lex Heinze* that public opinion was concentrated in support of the obstructionists. It was a new phenomenon in German political life to see the Social Democrats coming forward as the acknowledged defenders of the views of the intellectual élite of the country. The result was that the *Lex Heinze* was finally passed with the objectionable paragraphs eliminated.

A measure that called forth strenuous opposition from the commercial classes of the country was the Increase of the Bourse Taxes; that is to say, the stamp tax upon new issue of stocks and bonds, and that upon sales of securities. The heavy taxation of this kind already in existence has had the effect of driving much German business to London and Paris; and it was pointed out to the Reichstag, by chambers of commerce and similar bodies, that an increase of these taxes would only divert more German business to foreign bourses. Furthermore, it was felt to be a great injustice to the bourses to make them defray the bulk of the increased expenditures under the new Fleet Law. Nevertheless, the Reichstag voted by a large majority to increase the stamp taxes, — some of them being raised by half, and others doubled.

The most important measure in the province of social reform legislation adopted by the Reichstag in 1900 was a revision of the Laborers' Accident Insurance Law. The law as revised extends compulsory insurance to laborers in breweries, in blacksmiths', locksmiths', and butchers' shops, and to window-cleaners; and the wage limit entitling a laborer to be insured was lifted from 2000 to 3000 marks a year. In many cases the assistance given to the injured is raised; and in cases where a laborer is so badly crippled that a permanent attendant is

necessary, the pension is increased to the full amount of the wages previously earned. The law also makes a careless employer responsible for all expenditures growing out of a given accident, disbursed by coöperative societies and sick funds in providing for the injured. It is a striking proof of the popularity of social reform ideas in Germany that this measure was passed unanimously. Another measure of social reform was an ordinance decreed by the Bundesrath for the better protection of the health of laborers in zinc works.

The *Gewerbe-ordnung*, which was passed in May and went into effect October 1, gives the imperial authorities control over employment agencies, — an Agrarian provision intended to prevent employment agents from the great manufacturing centres from drawing away farm laborers to more lucrative employment. Another provision of this reform is that for early closing. A certain measure of self-government is left to the tradesmen of the various cities, since closing at eight o'clock can be enforced where two thirds of the merchants ask for it; otherwise closing is at nine o'clock. The bill also provides for the welfare of employees in stores and other places of business by fixing the manner of payment and regulating the terms of giving notice of discharge. Another step toward ameliorating the condition of this class of the population was taken in December, when the Bundesrath decreed that opportunities for sitting must be provided for salesmen and saleswomen.

The most questionable experiment in legislation in Germany during the year was the special tax upon department stores, voted by the Prussian Diet. The measure came into being as the result of two forces: the first was represented by the theoretical reformers, who have a deep repugnance to all large accumulations of capital, and are happy only when trying to pull down the successful masters of organization to the level of men

who can do things only on a small scale, or else submit themselves to the leadership of more capable men; and the second force was the petty trade jealousy of these small men themselves, who never ceased to din it into the ears of the government that something must be done to preserve the "middle classes." Nearly all chambers of commerce in the country took a decided stand against this tax, because it was clearly seen that a principle was here being introduced which would eventually lead to special taxation of all concerns operating with large capital, whether banks, factories, or other enterprises. The government vacillated hopelessly between the opposing elements for the several years during which the agitation for such a tax was going on; and Finance Minister von Miquel, in his defense of the bill in the Diet, showed a very muddled state of mind about the whole matter. The bill as passed is undoubtedly the most drastic piece of legislation directed against large capital that Germany has ever seen. This tax, it must be remembered, is a special tax in addition to the general income tax, and is levied according to a progressive scale upon the volume of business, reaching as high as two per cent upon the turnover of the largest department stores. It is provided, however, that the tax shall in no case exceed twenty per cent of the net earnings. The rabid, anti-capitalistic temper of the legislators is well illustrated by the fact that an amendment for exempting department stores from this tax, in cases where it could be shown that the business had been conducted at a loss, was voted down, and instead of this a remission of only one half of the tax in such cases was adopted. In other words, the Prussian Diet voted to take in taxation one per cent of the turnover of a business conducted at a loss.

The year 1900 was the first year under the new Civil Code. Much progress was made by the courts in adjusting

themselves to the new system of jurisdiction, and it is already apparent that Germany will derive great advantages from this reform. Another reform was that in the method of military court procedure, which went into effect October 1. This latter reform was forced upon the government by public opinion, which had long ago rejected the more antiquated features of justice prevailing in the army. One of the chief advances made under the new system is that of public military trials wherever discipline and the public interest admit. While the reform does not go so far as public opinion demanded, still it is believed that it will secure an administration of justice in the army more in harmony with the spirit of the age.

The movement in the Social Democratic party known as the "moulting process" — that is, the process of casting off old, ultra-doctrinaire principles in favor of possible, tangible reforms — was further strikingly illustrated by the decision to nominate candidates for the Prussian Diet in all future elections. Owing to the peculiar electoral machinery in Prussia, rendering it well-nigh impossible for the working classes to make their influence practically felt in the Diet, the Socialists have hitherto contemptuously refrained from participating in the Diet elections. The year was also marked by Socialist gains in the Diets of Württemberg, Gotha, Lippe-Detmold, and Oldenburg; and the Socialists now have representatives in the Diets of all the German states except Prussia and Brunswick. Another indication of the growing practical sense of the party is that all the Socialist members of the Reichstag supported the government's Laborers' Accident Insurance Bill. It is significant of much for the future of Germany that the Socialists are thus accommodating themselves to the patient processes of history, and are growing more willing to take their millennium upon the installment plan.

The Polish question came in for a large amount of attention during the year. This question has undoubtedly grown more serious during the past few years. It is admitted that the government policy of buying up Polish estates and settling Germans upon them — for which purpose a fund of 200,000,000 marks was created some years ago — has been worse than useless, since it has only intensified the national self-consciousness of the Poles, without at the same time increasing the German population and fostering German spirit in the eastern provinces. It is frankly admitted that villages there which were once largely German are losing their German character, and reverting to that of Polish communities. Writers most favorable to the government admit that if this movement continues for two or three decades longer, the Polonization of the eastern provinces will be practically complete. Not only is there a Polish question in the eastern provinces, but also in western Germany ; for the immense development of the Rhine-Westphalian coal and iron region has attracted increasing numbers of Poles to that part of the country. Many villages there are now almost completely Polish, and the problem of policing the laboring population has been rendered much more difficult by their presence. To take the places of the Poles thus leaving the agricultural provinces of the east for the better wages of the industrial west, the Prussian government has for some years been allowing other Polish laborers to come into those provinces from Russian and Austrian Poland, during the busier months of the year. It is characteristic of the intense economic development of Germany at present that the period for which these immigrant laborers were permitted to cross the border has been constantly lengthened ; so that for this winter they are required to return to their homes for only six weeks.

Growing out of the agitation in con-

nection with the Lex Heinze, the Goethebund, a union of many of the leading writers and artists, was formed, for the purpose of protecting art, literature, and dramatic performances from the clumsy efforts of legislation and police administration to force narrow and prudish ideals upon them. This organization has spread rapidly over all Germany. It held its first national conference at Weimar in November, when some strong words were spoken against the antiquated conception of life with which the authorities are trying to fetter the German mind. The Goethebund directs its efforts particularly against the dramatic censorship which still lags superfluous upon the stage in Germany ; and it petitioned the Reichstag to abolish this "unseemly tutelage of the German people."

This utterance of the Goethebund was drawn out by the fact that the dramatic censorship was exercised with unusual rigor in the latter half of the year. It was commonly believed that this was due to the influence of the Kaiser, to express his displeasure at the defeat of the rigid paragraphs of the Lex Heinze. As a result of this greater rigor an unusual number of plays were rejected by the censor, some of which, however, were later admitted to production, after appeal to the courts. A practical proposition, put forward as a remedy for the arbitrary and often unintelligent decisions of the censor, is the appointment of a committee of literary people to act as a committee of experts in cases of questionable literary productions. This proposition attracted wide attention, and was supported by so eminent an author as Professor Mommsen.

In the sphere of education the chief event of the year was the Kaiser's decree of November 26, for the reform of gymnasium instruction. This reform is of special interest to English-speaking people, since it gives to the English language a position in the German Gymnasium which it has never hitherto occu-

ped. It is an incredible mark of the unprogressive spirit that has hitherto prevailed in the old Gymnasien, that English occupied in their curricula the same level with Hebrew. The Kaiser's decree changes all that, and makes English perhaps the most important foreign language taught in these schools. English will be compulsory in the Gymnasien for the last three years, French becoming for these years merely optional. In the classes prior to the three highest, English can now be offered in place of Greek; and in respect to Greek itself, the teachers are enjoined to avoid, so far as possible, insistence upon useless forms, and to emphasize more the intellectual and æsthetic relations between Greek and modern culture. The decree also emphasizes the necessity of more attention to modern German history, which has hitherto been neglected in favor of the ancient history. The practical study of the natural sciences through experiments and excursions is to be fostered; and in teaching modern languages attention is to be given to speaking. All these points illustrate the bent of the Kaiser's mind toward modernizing and reforming German life, whatever may be said of his views in other directions.

In university matters the chief event of the year was another decree of the Kaiser, which was issued in December. This prolongs the period of medical study to five years, broadens the medical curriculum, and introduces a year of probationary practice before the final license is given. It also admits the graduates of Real-gymnasien and Ober-realschulen to the medical examinations.

In the woman movement some progress is to be recorded, both in the struggle for larger educational opportunities and in opening up gainful occupations to women. The movement for the better education of women made further progress, both in respect to the establishment of "gymnasium courses" for girls, and in the admission of women to the

universities as hearers. The Medical Society of Berlin refused to admit women as members; but the medical faculty of Heidelberg University voted to admit them as regular hearers to the lectures. While the number of women students at the German universities is somewhat smaller this winter than last, the cause is to be found not in any flagging of interest on the part of women themselves, but in the fact that the University of Berlin introduced more rigid entrance conditions for women, which had the effect of largely diminishing the number of Russian women in attendance. The Prussian minister of education sanctioned the inauguration of gymnasium courses for women at Breslau. The movement for establishing a gymnasium for girls at Frankfort-on-the-Main also took definite shape, and the institution will be opened April 1. A significant movement of the year was the increase of women's clubs in various cities. Another indication of the growing conviction of the importance of woman as a social force is the resolution of the Socialist National Diet to make larger use of women in the propaganda work of that party. Statistics published during the year show that the number of women employed in factories has been growing at an accelerated pace.

Toward the end of the year public attention was painfully drawn to the fact of the increase of immorality and crime among the higher classes. Sensational cases in the Berlin courts showed a state of morals in social circles and in police administration that gave a shock to the public conscience. The *jeunesse dorée* of Berlin passed before the public gaze as professional gamblers; a great banker, moving in high social life, was unmasked as a corrupter of morality by the most loathsome means; and a coterie of mortgage bank directors were imprisoned for the grossest dishonesty. Another incident belonging here is the Konitz murder, which called out anti-

Semitic excesses reminding one of American lynch law, — excesses due to the superstition of “ritual murder” being practiced by Hebrews.

The census taken on December 1 — so far as the returns have been published at this writing — shows an acceleration of the movement of population from the country toward the great cities. The growth of the urban population in five years has been astonishing. The population of Berlin, for example, increased more than twice as much in the last five years as in the preceding five. The fourteen German cities now having a population of above 200,000 have increased more than seventeen per cent since 1895. The census returns show that Berlin and its suburbs gained 392,730 in the past five years, their total population now being 2,469,676. No other European capital is growing so fast in wealth and numbers as Berlin; and the city is rapidly assuming a dominant position in all spheres of German life.

In the economic life of Germany in 1900, the fact that strikes the eye first is the culmination of the great wave of prosperity that had prevailed in the country for above five years. Both in its duration and in its intensity this advance was the most remarkable that German industries and commerce ever experienced. The direct impulse that caused the deep change in the business situation of Germany came from the United States; and throughout the year, the dependence of the German iron market as well as of the German stock markets upon the United States became apparent to a degree that would have been considered utterly impossible so recently as three years ago. Notwithstanding the declining business activity of Germany, a coal famine, such as the country has never seen before, continued till toward the close of 1900; and one of the burning questions of the year, in commercial circles, was that of adopting measures of relief for the scarcity of

coal. With the high tide of Germany's prosperity a change in the situation of the working classes set in. During the protracted upward movement in business wages had steadily risen, and had reached the highest point in the history of the country; since the changed conditions have manifested themselves, wages have also begun to decline, and the opportunities of employment have been diminished.

The rapidity of the fall of industrial shares on the German bourses, after the middle of April, was remarkable. This phenomenon was extensively commented upon as illustrating the evil workings of the German Bourse Law passed in 1896, which prohibited all dealings in those shares for future delivery. In this connection the Bourse Law underwent the sharpest criticism from chambers of commerce and all other organs of public opinion in commercial affairs. The unwelcome phenomenon of operators refusing to settle debts incurred in bourse speculations by retreating behind the provisions of the Bourse Law only intensified the agitation against that ill-advised measure. All the German chambers of commerce joined in a crusade for its reform; but the government has hitherto maintained a waiting and non-committal attitude. The whole matter — the details of which cannot be dwelt upon here — is another interesting episode in the perennial contest between the progressive commercial classes of Germany and those who would hinder her development into a great manufacturing, commercial, and financial power in the world.

It is a significant fact that the rapid downward movement of stock values, and the entirely changed situation in many of Germany's leading industries, have been accompanied by no serious failures or other financial troubles. The flurry caused in December, in connection with certain mortgage banks of Berlin, was in no way a sign of the general

economic situation, and is no exception to the statement just made. The fact that German industries and German banks could shoot the rapids of the year 1900 without any serious disaster is the best possible proof of the solid and honest business methods that prevailed among German industrial and financial institutions.

In the development of the German colonies there is nothing striking to report for the year 1900. Trade with them is gradually increasing, but the colonial budget is increasing still more rapidly. For 1901 it reaches 40,750,000 marks, an increase of more than 7,000,000 marks as compared with the previous budget. The growth of the colonial budget has been very rapid during the past five years. As recently as 1895 the expenditures amounted to only 9,000,000 marks. A subject which attracted much attention in colonial circles during the year was that of investment

of capital in the colonies. The more chauvinistic colonial enthusiasts made a sharp attack, at the annual meeting of the Colonial Society at Coblenz, in June, upon the colonial administration and upon the chief commercial company operating in German Southeast Africa, on the ground that concessions had been too freely granted to English capitalists there. The lack of faith among the German people in the future of the colonies is shown by the fact that the Reichstag refused a grant of 100,000 marks for preliminary surveys for the East African Central Railway; and that it was left for the enthusiasts of the Colonial Society to present this amount to the government out of its own funds. As for the rest, it is admitted that everything in the colonies is still in an experimental stage. Experiments are to be undertaken in cotton-growing in Togo, and with sheep-raising in Southwest Africa.

William C. Dreher.

THE FLUTES OF THE GOD.

The suggestion for *The Flutes of the God* is from the following:—

Ταῦτα, δ φίλε ἑταῖρε Κρίτων, εἰδὶ ἴσθι, ὅτι ἐγὼ δοκῶ ἀκούειν, ὥσπερ οἱ κορυβαντιῶντες τῶν αὐλῶν δοκοῦσιν ἀκούειν. — CRITO.

OH that I knew where to find thee,—to fall, and encompass thy knees,—
Thou, as thou art, austere, with thy turrets and dungeoning keys,
Thou with the frondage of oak, that enshadows thy grave, straight brows!
I would cling to thy knees till thou wouldst absolve the Corybant's vows,—
Even his vows, who was mine, ere the voice from the forested hill,
With the flutes and the cymbals, he followed, and them he followeth still!
He follows, he dreams, with wide eyes all bare of the curtains of sleep;
He heeds not the dawn on the height, nor the shadows as upward they
creep,—

If the arrows of winter be forged, or the flame of the summer be fanned!
He feels not the thong of the priest, nor the blade in the lean, wild hand;
Crimson the thorn-set path where the foot unsandaled hath trod.
He stayeth for none he shall meet,—he hears but the flutes of the God!

The mother that bare him, the father that guided afield his young feet,
Into the wilderness journey, they come to thy desolate seat.

At the foot of a fir tree they find him. Trembling, their knees and their speech :

“Come away, thou, our support! Like the vine in the wind we outreach;
Prop have we none; we are stripped, we are shaken by every gust;
Withers unripened our fruit, and we stoop to be gathered to dust.

Leave thy dark seat by the fir tree, and hear us while yet thou mayst hear!”

Their voices die off on the waste, and the sigh of the fir tree comes drear.

They wait for the voice in response; he uprears his thin form from the sod:

“What say ye? Who speaketh? I hear — I hear but the flutes of the God!”

I was the maiden betrothed, and “Surely,” they said, “thou shalt go,
Shalt touch his dead heart into life, and his eyes shall regain their lost glow!”

Breathless, I trod the lone ways. Among the mad priests, as he ranged,
I beheld whom I loved, but ah! I beheld him how changed, how estranged!
I had drawn him apart from their throng, I had whispered the words that are charms,

Had touched his dead heart into life, and pillowed his head in my arms;
But farther and farther aloof, to the notes of wild music he trod.

“Who follows?” he cried, — “who follows? I hear but the flutes of the God!”

Oh that I knew where to find thee! Whether, ’mid autumn’s increase,
With the young of the year around thee, thou givest them plenty with peace;
Or whether, dark-thoughted, remote through the waste, thy deity roves,
And the eyes of thy lions glance fire, in the twilight of dells and of groves.
Bright are their eyes impatient, the blast of the desert their breath;
Who crosseth their path, without thee, shall surely be doomed unto death.
Yet, mother of gods and of men, of the broods of the earth and the rocks, —
Thou, Berecynthia, hear! by thy love, by his dark flowing locks,
By the smile on his lips, by the dream in his eyes, thou sendest at will,
By the soft-drawn sigh while thou watchest his slumber amid the high hill!
Thine Atys thou hast, though a sleeper; the care from his forehead is smoothed;

But he whom I love never sleeps, and his wild eyes never be soothed!
Give him but peace and my arms, and quiet supreme, in the end;
Bid some old fir tree his branches above us in shelter extend;
Then, the life to the air, the frail substance that held it awhile to the clod:
So shall he waken and madden no more to the flutes of the God!

Edith M. Thomas.

THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU.

THE problem of the twentieth century is the problem of the color line; the relation of the darker to the lighter races of men in Asia and Africa, in America and the islands of the sea. It was a phase of this problem that caused the Civil War; and however much they who marched south and north in 1861 may have fixed on the technical points of union and local autonomy as a shibboleth, all nevertheless knew, as we know, that the question of Negro slavery was the deeper cause of the conflict. Curious it was, too, how this deeper question ever forced itself to the surface, despite effort and disclaimer. No sooner had Northern armies touched Southern soil than this old question, newly guised, sprang from the earth, — What shall be done with slaves? Peremptory military commands, this way and that, could not answer the query; the Emancipation Proclamation seemed but to broaden and intensify the difficulties; and so at last there arose in the South a government of men called the Freedmen's Bureau, which lasted, legally, from 1865 to 1872, but in a sense from 1861 to 1876, and which sought to settle the Negro problems in the United States of America.

It is the aim of this essay to study the Freedmen's Bureau, — the occasion of its rise, the character of its work, and its final success and failure, — not only as a part of American history, but above all as one of the most singular and interesting of the attempts made by a great nation to grapple with vast problems of race and social condition.

No sooner had the armies, east and west, penetrated Virginia and Tennessee than fugitive slaves appeared within their lines. They came at night, when the flickering camp fires of the blue hosts shone like vast unsteady stars along the black horizon: old men, and thin, with

gray and tufted hair; women with frightened eyes, dragging whimpering, hungry children; men and girls, stalwart and gaunt, — a horde of starving vagabonds, homeless, helpless, and pitiable in their dark distress. Two methods of treating these newcomers seemed equally logical to opposite sorts of minds. Said some, "We have nothing to do with slaves." "Hereafter," commanded Halleck, "no slaves should be allowed to come into your lines at all; if any come without your knowledge, when owners call for them, deliver them." But others said, "We take grain and fowl; why not slaves?" Whereupon Fremont, as early as August, 1861, declared the slaves of Missouri rebels free. Such radical action was quickly countermanded, but at the same time the opposite policy could not be enforced; some of the black refugees declared themselves freemen, others showed their masters had deserted them, and still others were captured with forts and plantations. Evidently, too, slaves were a source of strength to the Confederacy, and were being used as laborers and producers. "They constitute a military resource," wrote the Secretary of War, late in 1861; "and being such, that they should not be turned over to the enemy is too plain to discuss." So the tone of the army chiefs changed, Congress forbade the rendition of fugitives, and Butler's "contrabands" were welcomed as military laborers. This complicated rather than solved the problem; for now the scattering fugitives became a steady stream, which flowed faster as the armies marched.

Then the long-headed man, with care-chiseled face, who sat in the White House, saw the inevitable, and emancipated the slaves of rebels on New Year's, 1863. A month later Congress called earnestly for the Negro soldiers whom

the act of July, 1862, had half grudgingly allowed to enlist. Thus the barriers were leveled, and the deed was done. The stream of fugitives swelled to a flood, and anxious officers kept inquiring: "What must be done with slaves arriving almost daily? Am I to find food and shelter for women and children?"

It was a Pierce of Boston who pointed out the way, and thus became in a sense the founder of the Freedmen's Bureau. Being specially detailed from the ranks to care for the freedmen at Fortress Monroe, he afterward founded the celebrated Port Royal experiment and started the Freedmen's Aid Societies. Thus, under the timid Treasury officials and bold army officers, Pierce's plan widened and developed. At first, the able-bodied men were enlisted as soldiers or hired as laborers, the women and children were herded into central camps under guard, and "superintendents of contrabands" multiplied here and there. Centres of massed freedmen arose at Fortress Monroe, Va., Washington, D. C., Beaufort and Port Royal, S. C., New Orleans, La., Vicksburg and Corinth, Miss., Columbus, Ky., Cairo, Ill., and elsewhere, and the army chaplains found here new and fruitful fields.

Then came the Freedmen's Aid Societies, born of the touching appeals for relief and help from these centres of distress. There was the American Missionary Association, sprung from the *Amistad*, and now full grown for work, the various church organizations, the National Freedmen's Relief Association, the American Freedmen's Union, the Western Freedmen's Aid Commission, — in all fifty or more active organizations, which sent clothes, money, school-books, and teachers southward. All they did was needed, for the destitution of the freedmen was often reported as "too appalling for belief," and the situation was growing daily worse rather than better.

And daily, too, it seemed more plain

that this was no ordinary matter of temporary relief, but a national crisis; for here loomed a labor problem of vast dimensions. Masses of Negroes stood idle, or, if they worked spasmodically, were never sure of pay; and if perchance they received pay, squandered the new thing thoughtlessly. In these and in other ways were camp life and the new liberty demoralizing the freedmen. The broader economic organization thus clearly demanded sprang up here and there as accident and local conditions determined. Here again Pierce's Port Royal plan of leased plantations and guided workmen pointed out the rough way. In Washington, the military governor, at the urgent appeal of the superintendent, opened confiscated estates to the cultivation of the fugitives, and there in the shadow of the dome gathered black farm villages. General Dix gave over estates to the freedmen of Fortress Monroe, and so on through the South. The government and the benevolent societies furnished the means of cultivation, and the Negro turned again slowly to work. The systems of control, thus started, rapidly grew, here and there, into strange little governments, like that of General Banks in Louisiana, with its 90,000 black subjects, its 50,000 guided laborers, and its annual budget of \$100,000 and more. It made out 4000 pay rolls, registered all freedmen, inquired into grievances and redressed them, laid and collected taxes, and established a system of public schools. So too Colonel Eaton, the superintendent of Tennessee and Arkansas, ruled over 100,000, leased and cultivated 7000 acres of cotton land, and furnished food for 10,000 paupers. In South Carolina was General Saxton, with his deep interest in black folk. He succeeded Pierce and the Treasury officials, and sold forfeited estates, leased abandoned plantations, encouraged schools, and received from Sherman, after the terribly picturesque march to the sea, thousands of the wretched camp followers.

Three characteristic things one might have seen in Sherman's raid through Georgia, which threw the new situation in deep and shadowy relief: the Conqueror, the Conquered, and the Negro. Some see all significance in the grim front of the destroyer, and some in the bitter sufferers of the lost cause. But to me neither soldier nor fugitive speaks with so deep a meaning as that dark and human cloud that clung like remorse on the rear of those swift columns, swelling at times to half their size, almost engulfing and choking them. In vain were they ordered back, in vain were bridges hewn from beneath their feet; on they trudged and writhed and surged, until they rolled into Savannah, a starved and naked horde of tens of thousands. There too came the characteristic military remedy: "The islands from Charleston south, the abandoned ricefields along the rivers for thirty miles back from the sea, and the country bordering the St. John's River, Florida, are reserved and set apart for the settlement of Negroes now made free by act of war." So read the celebrated field order.

All these experiments, orders, and systems were bound to attract and perplex the government and the nation. Directly after the Emancipation Proclamation, Representative Eliot had introduced a bill creating a Bureau of Emancipation, but it was never reported. The following June, a committee of inquiry, appointed by the Secretary of War, reported in favor of a temporary bureau for the "improvement, protection, and employment of refugee freedmen," on much the same lines as were afterward followed. Petitions came in to President Lincoln from distinguished citizens and organizations, strongly urging a comprehensive and unified plan of dealing with the freedmen, under a bureau which should be "charged with the study of plans and execution of measures for easily guiding, and in every way judiciously and humanely aiding, the passage of our

emancipated and yet to be emancipated blacks from the old condition of forced labor to their new state of voluntary industry."

Some half-hearted steps were early taken by the government to put both freedmen and abandoned estates under the supervision of the Treasury officials. Laws of 1863 and 1864 directed them to take charge of and lease abandoned lands for periods not exceeding twelve months, and to "provide in such leases or otherwise for the employment and general welfare" of the freedmen. Most of the army officers looked upon this as a welcome relief from perplexing "Negro affairs;" but the Treasury hesitated and blundered, and although it leased large quantities of land and employed many Negroes, especially along the Mississippi, yet it left the virtual control of the laborers and their relations to their neighbors in the hands of the army.

In March, 1864, Congress at last turned its attention to the subject, and the House passed a bill, by a majority of two, establishing a Bureau for Freedmen in the War Department. Senator Sumner, who had charge of the bill in the Senate, argued that freedmen and abandoned lands ought to be under the same department, and reported a substitute for the House bill, attaching the Bureau to the Treasury Department. This bill passed, but too late for action in the House. The debates wandered over the whole policy of the administration and the general question of slavery, without touching very closely the specific merits of the measure in hand.

Meantime the election took place, and the administration, returning from the country with a vote of renewed confidence, addressed itself to the matter more seriously. A conference between the houses agreed upon a carefully drawn measure which contained the chief provisions of Charles Sumner's bill, but made the proposed organization a department independent of both the War

and Treasury officials. The bill was conservative, giving the new department "general superintendence of all freedmen." It was to "establish regulations" for them, protect them, lease them lands, adjust their wages, and appear in civil and military courts as their "next friend." There were many limitations attached to the powers thus granted, and the organization was made permanent. Nevertheless, the Senate defeated the bill, and a new conference committee was appointed. This committee reported a new bill, February 28, which was whirled through just as the session closed, and which became the act of 1865 establishing in the War Department a "Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen, and Abandoned Lands."

This last compromise was a hasty bit of legislation, vague and uncertain in outline. A Bureau was created, "to continue during the present War of Rebellion, and for one year thereafter," to which was given "the supervision and management of all abandoned lands, and the control of all subjects relating to refugees and freedmen," under "such rules and regulations as may be presented by the head of the Bureau and approved by the President." A commissioner, appointed by the President and Senate, was to control the Bureau, with an office force not exceeding ten clerks. The President might also appoint assistant commissioners in the seceded states, and to all these offices military officials might be detailed at regular pay. The Secretary of War could issue rations, clothing, and fuel to the destitute, and all abandoned property was placed in the hands of the Bureau for eventual lease and sale to ex-slaves in forty-acre parcels.

Thus did the United States government definitely assume charge of the emancipated Negro as the ward of the nation. It was a tremendous undertaking. Here, at a stroke of the pen, was erected a government of millions of men, — and not ordinary men, either,

but black men emasculated by a peculiarly complete system of slavery, centuries old; and now, suddenly, violently, they come into a new birthright, at a time of war and passion, in the midst of the stricken, embittered population of their former masters. Any man might well have hesitated to assume charge of such a work, with vast responsibilities, indefinite powers, and limited resources. Probably no one but a soldier would have answered such a call promptly; and indeed no one but a soldier could be called, for Congress had appropriated no money for salaries and expenses.

Less than a month after the weary emancipator passed to his rest, his successor assigned Major General Oliver O. Howard to duty as commissioner of the new Bureau. He was a Maine man, then only thirty-five years of age. He had marched with Sherman to the sea, had fought well at Gettysburg, and had but a year before been assigned to the command of the Department of Tennessee. An honest and sincere man, with rather too much faith in human nature, little aptitude for systematic business and intricate detail, he was nevertheless conservative, hard-working, and, above all, acquainted at first-hand with much of the work before him. And of that work it has been truly said, "No approximately correct history of civilization can ever be written which does not throw out in bold relief, as one of the great landmarks of political and social progress, the organization and administration of the Freedmen's Bureau."

On May 12, 1865, Howard was appointed, and he assumed the duties of his office promptly on the 15th, and began examining the field of work. A curious mess he looked upon: little despotisms, communistic experiments, slavery, peonage, business speculations, organized charity, unorganized almsgiving, — all reeling on under the guise of helping the freedman, and all enshrined in the

smoke and blood of war and the cursing and silence of angry men. On May 19 the new government — for a government it really was — issued its constitution; commissioners were to be appointed in each of the seceded states, who were to take charge of “all subjects relating to refugees and freedmen,” and all relief and rations were to be given by their consent alone. The Bureau invited continued coöperation with benevolent societies, and declared, “It will be the object of all commissioners to introduce practicable systems of compensated labor,” and to establish schools. Fortwith nine assistant commissioners were appointed. They were to hasten to their fields of work; seek gradually to close relief establishments, and make the destitute self-supporting; act as courts of law where there were no courts, or where Negroes were not recognized in them as free; establish the institution of marriage among ex-slaves, and keep records; see that freedmen were free to choose their employers, and help in making fair contracts for them; and finally, the circular said, “Simple good faith, for which we hope on all hands for those concerned in the passing away of slavery, will especially relieve the assistant commissioners in the discharge of their duties toward the freedmen, as well as promote the general welfare.”

No sooner was the work thus started, and the general system and local organization in some measure begun, than two grave difficulties appeared which changed largely the theory and outcome of Bureau work. First, there were the abandoned lands of the South. It had long been the more or less definitely expressed theory of the North that all the chief problems of emancipation might be settled by establishing the slaves on the forfeited lands of their masters, — a sort of poetic justice, said some. But this poetry done into solemn prose meant either wholesale confiscation of private property in the South, or vast appropri-

ations. Now Congress had not appropriated a cent, and no sooner did the proclamations of general amnesty appear than the 800,000 acres of abandoned lands in the hands of the Freedmen's Bureau melted quickly away. The second difficulty lay in perfecting the local organization of the Bureau throughout the wide field of work. Making a new machine and sending out officials of duly ascertained fitness for a great work of social reform is no child's task; but this task was even harder, for a new central organization had to be fitted on a heterogeneous and confused but already existing system of relief and control of ex-slaves; and the agents available for this work must be sought for in an army still busy with war operations, — men in the very nature of the case ill fitted for delicate social work, — or among the questionable camp followers of an invading host. Thus, after a year's work, vigorously as it was pushed, the problem looked even more difficult to grasp and solve than at the beginning. Nevertheless, three things that year's work did, well worth the doing: it relieved a vast amount of physical suffering; it transported 7000 fugitives from congested centres back to the farm; and, best of all, it inaugurated the crusade of the New England schoolma'am.

The annals of this Ninth Crusade are yet to be written, the tale of a mission that seemed to our age far more quixotic than the quest of St. Louis seemed to his. Behind the mists of ruin and rapine waved the calico dresses of women who dared, and after the hoarse mouthings of the field guns rang the rhythm of the alphabet. Rich and poor they were, serious and curious. Bereaved now of a father, now of a brother, now of more than these, they came seeking a life work in planting New England schoolhouses among the white and black of the South. They did their work well. In that first year they taught 100,000 souls, and more.

Evidently, Congress must soon legislate again on the hastily organized Bureau, which had so quickly grown into wide significance and vast possibilities. An institution such as that was well-nigh as difficult to end as to begin. Early in 1866 Congress took up the matter, when Senator Trumbull, of Illinois, introduced a bill to extend the Bureau and enlarge its powers. This measure received, at the hands of Congress, far more thorough discussion and attention than its predecessor. The war cloud had thinned enough to allow a clearer conception of the work of emancipation. The champions of the bill argued that the strengthening of the Freedmen's Bureau was still a military necessity; that it was needed for the proper carrying out of the Thirteenth Amendment, and was a work of sheer justice to the ex-slave, at a trifling cost to the government. The opponents of the measure declared that the war was over, and the necessity for war measures past; that the Bureau, by reason of its extraordinary powers, was clearly unconstitutional in time of peace, and was destined to irritate the South and pauperize the freedmen, at a final cost of possibly hundreds of millions. Two of these arguments were unanswered, and indeed unanswerable: the one that the extraordinary powers of the Bureau threatened the civil rights of all citizens; and the other that the government must have power to do what manifestly must be done, and that present abandonment of the freedmen meant their practical reenslavement. The bill which finally passed enlarged and made permanent the Freedmen's Bureau. It was promptly vetoed by President Johnson, as "unconstitutional," "unnecessary," and "extrajudicial," and failed of passage over the veto. Meantime, however, the breach between Congress and the President began to broaden, and a modified form of the lost bill was finally passed over the President's second veto, July 16.

The act of 1866 gave the Freedmen's Bureau its final form, — the form by which it will be known to posterity and judged of men. It extended the existence of the Bureau to July, 1868; it authorized additional assistant commissioners, the retention of army officers mustered out of regular service, the sale of certain forfeited lands to freedmen on nominal terms, the sale of Confederate public property for Negro schools, and a wider field of judicial interpretation and cognizance. The government of the unreconstructed South was thus put very largely in the hands of the Freedmen's Bureau, especially as in many cases the departmental military commander was now made also assistant commissioner. It was thus that the Freedmen's Bureau became a full-fledged government of men. It made laws, executed them and interpreted them; it laid and collected taxes, defined and punished crime, maintained and used military force, and dictated such measures as it thought necessary and proper for the accomplishment of its varied ends. Naturally, all these powers were not exercised continuously nor to their fullest extent; and yet, as General Howard has said, "scarcely any subject that has to be legislated upon in civil society failed, at one time or another, to demand the action of this singular Bureau."

To understand and criticise intelligently so vast a work, one must not forget an instant the drift of things in the later sixties: Lee had surrendered, Lincoln was dead, and Johnson and Congress were at loggerheads; the Thirteenth Amendment was adopted, the Fourteenth pending, and the Fifteenth declared in force in 1870. Guerrilla raiding, the ever present flickering after-flame of war, was spending its force against the Negroes, and all the Southern land was awakening as from some wild dream to poverty and social revolution. In a time of perfect calm, amid willing neighbors and streaming wealth, the

social uplifting of 4,000,000 slaves to an assured and self-sustaining place in the body politic and economic would have been an herculean task; but when to the inherent difficulties of so delicate and nice a social operation were added the spite and hate of conflict, the Hell of War; when suspicion and cruelty were rife, and gaunt Hunger wept beside Bereavement, — in such a case, the work of any instrument of social regeneration was in large part foredoomed to failure. The very name of the Bureau stood for a thing in the South which for two centuries and better men had refused even to argue, — that life amid free Negroes was simply unthinkable, the maddest of experiments. The agents which the Bureau could command varied all the way from unselfish philanthropists to narrow-minded busybodies and thieves; and even though it be true that the average was far better than the worst, it was the one fly that helped to spoil the ointment. Then, amid all this crouched the freed slave, bewildered between friend and foe. He had emerged from slavery: not the worst slavery in the world, not a slavery that made all life unbearable, — rather, a slavery that had here and there much of kindness, fidelity, and happiness, — but withal slavery, which, so far as human aspiration and desert were concerned, classed the black man and the ox together. And the Negro knew full well that, whatever their deeper convictions may have been, Southern men had fought with desperate energy to perpetuate this slavery, under which the black masses, with half-articulate thought, had writhed and shivered. They welcomed freedom with a cry. They fled to the friends that had freed them. They shrank from the master who still strove for their chains. So the cleft between the white and black South grew. Idle to say it never should have been; it was as inevitable as its results were pitiable. Curiously incongruous elements were left arrayed against

each other: the North, the government, the carpetbagger, and the slave, here; and there, all the South that was white, whether gentleman or vagabond, honest man or rascal, lawless murderer or martyr to duty.

Thus it is doubly difficult to write of this period calmly, so intense was the feeling, so mighty the human passions, that swayed and blinded men. Amid it all two figures ever stand to typify that day to coming men: the one a gray-haired gentleman, whose fathers had quit themselves like men, whose sons lay in nameless graves; who bowed to the evil of slavery because its abolition boded untold ill to all; who stood at last, in the evening of life, a blighted, ruined form, with hate in his eyes. And the other, a form hovering dark and mother-like, her awful face black with the mists of centuries, had aforetime bent in love over her white master's cradle, rocked his sons and daughters to sleep, and closed in death the sunken eyes of his wife to the world; ay, too, had laid herself low to his lust and borne a tawny man child to the world, only to see her dark boy's limbs scattered to the winds by midnight marauders riding after Damned Niggers. These were the saddest sights of that woeful day; and no man clasped the hands of these two passing figures of the present-past; but hating they went to their long home, and hating their children's children live to-day.

Here, then, was the field of work for the Freedmen's Bureau; and since, with some hesitation, it was continued by the act of 1868 till 1869, let us look upon four years of its work as a whole. There were, in 1868, 900 Bureau officials scattered from Washington to Texas, ruling, directly and indirectly, many millions of men. And the deeds of these rulers fall mainly under seven heads, — the relief of physical suffering, the overseeing of the beginnings of free labor, the buying and selling of land, the establishment of schools, the paying of bounties, the ad-

ministration of justice, and the financiering of all these activities. Up to June, 1869, over half a million patients had been treated by Bureau physicians and surgeons, and sixty hospitals and asylums had been in operation. In fifty months of work 21,000,000 free rations were distributed at a cost of over \$4,000,000, — beginning at the rate of 30,000 rations a day in 1865, and discontinuing in 1869. Next came the difficult question of labor. First, 30,000 black men were transported from the refuges and relief stations back to the farms, back to the critical trial of a new way of working. Plain, simple instructions went out from Washington, — the freedom of laborers to choose employers, no fixed rates of wages, no peonage or forced labor. So far so good; but where local agents differed *toto cælo* in capacity and character, where the personnel was continually changing, the outcome was varied. The largest element of success lay in the fact that the majority of the freedmen were willing, often eager, to work. So contracts were written, — 50,000 in a single state, — laborers advised, wages guaranteed, and employers supplied. In truth, the organization became a vast labor bureau; not perfect, indeed, — notably defective here and there, — but on the whole, considering the situation, successful beyond the dreams of thoughtful men. The two great obstacles which confronted the officers at every turn were the tyrant and the idler: the slaveholder, who believed slavery was right, and was determined to perpetuate it under another name; and the freedman, who regarded freedom as perpetual rest. These were the Devil and the Deep Sea.

In the work of establishing the Negroes as peasant proprietors the Bureau was severely handicapped, as I have shown. Nevertheless, something was done. Abandoned lands were leased so long as they remained in the hands of the Bureau, and a total revenue of \$400,000 derived from black tenants. Some

other lands to which the nation had gained title were sold, and public lands were opened for the settlement of the few blacks who had tools and capital. The vision of landowning, however, the righteous and reasonable ambition for forty acres and a mule which filled the freedmen's dreams, was doomed in most cases to disappointment. And those men of marvelous hind-sight, who to-day are seeking to preach the Negro back to the soil, know well, or ought to know, that it was here, in 1865, that the finest opportunity of binding the black peasant to the soil was lost. Yet, with help and striving, the Negro gained some land, and by 1874, in the one state of Georgia, owned near 350,000 acres.

The greatest success of the Freedmen's Bureau lay in the planting of the free school among Negroes, and the idea of free elementary education among all classes in the South. It not only called the schoolmistresses through the benevolent agencies, and built them school-houses, but it helped discover and support such apostles of human development as Edmund Ware, Erastus Cravath, and Samuel Armstrong. State superintendents of education were appointed, and by 1870 150,000 children were in school. The opposition to Negro education was bitter in the South, for the South believed an educated Negro to be a dangerous Negro. And the South was not wholly wrong; for education among all kinds of men always has had, and always will have, an element of danger and revolution, of dissatisfaction and discontent. Nevertheless, men strive to know. It was some inkling of this paradox, even in the unquiet days of the Bureau, that allayed an opposition to human training, which still to-day lies smouldering, but not flaming. Fisk, Atlanta, Howard, and Hampton were founded in these days, and nearly \$6,000,000 was expended in five years for educational work, \$750,000 of which came from the freedmen themselves.

Such contributions, together with the buying of land and various other enterprises, showed that the ex-slave was handling some free capital already. The chief initial source of this was labor in the army, and his pay and bounty as a soldier. Payments to Negro soldiers were at first complicated by the ignorance of the recipients, and the fact that the quotas of colored regiments from Northern states were largely filled by recruits from the South, unknown to their fellow soldiers. Consequently, payments were accompanied by such frauds that Congress, by joint resolution in 1867, put the whole matter in the hands of the Freedmen's Bureau. In two years \$6,000,000 was thus distributed to 5000 claimants, and in the end the sum exceeded \$8,000,000. Even in this system fraud was frequent; but still the work put needed capital in the hands of practical paupers, and some, at least, was well spent.

The most perplexing and least successful part of the Bureau's work lay in the exercise of its judicial functions. In a distracted land where slavery had hardly fallen, to keep the strong from wanton abuse of the weak, and the weak from gloating insolently over the half-shorn strength of the strong, was a thankless, hopeless task. The former masters of the land were peremptorily ordered about, seized and imprisoned, and punished over and again, with scant courtesy from army officers. The former slaves were intimidated, beaten, raped, and butchered by angry and revengeful men. Bureau courts tended to become centres simply for punishing whites, while the regular civil courts tended to become solely institutions for perpetuating the slavery of blacks. Almost every law and method ingenuity could devise was employed by the legislatures to reduce the Negroes to serfdom, — to make them the slaves of the state, if not of individual owners; while the Bureau officials too often were found striving to put the "bottom rail on

top," and give the freedmen a power and independence which they could not yet use. It is all well enough for us of another generation to wax wise with advice to those who bore the burden in the heat of the day. It is full easy now to see that the man who lost home, fortune, and family at a stroke, and saw his land ruled by "mules and niggers," was really benefited by the passing of slavery. It is not difficult now to say to the young freedman, cheated and cuffed about, who has seen his father's head beaten to a jelly and his own mother namelessly assaulted, that the meek shall inherit the earth. Above all, nothing is more convenient than to heap on the Freedmen's Bureau all the evils of that evil day, and damn it utterly for every mistake and blunder that was made.

All this is easy, but it is neither sensible nor just. Some one had blundered, but that was long before Oliver Howard was born; there was criminal aggression and heedless neglect, but without some system of control there would have been far more than there was. Had that control been from within, the Negro would have been reënslaved, to all intents and purposes. Coming as the control did from without, perfect men and methods would have bettered all things; and even with imperfect agents and questionable methods, the work accomplished was not undeserving of much commendation. The regular Bureau court consisted of one representative of the employer, one of the Negro, and one of the Bureau. If the Bureau could have maintained a perfectly judicial attitude, this arrangement would have been ideal, and must in time have gained confidence; but the nature of its other activities and the character of its personnel prejudiced the Bureau in favor of the black litigants, and led without doubt to much injustice and annoyance. On the other hand, to leave the Negro in the hands of Southern courts was impossible.

What the Freedmen's Bureau cost the nation is difficult to determine accurately. Its methods of bookkeeping were not good, and the whole system of its work and records partook of the hurry and turmoil of the time. General Howard himself disbursed some \$15,000,000 during his incumbency ; but this includes the bounties paid colored soldiers, which perhaps should not be counted as an expense of the Bureau. In bounties, prize money, and all other expenses, the Bureau disbursed over \$20,000,000 before all of its departments were finally closed. To this ought to be added the large expenses of the various departments of Negro affairs before 1865 ; but these are hardly extricable from war expenditures, nor can we estimate with any accuracy the contributions of benevolent societies during all these years.

Such was the work of the Freedmen's Bureau. To sum it up in brief, we may say : it set going a system of free labor ; it established the black peasant proprietor ; it secured the recognition of black freemen before courts of law ; it founded the free public school in the South. On the other hand, it failed to establish good will between ex-masters and freedmen ; to guard its work wholly from paternalistic methods that discouraged self-reliance ; to make Negroes landholders in any considerable numbers. Its successes were the result of hard work, supplemented by the aid of philanthropists and the eager striving of black men. Its failures were the result of bad local agents, inherent difficulties of the work, and national neglect. The Freedmen's Bureau expired by limitation in 1869, save its educational and bounty departments. The educational work came to an end in 1872, and General Howard's connection with the Bureau ceased at that time. The work of paying bounties was transferred to the adjutant general's office, where it was continued three or four years longer.

Such an institution, from its wide powers, great responsibilities, large control of moneys, and generally conspicuous position, was naturally open to repeated and bitter attacks. It sustained a searching congressional investigation at the instance of Fernando Wood in 1870. It was, with blunt discourtesy, transferred from Howard's control, in his absence, to the supervision of Secretary of War Belknap in 1872, on the Secretary's recommendation. Finally, in consequence of grave intimations of wrongdoing made by the Secretary and his subordinates, General Howard was court-martialed in 1874. In each of these trials, and in other attacks, the commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau was exonerated from any willful misdoing, and his work heartily commended. Nevertheless, many unpleasant things were brought to light : the methods of transacting the business of the Bureau were faulty ; several cases of defalcation among officials in the field were proven, and further frauds hinted at ; there were some business transactions which savored of dangerous speculation, if not dishonesty ; and, above all, the smirch of the Freedmen's Bank, which, while legally distinct from, was morally and practically a part of the Bureau, will ever blacken the record of this great institution. Not even ten additional years of slavery could have done as much to throttle the thrift of the freedmen as the mismanagement and bankruptcy of the savings bank chartered by the nation for their especial aid. Yet it is but fair to say that the perfect honesty of purpose and unselfish devotion of General Howard have passed untarnished through the fire of criticism. Not so with all his subordinates, although in the case of the great majority of these there were shown bravery and devotion to duty, even though sometimes linked to narrowness and incompetency.

The most bitter attacks on the Freedmen's Bureau were aimed not so much at its conduct or policy under the law as

at the necessity for any such organization at all. Such attacks came naturally from the border states and the South, and they were summed up by Senator Davis, of Kentucky, when he moved to entitle the act of 1866 a bill "to promote strife and conflict between the white and black races . . . by a grant of unconstitutional power." The argument was of tremendous strength, but its very strength was its weakness. For, argued the plain common sense of the nation, if it is unconstitutional, unpracticable, and futile for the nation to stand guardian over its helpless wards, then there is left but one alternative: to make those wards their own guardians by arming them with the ballot. The alternative offered the nation then was not between full and restricted Negro suffrage; else every sensible man, black and white, would easily have chosen the latter. It was rather a choice between suffrage and slavery, after endless blood and gold had flowed to sweep human bondage away. Not a single Southern legislature stood ready to admit a Negro, under any conditions, to the polls; not a single Southern legislature believed free Negro labor was possible without a system of restrictions that took all its freedom away; there was scarcely a white man in the South who did not honestly regard emancipation as a crime, and its practical nullification as a duty. In such a situation, the granting of the ballot to the black man was a necessity, the very least a guilty nation could grant a wronged race. Had the opposition to government guardianship of Negroes been less bitter, and the attachment to the slave system less strong, the social seer can well imagine a far better policy: a permanent Freedmen's Bureau, with a national system of Negro schools; a carefully supervised employment and labor office; a system of impartial protection before the regular courts; and such institutions for social betterment as savings banks, land and building associations, and social set-

tlements. All this vast expenditure of money and brains might have formed a great school of prospective citizenship, and solved in a way we have not yet solved the most perplexing and persistent of the Negro problems.

That such an institution was unthinkable in 1870 was due in part to certain acts of the Freedmen's Bureau itself. It came to regard its work as merely temporary, and Negro suffrage as a final answer to all present perplexities. The political ambition of many of its agents and protégés led it far afield into questionable activities, until the South, nursing its own deep prejudices, came easily to ignore all the good deeds of the Bureau, and hate its very name with perfect hatred. So the Freedmen's Bureau died, and its child was the Fifteenth Amendment.

The passing of a great human institution before its work is done, like the untimely passing of a single soul, but leaves a legacy of striving for other men. The legacy of the Freedmen's Bureau is the heavy heritage of this generation. To-day, when new and vaster problems are destined to strain every fibre of the national mind and soul, would it not be well to count this legacy honestly and carefully? For this much all men know: despite compromise, struggle, war, and struggle, the Negro is not free. In the backwoods of the Gulf states, for miles and miles, he may not leave the plantation of his birth; in well-nigh the whole rural South the black farmers are peons, bound by law and custom to an economic slavery, from which the only escape is death or the penitentiary. In the most cultured sections and cities of the South the Negroes are a segregated servile caste, with restricted rights and privileges. Before the courts, both in law and custom, they stand on a different and peculiar basis. Taxation without representation is the rule of their political life. And the result of all this is, and in nature must have been, lawlessness and

crime. That is the large legacy of the Freedmen's Bureau, the work it did not do because it could not.

I have seen a land right merry with the sun ; where children sing, and rolling hills lie like passionate women, wanton with harvest. And there in the King's Highway sat and sits a figure, veiled and

bowed, by which the traveler's footsteps hasten as they go. On the tainted air broods fear. Three centuries' thought has been the raising and unveiling of that bowed human heart, and now, behold, my fellows, a century new for the duty and the deed. The problem of the twentieth century is the problem of the color line.

W. E. Burghardt Du Bois.

ON THE ROAD TO CROWNINSHIELD.

ONE pleasant June morning, John Fay rode leisurely along the plain that leads from the south to the village of Crowninshield. His horse, which he had hired in a town below, was inclined to make the journey with philosophic ease ; and John, whose mission to Crowninshield was not a cheerful one, was content to let him have his will.

Above was the blue and white woof of the spring sky. Through a rent in its texture a handful of wool seemed to have fallen here and there, and to be floating on in a sea of air below, so near to earth that it looked as if it must be caught in passing the spires of the western hills.

A robin's emphatic note or the plaint of the meadow lark was brought out sharply in relief against the stillness of the morning. A trio of crows passed over, their great wings beating the air to a slow, solemn measure, in keeping with their hoarse cries.

The soil of the road was sandy, and the vegetation by its side sparse and sere. The plain was evidently a desert in a fertile country, for in the near distance John could see fields of grass lying like bright green ribbons about the brown ploughed land.

A colony of sand violets had now and then taken possession of an eastern incline of the highway, and their varia-

tions of purple and blue sounded a pleasant color note in the sombre harmony. Now and then a daisy straggled out of the soil, and discovered its circle of gold to the sunlight.

A scanty pine woodland added shelter and picturesqueness to the road, and to the light morning breeze its sweet resinous odor. Occasionally there came an opening, through which he caught a glimpse of the village of Crowninshield, lying a white and green check of color at the base of the western and northern hills. Its three white spires — emblems of three diverse attempts of man to find God — were outlined prettily against the haze of amethyst which still veiled the hills. John drew rein at these points to look at the picture before him, with the quiet enjoyment of one who has been an exile from his native country for many years.

The road was leaving the plain at the edge of the village, when the horse stopped of his own accord, and bent his head toward a seeming obstruction in front. John glanced hastily down, to see a pygmy pattern of a child perhaps rising three. She showed a mass of short, very black hair, dressed in the chrysanthemum fashion, and a round dark face, serving as background for a pair of gleaming eyes which looked as if they had been stretched beyond their

normal limits to accommodate them to the wonders of the world.

She stood directly in front of the horse's feet, but evinced not the slightest fear, as with one hand she hugged a forlorn-looking kitten to her side, and with the other tried to make connection with the horse's nose. Her circle of face had a generous smearing of sand, held fast by a primal coating of bread and butter, and her gown was sadly torn by briars; but she looked beyond the horse to his rider with the most engaging unconsciousness and confidence.

"Me want to pat him," she said, — "gweat, big bonny."

John laid his hand on the horse in some apprehension, but without cause. Ned had evidently much kindness for the young of the race that had him in thrall. He bent lower toward the tiny upraised hand, but threw back his head, disconcerted, for at the touch of his sensitive nose she had drawn away her hand with a scream of mingled delight and fear. The hand was instantly raised again, however, and this time there was no outcry as Ned graciously submitted to its soft, awkward pats and strokings.

"My!" she said, her tone swelling with admiration, "what a big, big bonny!"

John laughed, and she, catching his mood, laughed too, her shrill child's merriment contrasting as oddly with his as the whirl of the cicada with the drum-beat of the frog.

"Where are you going, midget," asked John pleasantly, — "you and the kitten?"

"I'se stoled the kitten," she answered unblushingly, for her conscience was still rudimentary, it seemed, "and I'se wunned away."

"Run away!" exclaimed John. "Where from?"

"Muvver," she replied unhesitatingly.

John was tempted to another laugh, but, checking the impulse, inquired sternly, "What did you run away for?"

She looked about her a minute, as if trying to comprehend this delicate ethical question, but, failing, said irrelevantly, "I'se dot a little sudar wat at home," her eyes once more beaming pleasure and confidence.

"What is your name?" asked John, for lack of another subject, and for ulterior purposes of identification.

"Andelina Sofony."

"But the rest of it? Angelina Sophronia — what?"

She shook her tangled hair a little impatiently. "Dess Andel," she said.

"Where do you live?" he queried.

She turned about, and bent one crusted Lilliputian forefinger toward a house not far away, — a small brown oblong, guiltless of paint or piazza, and almost lost in apple trees.

John dismounted. "Would you like to ride the bonny?" he asked persuasively.

She needed no persuasion. "Oh!" she gasped inarticulately, clasping her hands rapturously in spite of the kitten's resistance. He had seen many an actress, of the barn-storming variety, in the mining town where he had lived, make that same gesture with the hands, and had wondered if it were natural, or one of the stage properties; but he never doubted from that moment.

He lifted her as if she had been a toy, and, setting her on Ned's back, walked on by her side, holding her in place. To his surprise, she was very still, benumbed perhaps by delight and some dim perception of peril. She hardly breathed, it seemed, but he had an odd misgiving that if her eyes opened any wider they would never shut peaceably again, when they reached the house, and she called out, "Dere's muvver!"

He had lifted her down when a woman of the same type as the child, even to the short, wavy black hair, darted out of the house, and pounced on her like a hawk on its prey. Her onset was such an excellent imitation of violence that only a most careful observer could have seen

how gently her hand finally closed on the child's arm. John's first impulse was to attempt some mediation in the little girl's behalf, when he noticed how unconscious of her mother's presence she seemed, as she stood looking rather wistfully, he thought, at her late steed.

"Angel!" exclaimed the little woman impetuously, in a voice so sweet that it drew the sting from the scolding. "You imp of darkness, where've you been? You little bad thing!"

Angel paid no heed to this flattering comment, but said something incoherent about a "big bonny."

"You've been and stole Nell Jennings' kitten, too! You little ragamuffin thief!" she continued excitedly. "Just look at your dress, and your face!" her voice rising to a clear, penetrating sweetness like a bird's. "I'll sell you to the next ragman that comes along."

Angelina Sophronia was unmoved. She drew a long sigh, and, putting a forefinger in her mouth, looked doubtfully at John.

"Me want more wide," she said pleadingly.

"More ride!" repeated the mother indignantly. "I know what you want, and what you'll get. Here, give me the kitten. — I don't let her have kittens," said she, addressing John for the first time; "she squeezes 'em too tight. I got a calf for her to play with this spring," she went on, nodding toward a pretty brown-eyed creature coming toward them. "She can't hurt that, squeezin' it, so I tether 'em out to play together under the trees in the mornin'; but the little ungrateful thing, she's got to be runnin' away after kittens."

She stooped to rescue the kitten from Angel's encircling arm, but drew herself up suddenly with a cry of impatience; for the calf, which, leechlike, was wont to attach itself by the power of suction to all available objects, had seized her apron strings, and was mouthing them contentedly.

"My conscience!" she exclaimed vehemently. "Cats, calves, and children! Was ever a woman so tormented!"

John could not refrain from smiling at the humorous little face, — pretty, too, in its own piquant way, — now bent over its smaller facsimile in a second attempt to free the kitten, and wondered how she could allude to herself as a woman. She was plainly under twenty, and a "kind of grown-up child at that," he thought.

Her inclined posture carried with it a new temptation, it appeared; for a hen that had been wandering about the yard, followed by a brood of chickens, came close to her now, and, seeing her within easy reach, flew up to her shoulder, and perched there very much at ease, peering around into her mistress's eyes curiously, apparently to see if they were good to eat.

"My conscience!" complained the little woman, who stood motionless, quite at the mercy of the feathered creature. "Just look at this! She ain't got no respect for me, and she's bringin' up them eleven chickens not to have any respect for me, either." The chickens were circling fearlessly about her feet, peeping their discontent at being thus forsaken. Providence now came to her aid in the shape of a yellow butterfly. The hen flew down and gave chase, followed by the disrespectful eleven.

"There!" cried her mistress vindictively, when restored to her natural position. "I'll serve you up for dinner if you don't look out, you and the chickens in one pie!"

She returned again to the kitten, and, after much resistance and many protests, the imprisoning arm was made to release its captive. The mother, somewhat flushed with the contest, tucked the kitten's head under her chin, as if it were a violin and she the player, while she stroked it in atonement for any ruffling of fur or tight squeezing it might have suffered.

"The little nuisance!" she ejaculated,

as she ran diagonally up the street, and, leaning over a fence, put it on the ground as gently as if it had been an egg. She returned hastily, for the kitten was pausing, attracted by this show of friendliness, and evidently hesitating between the old love and the new.

"Come, Angel!" she called excitedly. "It'll be 'over here again in a minute. Let's run in, so it won't see us! — I'm obliged to you for bringing her home," turning to speak to John.

"Will you tell me," said John, "where Mrs. Ben Hawkins lives, — Molly Hawkins?"

"Molly Hawkins? That's me. Did you want to see me? Come in, please."

John tied his horse as quickly as his natural moderation would permit, and followed her into the house.

The room which they entered was the kitchen. It was of comfortable size, and well lighted from the south and east. The sunshine was coming in at the south now, and lay along the bare floor in rugs of yellow light. The wall paper was of diverse bright colors and patterns, — pieces begged or bought by Molly, shaped in odd figures and matched at leisure on the wall, so that at first glance the room looked as if it were fitted out with hangings of crazy work. On one side was a home-made lounge of rough workmanship, knowing no secrets of adaptation or compromise, but decked out gayly with red calico; for Molly loved the warmth of red as a flower the sun.

John took a seat on this ascetic furnishing, though Molly offered him an easy-chair so large that it looked humorously out of proportion to its mistress.

"Is — is it the mortgage?" she faltered wistfully.

"No."

"I'm glad of that," she said briskly, brightening to her old manner. "I know the interest ain't been paid this long time. It's terrible livin' under a mortgage. What with Ben's goin' away" — she paused, looking at him sharply,

as if she wondered whether he knew — "and this dead weight of a mortgage, I've come to be not much more than a bundle of live wires," she said, laughing nervously.

Angel, who had caught up a cloth nondescript that answered her turn for doll, and was holding it where the kitten had left a vacancy, joined in with her shrill staccato.

"Well, here I am," exclaimed Molly vehemently, "standin' here, while that fallen angel of mine's robbin' the potato patch of half its due! Where's the wash basin?" She moved about the room briskly, running up against various articles of furniture in her haste to remove the film of the earth's crust that overlay Angel's face.

Angel watched these preparations with much anxiety, and, seeing they surely boded no good to herself, wailed a protest.

"Me don't want to be washed!" she cried. She trudged across the room to John's knee, and looked up anxiously into his face to see if she could find any signs of intercession. "Me don't want to be washed!" she wailed again, as she evidently found no comfort there.

Molly flashed a glance of humorous indignation toward John. "They never do. She never does," she snapped, as if conjugating the verb *do*. "They've all got a mild touch of hydrophobia when it comes to water, — except in puddles. They like it in puddles, — muddy ones," she explained, shaking her head at thought of this depravity.

"You come right here, now," she said threateningly to Angel, "or I'll drown your dollie," she added viciously.

"There's the cam man!" said Angel, trying to create a diversion.

Molly listened for the sound of the horn.

"He's on the other street; besides, I don't want any. I like clams," she said, "very much, — I think sometimes I have a kind of passion for 'em; but," she

concluded, with a furtive shamed glance toward John, "I don't get any. I can't bear to put the little live things into the kettle. I'm always thinkin' how I should feel if I was one of 'em."

John put an arm about the child, and beat her hand softly against his knee.

"I've brought a message from Ben," he said, as if the touch gave him courage.

"Oh!" exclaimed Molly, seating herself by the table. He could see that she was trembling even then.

"Yes. He hailed me as I was going by, one day, and said he'd heard I was going home; and if I ever went up to Crowninshield, he wished I'd tell Molly Hawkins that he'd kept that precious memento he took away with him, and it was a whole creed and confession of faith to him, and when he got to hankerin' after Connecticut he just took it out and looked at it."

Molly flushed angrily, and, when she spoke, stammered with the effort to suppress her rage.

"It's—it's the doormat! He took it away with him! I scolded him because he did n't wipe his feet before he came in, one mornin', and he just took the doormat and was off without a word. He had some money, too,—the last that came to me from father,—and I'd given it to him to pay the interest on the mortgage. Did you ever hear of a man mean enough to steal a woman's own money to run away from her with? That's Ben Hawkins! He left me here alone with the baby—she was only three months then—and the mortgage. Someway I never toughened up as I was before, after Angel was"—she hesitated, flushing; "and everything's gone wrong," she went on, her voice rising pathetically. "The garden won't stand a drought; and besides havin' to see the poor things die out there, I don't have them to sell."

She recovered her usual voice suddenly, and said shrewishly, "If you're going back, you can just tell Ben Hawkins

I'm waiting here for him to do just one respectable thing, so I can hold up my head here for having married him."

"I'm not going back," he said slowly. "If I did, it would n't be any use. He fell down the shaft of the Amethyst mine a day before I came away."

"He was"—

"Killed."

Her hand on the table was trembling. He fancied he could almost see its pulse beating like the heart of a frightened bird. The little girl, as if divining that something was wrong, and he the probable cause, slipped away from him, and went to her mother's side, where she stood peering out from under the table, her cheek on her mother's knee.

There was something so intent, so curious, yet troubled, in their faces that he thought of two wild creatures that had never seen man, and, though wounded, had crept back to see the hunter and learn the cause of this new pain.

"Then," said Molly, and her voice sounded strangely far off, "he won't come back to say he's sorry—or—or—or—to—hear me say I'm sorry."

"No."

She threw out her hands with a low, prolonged cry, and, folding them upon the table, laid her forehead upon them there. The room went through that strange comparison when it becomes still, then more still.

He rose softly, and moved silently toward the door. He stopped there, and, looking back, thought he would have given some of the more unprofitable months of his life if he could have offered her any comfort; but he felt that his going was the only courtesy and consideration he could show her then.

As he stepped out of the house he was forced to brush away the eleven chickens, huddled on the doorstone, while their mother, outspread like a fan to half again her ordinary size, was in fierce pursuit of the kitten, that had unwisely returned.

To escape the anger of the hen, now returning victorious, he walked carefully along a strip of flowers, — great flaunting marigolds, busily weaving the rays of the sun to yellow velvet, — and as he thereby reached an open country, free from kitten, calf, or chicken, hastened through the yard to his horse. He stopped, however, at the gate, and lingered there, as if his feet were irresistibly stayed.

The color crept sluggishly into his fair, stolid face.

Such a child! And another child clinging to her skirts! Such a vixen! And for all the shrewishness, with a tenderness so exaggerated, so absurd, that it left her at the mercy of bird, kitten, or child, or any wind that blew!

The variety and piquancy of her moods, which by some magic her plastic face wrought out in flesh, had caught his fancy. Her dark eyes, brimming with light or shadow, flashing with mirth, coquetry, or indignation, as he had seen the gray clouds in the west suddenly quivering to life at the touch of the lightning, had stirred his dull imagination.

It would have been only his imagination, like the influence of picture or story, if he had not felt the underlying pathos. It is pain, after all, that dispels illusions, and brings us back to the bare cubic dimensions of what we see. Away from the glamour of the little drama of which he had been an interested spectator, that one heart cry had shown him, not the player going through her part for his entertainment, but the woman in need of pity, protection, and what the poets and story-writers call love. His people were of the kind that are reticent in matters of pure sentiment, avoiding its symbols as they might a pestilence, but dying sometimes for the reality itself.

He knew that there was this force in the world; had felt its power in relation to his mother, now some time gone, and his regard for his brothers was strong;

but he had always thought of it as carelessly as of the law of gravitation. For the rest, he had spent the years battling with the elements and the elemental rocks in mining camps of Colorado. He had been but a day or two at home, and was trying to take up again the threads of the old mode of living, as he had dropped them twenty years before.

When he had mounted and was riding on toward the village centre, his thought reverted to the man who had so cruelly and cravenly deserted his home. He was gone, however, to pay his reckoning, poor fellow; and John had no disposition to follow, Dante-like, to the shades of the other world, to anathematize him there.

"I should n't have minded her scolding," he thought, "any more than the whistle of the south wind."

After dining at the tavern, and calling on an acquaintance in the village, he went back on foot to Molly's house. The curtains had been lowered, he observed as he came near. There was a bit of crape on the front door, and near the kitchen entrance she had thrown a black apron over the marigolds.

Angel and the calf were sleeping in pleasant companionship, Angel's still unwashed face sketched against its shaggy red coat.

As he came to the door he hesitated, reluctant to knock, lest he should disturb the hush that seemed to have fallen on the house.

A sound attracted his attention, and, turning, he saw Molly coming toward him. Her sunbonnet had fallen away, baring her face, so that he saw it was still in half-light, and her lips were white and unmanageable. She nodded to him pleasantly.

"I've just been buryin' my weddin' ring," she said. "I could n't bear to see it and hear it. So I dug a little grave for it out there by the gillyflower tree, where it won't be disturbed. I'd have been glad to slip my heart in, too, if it was n't for Angel. Such women

as me ought to have a little pen for themselves in a desert somewhere, where they can't hurt other folks."

"Oh, don't," he said, "don't blame yourself so. Everybody needs forgiving at times. All the most of us can say is, we did n't mean any harm."

"You don't know how it is," she pleaded, as she seated herself on the threshold. "The dust gets into your eyes, someway, so you can't see anything else till it's gone; and a cobweb's more 'n a mere cobweb,—it tangles up your thoughts so you can't get away from it more 'n a fly. If he should come to-morrow, I'd tell him I'm sorry; but when he came in I should ask him if he'd cleaned his feet. But he won't come." She cowered down in a corner of the threshold, and hid her face against the casing.

"There! there!" he said blunderingly. "Please don't! I—I"—

"I made so sure he'd come back," she went on. "All the winter, when I was diggin' paths and worryin' over the mortgage and carryin' coal, I comforted myself practicing what I'd say to him when he did come back. And now it's so different. I'd walk out to the mine to tell him I'm sorry. When folks are dead they have us at such a disadvantage," she added quaintly.

"I've been burnin' the letters he wrote me before we was married. I could n't read 'em. It is n't that I cared so much for him. I never cared so much after he went away. It's the pity of it,—what I thought it was going to be, and what it was, and what it might have been, maybe. And it always hurts when you know any part of your life is ended and put away. I remember, before we went down into the parlor to be married, I looked out of the window on the lots, and thought how I never should be a girl again in short dresses, runnin' there in the clover, and I cried. I was happy, too, but I was takin' leave of the girl."

"Yes," said John, "I understand."

"He did n't like me long. He got

tired of me. He did n't like my ways. He said I was like a cranberry; God forgot to put any sweetenin' in me when I was growin'. But he did n't understand," appealing wistfully, instinctively, to John.

"Have you got a wife of your own?" she asked irrelevantly, looking up at him with eyes alive with curiosity.

"No!" he exclaimed, almost startled at her question. He took a step toward her. "Molly," he said, "would you take the love of a man that did understand?"

She drew back her skirts as at the touch of fire. "No—n-no," she stammered, "not—not yet. I have n't put on black and mourned for him yet. What good would there be in losin' a man, if a woman could n't mourn for him?" she said hastily, hardly reckoning with her words.

"And when that ceremony is over," he asked, "what then?"

"You would n't really," she said, "now I've worried one man to death, give me another chance?"

"Ah, would n't I? I should n't mind your scoldin' more than the rain on the roof. Besides, I should like you: that's what makes the difference."

By this time Angel was awake, and, seeing the stranger, had toiled up the slope to the door. She caught the skirt of his coat, and, pulling gently to attract his attention, upturned a sleepy but most serious little face.

"More wide," she said.

He caught her in his arms, laughing, swung her as high as he could reach, then set her down gently by her mother's side.

"I must be goin' on," he said. "Will you let me know when I can come, Molly?"

Molly feigned to be busy with the child, but he detected the faintest upward look and smile as he waited, and he went away content.

"They said Roger Fox wanted to sell," he meditated, as he rode home.

"It's between Tom's and Rob's, too. I'll get it, I guess, and put some bay windows and balconies and L's on. It'll keep me busy, and they like such fur-belows. It's got a big lawn, too, big enough for a little girl — and a calf," he added, smiling.

He did not go to Crowninshield again that summer, but wrote many times, asking leave. He always received a brief answering "No, not yet." Late in the autumn a note came, with the chilling words: "No, you must never come. Please don't write again. It has come to me that what you offer is n't fit for such as me. I'm always haunted by the memory of what I've done."

John could not sound the depth and windings of the woman's conscience. He only realized his own bitter sense of loss and bewilderment. His slow thought and fancy had been setting toward Molly all summer, till it seemed to him that the very sun rose in the east to bring her the morning, and set at night because she was tired and wanted rest.

There were some weeks following that missive which he never cared to recall. Work on the house was stopped, while he sat a half day idle in one of the unfurnished rooms, or wandered out over the fields as aimlessly as one lost in the mazes of a dream.

One afternoon he mounted Ned and rode toward Crowninshield. He would see Molly in spite of her protest.

As the road came toward the place where it left the plain and he had first seen the little girl, the same vision suddenly appeared, springing up out of some weeds by the roadside like a magnified Jack-in-the-box.

"Angel!" came a low, protesting voice from the bushes.

"It's the bonny!" she cried eagerly, running toward John. A doll which he had sent her was tight in her arms, and as she came up to him she bent it over, and, pointing rapturously at the closing eyes, cried, "See! it does to seep!"

"It's black like herself," said Molly, rising shyly from a tangle of cornel; "she kisses the dirt off her own face onto it." She laughed, hardly daring to meet John's eyes. Her face was very thin, and the lines of her whole figure, even hat and shawl, drooped pitifully, he thought.

"And what are you two doing here at dusk?" he asked. "Not meaning to waylay travelers, I hope?"

"We came to get away from the house," she said. "They've foreclosed the mortgage, and we have to go soon, anyway. I'm not grievin' over that," quickly, as she noticed an impatient movement of his hand. "I can't stay there any longer. It's got so I can't touch the dust for sorrowin', and fear he'll see me," she whispered. "The house has come to be full of noises, — sharp, harsh things I've said to him. When I open a door the room's full of them, and I can't go inside. The house is dust-possessed; it lies everywhere, like the snow on the trees in winter. And the ghost of the doormat's come, too, and haunts the doorstone; and when I put my foot toward it, it's there and frightens me. There's a memory in the house," she said, trembling, "that's come to fill it so full there is n't any room for us."

"What are you going to do?" he asked stolidly.

"I'm thinking of going to Wilton, to the box factory. I've got an aunt there that would look after Angel. He won't hurt her!" she exclaimed anxiously, for Angel had moved around toward the horse's head, and was showing him, with the utmost confidence in his sympathetic interest, her wonderful doll with its gift for sleep.

"Oh no," said John. "I bought him after I went back, that day — for her," he added rather awkwardly. "Could n't you like me a little, Molly, a little, — just enough to begin on?"

"That's it," she said, flushing and

looking down. "I was n't so troubled till I began to be glad he was gone, — glad he was gone," she whispered tragically, her face turning pallid. "You were so different. And it's love that tempts us. There is a story about a woman in a garden, once, that lost the garden for the sake of an apple; but there's some mistake in the story, — it was love that grew on the tree." She hid her face in the shawl.

He put an arm about her and drew her to him. "There, there, little one!" he said. "Don't you know people hear what they listen for, in this world? You don't think that they hold ill will toward us, over there, and grudge us the scant happiness we get here? Listen and see if you can't hear Ben saying he's sorry, and he wants you to be happy. Let's go to the house now, and you put on a warmer dress, and I'll get a carriage and take you home. I've got a house of my own down in Stanton, with four bay windows, a big piazza, two balconies, and an L," he added gayly. "I'll take you to brother Tom's Mary; she's the next best woman in the world."

She hesitated, drawing away, yet looking back furtively, as Eve, perhaps, toward her lost Eden.

"There'd be a place for Angel?" she asked falteringly.

"Angel!" he exclaimed. "How can you ask me?"

He moved toward the child, who, with many ejaculations of pleasure and soft purrings, was stroking Ned's nose, graciously lent for the purpose.

"He's dot teef!" she yelled, as if she had made an important scientific discovery.

"Is there any one who wants to ride the bonny?" asked John.

She scurried toward him, in her haste falling headlong at his feet. He picked her up and brushed her dress, casting a merry look at Molly.

"Never mind," he said. "Pure dirt is one of the healthiest things in the world. Come, dear."

So, holding Angel on Ned with one hand, and clasping Molly's with the other, he went on in a little triumphal procession, that celebrated the victory he had won.

Dora Loomis Hastings.

THE TORY LOVER.¹

XVII.

THEY sat in silence, — it was pleasure enough to be together, — and Mary knew that she must wait until Master Sullivan himself made opportunity for speaking of the things which filled her heart.

"Have I ever told you that my father was a friend, in his young days, of Christopher Milton, brother to the great poet, but opposite in politics?" he asked, as if this were the one important fact to be made clear. "A Stuart partisan, a vio-

lent Churchman, and a most hot-headed Tory," and the old master laughed with sincere amusement, as Mary looked up, eager to hear more.

"Voltaire, too, had just such a contradiction of a brother, credulous and full of superstitions, — a perfect Jansenist of those days. Yes, I was reading Horace when you came, but for very homesickness; he can make a man forget all his own affairs, such are his polite hospitalities of the mind! These dark autumn days mind me every year

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of Paris, when they come, as April weather makes me weep for childhood and the tears and smiles of Ireland."

"The old days in your Collège Louis-le-Grand," Mary prompted him, in the moment's silence. "Those are your Paris days I love the best."

"Oh, the men I have known!" he answered. "I can sit here in my chair and watch them all go by again down the narrow streets. I have seen the Abbé de Châteauneuf pass, with his inseparable copy of Racine sticking out of his pocket, on his way to hear music with Madame de L'Enclos, once mistress to the great Cardinal. I hid from him, too, in the shadow of an archway, with a young boy, his pupil and my own school-fellow, who had run away from his tasks. He was four years younger than I. *Le petit Arouet* we called him then, who proves now to be the very great Voltaire! Ah, 't was an idle flock of us that ranged the old cloisters in cap and gown; 't was the best blood in France! I have seen the illustrious Duke de Boufflers handsomely flogged for shooting peas at dull old Lejay, the professor. (We were the same age, Monsieur de Boufflers and I; we were great friends, and often flogged in company for our deviltries.) He was a colonel of the French army in that moment, and bore the title of Governor of Flanders; but on the day of the pea-shooting they flogged him so that I cried out at the sight, and turned to the wall, sick at heart. As for him, he sobbed all night afterward, and caught his breath in misery next morning while we read our Epictetus from the same book. We knelt together before the high altar and vowed to kill Lejay by dagger or poison before the month's end. 'T was a good vow, but well broken."

The old man laughed again, and made a gay French gesture. Mary laughed with him, and they had a fine moment together.

"You were not always like that, — you must have learned your lessons; it

was not all idleness," Mary protested, to lead him on.

"The old fathers taught us with all their power to gain some skill in the use of words," reflected the master soberly. "Yes, and I learned to fence, too, at the collége. A student of Louis-le-Grand could always speak like a gentleman, but we had to play with our words; 't was the most important of all our science. 'Les sottises, toujours les sottises,'" grumbled the old man. "Yes, they made a high profession then of talking nonsense, though France was whipped at Blenheim and lost the great fight at Malplaquet. They could laugh at the ruined convent of Port Royal and the distresses of saintly souls, but they taught us to talk nonsense, and to dress with elegance, and to be agreeable to ladies. The end is not yet; the throne of France will shake, some day, until heads fall in the dust like fruit that nobody stoops to gather."

The master fell a-whispering to himself, as if he had forgotten that he had a listener.

"I saw some signs of it, too. I knew there, when I was a lad, Le Tellier, the King's confessor, who was the true ruler of France. I rode to St. Denis myself, the day of the old King's funeral, and it was like a fair: people were singing and drinking in the booths, and no one all along the way but had his gibe at Le Tellier, whose day was over, thank God! Ah, but I was a gay lad then; I knew no country but France, and I cannot but love her yet; I was only a Frenchman of my gay and reckless time. There was saving grace for me, and I passed it by; for I knew the great Fénelon, and God forgive my sins, but I have been his poor parishioner from those days to these. I knew his nephew, the Abbé de Beaumont, and I rode with him in the holidays to Cambrai, — a tiresome journey; but we were young, and we stayed in the good archbishop's house, and heard him preach and say mass. He was the

best of Christians : I might have been a worse man but for that noble saint. Yes, I have seen the face of the great Fénelon," and Master Sullivan bent his head and blessed himself. The unconscious habit of his youth served best to express the reverence which lay deep in his aged heart.

"I think now, as I look back on those far days, that my good archbishop was the greatest prince and saint of them all, my dear child," said the old teacher, looking up gently from his reverie into Mary Hamilton's face.

"You belong to another world, *mon maitre*," said the girl affectionately. "How much you could teach us, if we were but fit to learn !"

The old man gave an impatient fling of his hand.

"I am past eighty years old, my darling," he answered. "God knows I have not been fit to learn of the best of men, else I might now be one of the wisest of mankind. I have lived in the great days of France, but I tell you plain, I have lived in none that are fuller of the seeds of greatness than these. I live now in my sons, and our Irish veins are full of soldier's blood. 'Tis Tir-nan-Og here, — the country of the young. My boys have their mother's energy, thank God ! As for me, my little school is more alive than I. There is always a bright child in every flock, for whose furthering a man may well spend himself. 'Tis a long look back ; the light of life shone bright with me in its beginning, but the oil in the old lamp is burning low. My forbears were all short-lived, but the rest of their brief days are added to the length of mine."

"'Tis not every man has made so many others fit to take their part in life," said Mary. "Think of your own sons, master !"

"Ay, my sons," said the old man, pleased to the heart, "and they have their mother's beauty and energy to couple with their sad old father's gift of dreams.

The princes of Beare and Bantry are cousins to the Banshee, and she whispers me many things. I sometimes fear that my son John, the general, has too much prudence. The Whisperer and Prudence are not of kin."

There was a new silence then ; and when Master Sullivan spoke again, it was with a sharp, questioning look in his eyes.

"What said your little admiral at parting ? I heard that he was fretted with the poor outfitting of his ship, and sailed away with scant thanks to the authorities. Prudence cannot deal with such a man as that. What of our boy Roger ? How fares the poor mother since she lost him out of her sight ? 'T was anxious news they brought me of his going ; when my first pride had blazed down, you might have seen an old man's tears."

Mary looked up ; she flushed and made as if she would speak, but remained silent.

"You 'll never make soldier or sailor of him, boy or man ; the Lord meant him for a country gentleman," said the master warningly ; and at this moment all Mary's hopes of reassurance fell to the ground.

"My son John is a soldier born," he continued coldly ; "he could tell you where the troops were placed in every battle, from old Troy down to the siege of Louisburg."

Mary began to speak, and again something ailed her throat. She turned and looked toward the fireside, where the old housemother was knitting now, and humming a strange old Irish tune to herself ; she had left them to themselves as much as if she were miles away.

"*Incipit vita nova*," said the master under his breath, and went on as if he were unobservant of Mary's startled look.

"Captain Paul Jones is a man of the world, and Wallingford is a country gentleman of the best sort," he continued ; "they may not understand each other

at these close quarters. I mind me of pushing adventurers in my old days who came from the back corner of nowhere, and yet knew the worst and the best of Paris. How they would wink at their fellows when some noble boy came to see the world, from one of the poor and proud châteaux of Brittany or the far south ! ”

“ Roger is college-bred, and you have called him your own best scholar of these later days,” insisted Mary, with a touch of indignation. “ With such kindred in Boston, and the company of his father’s friends from childhood, he is not so new to the world.”

“ *Ecce Deus fortior me qui veniens dominabitur mihi*,” the old man repeated softly, as if he were saying a short prayer ; then glanced again at the girl’s beautiful young face and pleading eyes. “ Well, the gallant lads have sailed ! ” he exclaimed, with delighted eagerness, and no apparent concern for his listener’s opinion. “ They’ll be in good season, too, in spite of all delays. What say the loud Patriots now, who are so full of fighting, and yet find good excuse for staying at home ? They are an evil-minded chorus ! but the young man Wallingford will serve them for a text no more. His father was a man of parts, of the same type as Washington himself, an I mistake not that great leader, though never put to the proof by so high a summoning of opportunity. But Roger is born out of his father’s clear brain rather than his fiery heart. I see in him the growing scholarliness and quiet authority of the judge’s best days upon the bench, not the strong soldier of the Indian wars. And there is something in the boy that holds by the past ; he may be a persuaded Patriot, but a Tory ghost of a conscience plucks him by the sleeve. He does not lack greatness of soul, but I doubt if he does any great things except to stand honestly in his place, a scholar and a gentleman ; and that is enough.”

Mary listened, with her eyes fixed upon Master Sullivan’s face.

“ God bless the poor lads, every one ! We must send our prayers after them. Wallingford will fall upon evil days ; ’t will try him in blood and bone when they suspect him, as they surely will. God help an old ruin like me ! If I were there, and but a younger man ! ” and the master clenched the arms of his chair, while something Mary never had seen before flashed in his eyes.

“ I have seen much fighting in my time,” he said the next moment to Mary, falling to a gentler mood. “ My mind is often with those lads on the ship.” And the startled girl smiled back at him expectantly.

“ I am glad when I think that our Roger will see France again, as a grown man. He will remember many things I have told him. I wish that I might have seen him ere he went away so suddenly. Wherever he is, he has good thoughts in his head ; he always loved his Latin, and can also stumble through the orchard ground, and smell the trodden thyme with old Theocritus. I wish I had been there at your parting feast. ’T was a glory to the house’s mistress, and that merchant prince, the good master of the river.”

“ Peggy has another opinion of me. ‘ Go you an’ deck the tables, an it please you, child,’ she says, ‘ an’ leave me to give my orders ; ’ but we hold some grave consultations for all that,” insisted Mary modestly. “ She is very stern on feast days with us all, is Peggy.”

“ Lenient in the main,” urged Master Sullivan, smiling. “ She found convoy for a basket of her best wares only yesterday, with a message that she had cooked too much for Portsmouth gentlemen, guests who failed in their visit. Margery and I feasted in high hall together. There was a grand bottle of claret.”

“ My brother chose it himself from the cellar,” said Mary, much pleased, but still there was a look of trouble in her eyes.

"You will give him my thanks, and say that it made a young French gallant of me for a pleasant hour. The only fault I found was that I had not its giver to drink share and share with me. Margery, my wife, heard tales from me which had not vexed the air these fifty years, and, being as warm as a lady abbess with such good cheer, she fell asleep in the middle of the best tale, over her worsted knitting! 'Sure,' she waked to tell me, 'if these be true, 't was time you were snatched out of France like a brand from the burning, and got the likes o' poor me to straighten ye!'" and the old man looked at Mary, with a twinkle in his eyes.

"They said you danced all night with the little captain, and that he spoke his love on the terrace in the sight of more than one of the company," said the master gayly. "'T is another heart you've broke, I suppose, and sent him sad away. Or was it his uniform that won ye?" And they both laughed, but Mary blushed, and wished she were away herself.

"I have no right to ask what passed between ye," he said then, with grave sweetness that won her back to him. "I find him a man of great power. He has the thoughts and manners of a gentleman, and now he goes to face his opportunity," added the old Irish rebel, who had seen with his own eyes the great Duke de Sully, Marshal of France.

"'T is said everywhere that your great captain is an earl's son," said Margery unexpectedly, from the fireside. But Master Sullivan slowly shook his head. The old wife was impatient of contradiction at the best of times, and now launched forth into an argument. He treated her, in these late days, as if she were a princess; but 't was a trying moment to him now, and luckily the old volume of Horace fell heavily from his lap to the floor.

Mary picked it up quickly, and old Margery's withered cheeks flushed crimson at this reminder of the sad day when she had thrown one of his few dear books

to the flames, in furious revenge for what she thought his willful idleness and indifference to their poverty, and her children's needs. "*Himself cried*," she always mourned in passionate remorse, when anything reminded her of that black day. She fancied even yet, when she saw the master stand before his little bookshelf, that he was missing the lost volume. "*Himself cried*," she muttered now, and was silent; and the old man saw her lips moving, and gave her one of those looks of touching affection that had kept her for fifty years his happy slave.

"He is a bold adventurer, your little captain," he went on, "but a man of very marked qualities."

"I believe that he will prove a great captain," said Mary.

"Yes, he is all that; I have seen much of men," and the master turned to look out of the window, far down the winter fields.

"His heart is set upon the future of our country," said Mary, with eagerness. "He speaks with eloquence of our wrongs. He agrees 't is the hindering of our own natural development, and the forbidding of our industries in the past, that has brought all these troubles; not any present tyranny or special taxes, as some insist. He speaks like a New Englander, one of ourselves. And he has new ideas. I heard him say that every village should govern itself, and our government be solely for those necessities common to all, and this would do away with tyranny. He was very angry when Major Haggens laughed and pounded the table, and said that our villages must keep to the same laws, and not vex one another."

"Your captain has been reading that new writer, Monsieur Rousseau," said the master sagaciously, and with much interest. "Rousseau is something of a genius. My son James brought me his book from Boston, and I sat up all night to read it. Yes, he is a genius at his best, but at his worst no greater fool

ever sneaked or flaunted along a French road. 'Tis like the old donkey in Skibbereen, that was a lion by night with his bold braying, and when the sun shone hung his head and cried to everybody, '*Don't beat me!*' I pray God that no pupil of mine makes the mistake of these people, who can see no difference between the church of their own day and Christianity itself. My old Voltaire has been his master, this Rousseau. There have been few greater men in the world than le petit Arouet, but 't was a bit of a rascal, too! My son James and I have threshed these subjects lately, until the flails came too near our own heads. I have seen more of the world than he, but my son James always held the opinions of a gentleman."

"These subjects are far too large for me," Mary acknowledged humbly.

"'Tis only that our opinions are too small for the subjects, — even mine and those of my son James," said Master Sullivan, smiling; "yet every man who puts his whole heart into them helps to bring the light a little nearer. Your captain is a good French scholar; we had some good talk together, and I learned to honor the man. I hope he will be friendly to our lad at sea, and be large-hearted in such a case. I have much pity for the Loyalists, now I am an old man that was a hot enough rebel in my youth. They have many true reasons on their side for not breaking with England, and they cling to sentiment, the best of them, without which life is but a strange machine. Yet *they have taken the wrong side*; they will find it out to their sorrow. You had much to do with Roger's going, my child; 't was a brave thing to start him in the right road, but I could wish he and his mother had been a sorrowing pair of that eleven hundred who went out of Boston with the English troops. They would have been among their fellows then, and those who were like-minded. God help me for this faint-heartedness!"

To this moment had the long talk come; to this clear-spoken anxiety had Mary Hamilton herself led the way. She could not part from so wise a friend until he spoke his mind, and now she stood piteous and dismayed before his searching look. It was not that the old man did not know how hard his words had been.

"I could not bear that he should be disloyal to the country that gave him birth, and every low soul be given the right to sneer at him. And the mob was ready to burn his mother's house; the terror and danger would have been her death," said Mary. "All this you know."

"The boy has talked much with me this summer," answered the schoolmaster, "and he put me questions which I, a rebel, and the son of rebels against England, could not answer him. I am an exile here, with my birthright gone, my place among men left empty, because I did not think as he thinks now when I was young, and yet I could not answer him. 'I could as soon forsake my mother in her gathering age as forsake England now,' he told me, one day in the summer. He stood on this floor before me, where you stand now, and looked every inch a man. Now he has changed his mind; now he puts to sea in an American man-of-war, with those to whom the gentle arts of piracy are not unknown, and he must fain be of their company who go to make England suffer. He has done this only that he may win your heart."

The master's blue eyes were black and blazing with excitement, and Mary fronted him.

"You cannot think him a rascal!" she cried. "You must believe that his very nature has changed. It *has* changed, and he may fight with a heavy heart, but he has come to think our quarrel just. I should break my own heart did I not think this true. Has he not sworn his oath? Then you must not blame

him; you must blame me if all this course was wrong. I did push him forward to the step. God help me, master, I could not bear we should be ashamed of him. You do not mean 't were better he had fled with the Loyalists, and thrown his duty down?"

She fell to her knees beside the old man's chair, and her hot forehead was touching his thin hand. He laid his right hand on her head then as if in blessing, but he did not speak.

At last he made her rise, and they stood side by side in the room.

"We must not share this anxious hour with Margery," he told her gently. "Go away, dear child, while she still sleeps. I did not know the sword of war had struck your heart so deep. You must wait for much time to pass now; you must have patience and must hear bad news. They will call Roger Wallingford a spy, and he may even flinch when the moment of trial comes. I do not think he will flinch; 't is the woe of his own soul that I sorrow for; there is that in him which forbids the traitor's act. Yet either way life looks to him but treacherous. The thought of his love shines like a single star above the two roads, and that alone can succor him. Forgive the hardness of my thoughts, yes, and keep you close to his poor mother with all patience. If the boy gets into trouble, I have still some ancient friendships that will serve him, for my sake, in England. God grant me now to live until the ship comes back! I trust the man he sails with, but he has his own ends to serve. I fear he is of the *Brevipennes*, the short-winged; they can run better for what wings they have, but they cannot win to fly clear of the earth."

"I could tell you many a tale now that I have shut close in my heart from every one for more than sixty years," said Master Sullivan slowly, with an impulse of love and pity that he could

not forbid. "I was a poor scholar in some things, in my young days, but I made sure of one lesson that was learnt through pain. The best friends of a human soul are Courage and her sister Patience!"

The old man's beautiful voice had a strange thrill in it. He looked as if he were a king, to the girl who watched him; all the mystery of his early days, the unexplained self-denial and indifference to luxury, seemed at this moment more incomprehensible than ever. The dark little room, the unequal companionship with the wife who slept by the fire, the friendship of his heart with a few imperial books, and the traditions of a high ancestry made evident in the noble careers and present standing of his sons, were enough to touch any imagination. And Mary Hamilton, from her early childhood, had found him the best and wisest man she knew. He had set the humblest Berwick children their copies, and taught them to read and spell, and shared his St. Augustine and Homer and Horace with those few who could claim the right. She stood beside him now in her day of trouble; she turned, with a look of deep love on her face, and kissed him on the brow. Whatever the cause had been, he had taken upon himself the harsh penalty of exile.

"Dear friend, I must be gone," said Mary, with beautiful womanliness and dignity. "You have helped me again who have never failed me; do not forget me in these days, and let us pray for Roger Wallingford, that he may be steadfast. Good-by, dear master."

Then, a minute later, the old man heard the horse's quick feet go away down the hill.

It was twilight in the room. "I believe she will love the boy," whispered the old schoolmaster to himself. "I thought the captain might wake her heart with all his gallantry. The springs of love are living in her heart, but 't is winter still, — 't is winter still! Love

frights at first more than it can delight ; 't will fright my little lady ere it comes ! ”

The heavy book slipped unheeded to the floor again. The tired old woman slept on by the dying fire, and Master Sullivan was lost in his lonely thoughts, until Hope came again to his side, bright shining in a dream.

XVIII.

The ship had run between Belle Isle and the low curving shores of Quiberon. The land was in sight all along by St. Nazaire, where they could see the gray-green of winter fields, and the dotted fruit trees about the farmhouses, and bits of bushy woodland. Out of the waste of waters the swift way-wise little Ranger came heading safely in at the mouth of the Loire. She ran among all the shoals and sand banks by Paimbœuf, and past the shipyards of the river shores, until she came to harbor and let her anchor go.

There was something homelike about being in a river. At first sight the Loire wore a look of recent settlement, rather than of the approach to a city already famous in old Roman times ; the shifting sand dunes and the empty flats, the poor scattered handfuls of houses and the works of shipbuilding, all wore a temporary look. These shiftless, primitive contrivances of men sparsely strewed a not too solid-looking shore, and the newcomers could see little of the inland country behind it. It was a strange contrast to their own river below Portsmouth, where gray ledges ribbed the earth and bolted it down into an unchangeable permanence of outline. The heights and hollows of the seaward points of Newcastle and the Kittery shore stood plain before his mind's eye as Wallingford came on deck, and these strange banks of the Loire seemed only to mask reality and confuse his vision. Farther up the stream they could see the gray

walls of Nantes itself, high over the water, with the huge towered cathedral, and the lesser bulk of the castle topping all the roofs. It was a mild day, with little air moving.

Dickson came along the deck, looking much displeased. That morning he had received the attention of being kicked down the companion way by the captain, and nothing could soften such an event, not even the suggestion from his conscience that he had well deserved the insult. It seemed more and more, to those who were nearest him, as if Dickson were at heart the general enemy of mankind, — jealous and bitter toward those who stood above him, and scornful of his inferiors. He loved to defeat the hopes of other people, to throw discredit upon sincerity ; like some swift-creeping thing that brings needless discomfort everywhere, and dismay, and an impartial sting. He was not clever enough to be a maker of large schemes, but rather destructive, crafty and evil-minded, — a disturber of the plans of others. All this was in his face ; a fixed habit of smiling only added to his mean appearance. What was worst of all, being a great maker of promises, he was not without influence, and had his following.

The fresh air from the land, the frosty smell of the fields, made Wallingford feel the more despondent. The certainty had now come to his mind that Paul Jones would never have consented to his gaining the commission of lieutenant, would never have brought him, so untried and untrained, to sea, but for jealousy, and to hinder his being at Mary Hamilton's side. This was the keenest hurt to his pride ; the thought had stabbed him like a knife. Again he made a desperate plunge into the sea of his disasters, and was unconscious even of the man who was near by, watching him. He was for the moment blind and deaf to all reality, as he stood looking along the water toward the Breton town.

“ All ready to go ashore, sir ? ” asked

Dickson, behind him, in an ingratiating tone; but Wallingford gave an impatient shrug of his shoulders.

"'T is not so wintry here as the shore must look at home," continued Dickson. "Damn that coxcomb on the quarter-deck! he's more than the devil himself could stand for company!"

Wallingford, instead of agreeing in his present disaffection, turned about, and stood fronting the speaker. He looked Dickson straight in the eye, as if daring him to speak again, whereat Dickson remained silent. The lieutenant stood like a prince.

"I see that I intrude," said the other, rallying his self-consequence. "You have even less obligation to Captain Paul Jones than you may think," he continued, dropping his voice and playing his last trump. "I overheard, by accident, some talk of his on the terrace with a certain young lady whom your high loftiness might not allow me to mention. He called you a cursed young spy and a Tory, and she implored him to protect you. She said you was her old playmate, and that she wanted you got out o' the way o' trouble. He had his arm round her, and he said he might be ruined by you; he cursed you up hill and down, while she was a-pleadin'. 'T was all for her sake, and your mother's bein' brought into distress" —

Dickson spoke rapidly, and edged a step or two away; but his shoulder was clutched as if a panther's teeth had it instead of a man's hand.

"I'll kill you if you give me another word!" said Roger Wallingford. "If I knew you told the whole truth, I should be just as ready to drop you overboard."

"I have told the truth," said Dickson.

"I know you are n't above eaves-dropping," answered Wallingford, with contempt. "If you desire to know what I think of your sneaking on the outside of a man's house where you have been denied entrance, I am willing to tell you. I heard you were there that night."

"You were outside yourself, to keep me company, and I'm as good a gentleman as Jack Hamilton," protested Dickson. "He went the rounds of the farms with a shoemaker's kit, in the start of his high fortunes."

"Mr. Hamilton would mend a shoe as honestly in his young poverty as he would sit in council now. So he has come to be a rich merchant and a trusted man." There was something in Wallingford's calm manner that had power to fire even Dickson's cold and sluggish blood.

"I take no insults from you, Mr. Lieutenant!" he exclaimed, in a black rage, and passed along the deck to escape further conversation.

There had been men of the crew within hearing. Dickson had said what he wished to say, and a moment later he was thinking no less highly of himself than ever. He would yet compass the downfall of the two men whom he hated. He had now set them well on their way to compass the downfall of each other. It made a man chuckle with savage joy to think of looking on at the game.

Wallingford went below again, and set himself to some work in his own cabin. Character and the habit of self-possession could carry a man through many trying instances, but life now seemed in a worse confusion than before. This was impossible to bear; he brushed his papers to the floor with a sweep of his arm. His heart was as heavy as lead within him. Alas, he had seen the ring! "Perhaps — perhaps" — he said next moment to himself — "she might do even that, if she loved a man; she could think of nothing then but that I must be got away to sea!"

"Poor little girl! My God, how I love her!" and he bent his head sorrowfully, while an agony of grief and dismay mastered him. He had never yet been put to such awful misery of mind.

"'T is my great trial that has come upon me," he said humbly. "I'll stick to my duty, — 't is all that I can do, —

and Heaven help me to bear the rest. Thank God, I have my duty to the ship!"

XIX.

As soon as the *Ranger* was at Nantes, and the formalities of the port could be left in the hands of his officers, Captain Paul Jones set forth in haste toward Paris to deliver his dispatches. He was only sixty hours upon the road, passing over the country as if he saw it from a balloon, and at last had the supreme disappointment of finding that his proud errand was forestalled. He had driven himself and his ship for nothing; the news of Burgoyne's surrender had been carried by a messenger from Boston, on a fast-sailing French vessel, and placed in the hands of the Commissioners a few hours before his own arrival.

It was understood some time before, between the Marine Committee of the colonies and Captain Paul Jones, that he was to take command of the fine frigate *L'Indien*, which was then building in Amsterdam; but he received no felicitations now for his rapid voyage, and found no delightful accumulations of important work, and was by no means acknowledged as the chief and captain of a great enterprise. As the *Ranger* had come into harbor like any ordinary vessel from the high seas, unheralded and without greeting, so Paul Jones now found himself of no public consequence or interest in Paris. What was to be done must all be done by himself. The Commissioners had their hands full of other affairs, and the captain stood in the position of a man who brought news to deaf ears. They listened to his eager talk and well-matured plans with some wonder, and even a forced attention, as if he were but an interruption, and not a leader for any enterprise they had in hand. To him, it had almost seemed as if his great projects were already accomplished.

It was in every way a most difficult situation. The ownership of the *Indien* frigate had been carefully concealed. Paul Jones himself had furnished the plans for her, and the Commissioners in France had made contracts under other signatures for her building in the neutral port of Amsterdam. It was indispensable that the secret of her destiny should be kept from England; but at the moment when she was ready to be put into commission, and Paul Jones was on the sea, with the full expectation of finding his ship ready when he came to France, some one in the secret had betrayed it, and the British officials at Amsterdam spoke openly to the government of the Netherlands, and demanded that the frigate should be detained for breach of neutrality, she being destined for an American ship of war.

There was nothing to be done. The Commissioners had made some efforts to hold the frigate, but in the end France had come forward and stood their friend by buying her, and at a good price. This had happened only a few days before, so Captain Paul Jones must hear the sorry tale when he came to Paris and saw the three American Commissioners.

He stood before them, a sea-tanned and weary little hero, with his eyes flashing fire. One of the three Commissioners, Arthur Lee, could not meet his aggrieved and angry looks. To be sure, the money was in hand again, and they could buy another ship; but the *Indien*, the *Indien* was irrecoverable.

"If I had been there, gentlemen," cried Paul Jones, with a mighty oath, "nothing would have held me long in port! I'd have sailed her across dry ground, but I'd have got her safe to sea! She was ours in the sight of Heaven, and all the nations in the world could not prevent me!"

Mr. Franklin looked on with approval at so noble and forgivable a rage; the others wore a wearied and disgusted look, and Mr. Arthur Lee set himself to

the careful mending of a pen. It was a sorry hour for good men ; and without getting any definite promise, and having bestowed many unavailing reproaches, at last Paul Jones could only fling himself out of Paris again, and in black despair post back to the *Ranger* at Nantes. He had the solitary comfort, before he left, of a friendly and compassionate interview granted by Mr. Franklin, who, overburdened though he was, and much vexed by a younger man's accusations, had yet the largeness of mind to see things from the captain's side. There was nothing for it but patience, until affairs should take a turn, as the Commissioner most patiently explained.

All the captain's high hopes and ceaseless industry in regard to his own plans were scattered like straws in the wind. He must set his mind now to the present possibilities. Worst of all, he had made an enemy in his quick mistrust and scorn of Mr. Arthur Lee, a man who would block many another plan, and hinder him in the end as a great sea captain and hero had never been worse hindered since the world began.

Dickson stood on the deck of the *Ranger*, by the gangway, when the captain came aboard, fatigued and disappointed ; it might be that some creature of Lee's sending had already spoken with Dickson and prepared him for what was to come. He made a most handsome salutation, however, and Lieutenant Simpson, hoping for news of his own promotion, stepped forward with an honest welcome.

"Gentlemen, I have much to tell you, and of an unwelcome sort," said the captain, with unusual dignity of bearing. "There is one blessing : our defeat of Burgoyne has brought us France for an ally. I hoped for good news as regards ourselves, but we have been betrayed by an enemy ; we have lost the frigate which I have had a hand in building, and of whose command I was altogether certain

for more than a year past. We must now wait for further orders here, and re-fit the *Ranger*, and presently get to sea with her instead. I own 't is a great disappointment for us all."

Dickson wore no look of surprise ; he was too full of triumph. Lieutenant Simpson was crestfallen. The other officers and men who were near enough to hear looked angry and disturbed. They had been persuaded that they must be rid of the captain before they could follow their own purposes. 'T was a strange and piteous condition of things aboard the *Ranger*, and an example of what the poison of lies and a narrow-minded jealousy can do to set honest minds awry. And Paul Jones had himself to thank for much ill will : he had a quick temper, and a savage way of speaking to his fellows. The one thing he could not bear was perfidy, and a bland and double disposition in a man seemed at once to deserve the tread of his angry heel.

The captain was hardly to be seen for a day or two after his return, except in occasional forays of fault-finding. Wallingford was successful in keeping out of his way ; the great fact that all his own best hopes had been destroyed dulled him even to feelings of resentment. While suffering his great dismay he could almost forget the cause whence it came, and even pitied, for other reasons, the man who had worn the ring. The first stroke of a bullet only benumbs ; the fierceness of pain comes later. Again and again he stood before Mary Hamilton, and lived over the night when he had stood at the window and dared to meet her beautiful angry eyes ; again and again he reviewed those gentler moments by the river, when her eyes were full of their old affection, though her words were stern. He had won her plain promise that some day, having served their country, he might return to her side, and clung to that promise like a last hope.

It already seemed a year since the night when Wallingford and the captain

had dined together. The steward had interrupted them just as the lieutenant sprang to his feet.

"Must we say good-night, then?" said Paul Jones, protesting. "As for me, I ought to be at my papers. Send me William Earl to write for me," he told the steward. "Thank you for your good company, Mr. Wallingford. I hope we may have many such evenings together."

Yet he had looked after his guest with a sense that something had gone wrong at this last moment, though the steward had found them hand in hand.

The sight of the ring among his possessions, that day when he made ready for the journey to Paris, had given him a moment of deep happiness; he had placed it on his finger, with a certain affectionate vanity. Yet it was a token of confidence, and in some sense a reward. He had been unjust in the beginning to the young lieutenant; he had now come to like and to trust him more than any other man on board the ship. In the exciting days that had followed, rings, and lieutenants, and even so lovely a friend and lady as Miss Mary Hamilton had been forgotten.

Yet at most unexpected moments Paul Jones did remember her, and his heart longed for the moment when they should meet once more, and he might plead his cause. "*L'absence diminue les petits amours et augmente les grandes, comme le vent qui éteint les bougies et rallume la feu.*"

The captain at once began to hasten the work of refitting the *Ranger* for sea. He gave no explanations; he was more surly in temper, and strangely uncompanionable. Now that they could no longer admire his seamanship in a quick voyage, the sailors rated him for the ship's idleness and their long detention in port. This was not what they had signed for. Dickson now and then let fall a word which showed that he had means of information that were altogether his own;

he was often on shore, and seemed free with his money. Lieutenant Wallingford and the surgeon, with some of the other officers, became familiar with the amusements of Nantes; but the lieutenant was observed by every one to be downhearted and inclined to solitary walks, and by night he kept his cabin alone, with no inclination toward company. He had been friendly with every one in the early part of the voyage, like a man who has no fear of risking a kind word. The surgeon, after making unwonted efforts to gain his old neighbor's confidence, ignored him with the rest, until he should come to himself again.

This added to the constraint and discomfort on board the *Ranger*. She was crowded with men eager enough for action, and yet kept in idleness under a needlessly strict discipline. Simpson, the senior lieutenant, willingly received the complaints of officers and crew, and Dickson's ceaseless insistence that Simpson was their rightful leader began to have its desired effect.

XX.

Some dreary days, and even weeks, passed by, and one evening Wallingford passed the captain's cabin on his way to his own. It had lately been rough, windy weather in the harbor, but that night the *Ranger* was on an even keel, and as steady as if she were a well-built house on shore.

The door was open. "Is that you, Mr. Wallingford? Come in, will you?" The captain gave his invitation the air of a command.

Wallingford obeyed, but stood reluctant before his superior.

"I thought afterward that you had gone off in something of a flurry, that night we dined together, and you have avoided any conversation with me since my return from Paris. I don't like your looks now. Has anything come

between us? Do you repent your confidence?"

"No, I do not repent it," said the lieutenant slowly.

"Something has touched your happiness. Come, out with it! We were like brothers then. The steward caught us hand in hand; 't is long since I have had so happy an evening. I am grateful for such friendship as you showed me, when we were together that night. God knows I have felt the lack of friendship these many days past. Come, sir, what's your grievance with me?"

"It is nothing that I should tell you. You must excuse me, sir."

The captain looked at him steadily. "Had I some part in it? Then you are unjust not to speak."

There was great kindness, and even solicitude, in Paul Jones's tone. Wallingford was moved. It was easier to find fault with the captain when his eyes were not upon one; they had great power over a man.

"Come, my dear fellow," he said again, "speak to me with frankness; you have no sincerer friend than I."

"It was the sight of the ring on your finger, then. I do not think you meant to taunt me, but to see it was enough to rob me of my hope, sir: that was all."

The captain colored and looked distressed; then he covered his eyes, with an impatient gesture. He had not a guilty air, or even an air of provocation; it struck Wallingford at the moment that he wore no look, either, of triumphant happiness, such as befitted the accepted lover of Mary Hamilton.

"You knew the ring?" asked the captain, looking up, after some moments of perplexing silence.

"I have always known it," answered Roger Wallingford: "we were very old friends. Of late I had been gathering hope, and now, sir, it seems that I must wish another man the joy I lived but to gain."

"Sit ye down," said the captain. "I
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thought once that I might gather hope, too. No man could wish for greater happiness on earth than the love of such a lady: we are agreed to that."

Then he was silent again. The beauty of Mary Hamilton seemed once more before his eyes, as if the dim-lighted cabin and the close-set timbers of the ship were all away, and he stood again on the terrace above the river with the pleading girl. She had promised that she would set a star in the sky for him; he should go back, one day, and lay his victories at her feet. How could a man tell if she really loved this young Wallingford? In the natural jealousy of that last moment when they were together, he had felt a fierce delight in bringing Wallingford away; she was far too good for him, — or for any man, when one came to that! Yet he had come himself to love the boy. If, through much suffering, the captain had not stood, that day, at the very height of his own character, with the endeavor to summon all his powers for a new effort, the scale at this moment would have turned.

"My dear lad, she is not mine," he said frankly. "God knows I wish it might be otherwise! You forget I am a sailor." He laughed a little, and then grew serious. "'T is her ring, indeed, and she gave it me, but 't was a gift of friendship. See, I can kiss it on my finger with you looking on, and pray God aloud to bless the lovely giver. 'T will hold me to my best, and all the saints know how I stand in need of such a talisman!"

"You do not mean it, sir?" faltered Roger. "Can you mean that?" —

"Now are we friends again? Yes, I mean it! Let us be friends, Wallingford. No, no, there need be nothing said. I own that I have had my hopes, but Miss Hamilton gave me no promise. If you go home before me, or without me, as well may happen, you shall carry back the ring. Ah no, for 'tis my charm against despair!" he said. "I

am sore vexed ; I am too often the prey of my vulgar temper, but God knows I am sore vexed. Let us be friends. I must have some honest man believe in me, among these tricksters." The captain now bent to his writing, as if he could trust himself to say no more, and waved the lieutenant to be gone. "God help me, and I'll win her yet!" he cried next moment, when he was alone again, and lifted his face as if Heaven must listen to the vow. "Women like her are blessed with wondrous deep affections rather than quick passion," he said again softly. "'Tis heaven itself within a heart like that, but Love is yet asleep."

The lights of Nantes and the lanterns of the shipping were all mirrored in the Loire, that night ; there was a soft noise of the river current about the ship. The stars shone thick in the sky ; they were not looking down on so happy a lover the world over as Roger Wallingford. He stood by the mainmast in the cold night air, the sudden turn of things bewildering his brain, his strong young heart beating but unsteadily. Alas, it was weeks ago that a single, stiffly phrased letter had gone home to his mother, and Mary's own letter was at the bottom of the sea. There was a swift homeward-bound brig just weighing anchor that had ventured to sea in spite of foes, and taken all the letters from the Ranger, and now it might be weeks before he could write again. Oh, distance, distance ! how cruel are the long miles of sea that separate those who love, and long to be together !

Later that night, before they turned in, the officers and crew beheld Captain Paul Jones and his lately estranged lieutenant pacing the deck. They were looked upon with pleasure by some who honored them both, but next day a new whispering was set forward ; there was need of suspicion, since this new alliance might mean concerted betrayal, and Paul Jones himself was not above being won over to the Tories, being but an ad-

venturer on his own account. Dickson was as busy as the devil in a gale of wind. His own plots had so far come to naught : he had not set these officers to hate each other, or forced them to compass each other's downfall. On the contrary, they had never really been fast friends until now.

The only thing was to rouse public opinion against them both. 'T were easy enough : he had promised to meet again the man whom he had met in the tavern the day before,—that messenger of Thornton, who had given hints of great reward if any one would give certain information which was already in Dickson's keeping. That night he shook his fist at the two figures that paced the quarter-deck.

"One of you came out of pride and ambition," he muttered, "and the other to please his lady ! We men are here for our own rights, and to show that the colonies mean business !"

XXI.

The captain was dressed in his best uniform, fresh from the tailor's wrappings, with all his bright lace and gilt buttons none the worse for sea damp. With manners gay enough to match, he bade good-morning to whoever appeared, and paced his twelve steps forward and back on the quarter-deck like the lucky prince in a fairy story. Something had happened to make a new pleasure ; at any rate, Mr. Paul Jones was high above any sense of displeasure, and well content with the warm satisfaction of his own thoughts.

Presently this cheerful captain sent a ship's boy to command the presence of Mr. Wallingford, and Mr. Wallingford came promptly in answer to the summons. There was so evident a beginning of some high official function that the lieutenant, not unfamiliar with such affairs, became certain that the mayor

and corporation of Nantes must be expected to breakfast, and lent himself not unwillingly to the play.

"You will attend me to Paris, sir," announced the commander. "I shall wait the delays of our Commissioners no longer. 'If you want a good servant, go yourself,' as our wise adviser, Poor Richard, has well counseled us. I mean to take him at his word. Can you be ready within the hour, Mr. Wallingford? 'T is short notice for you, but I have plenty left of my good Virginia money to serve us on our way. The boat awaits us."

Wallingford made his salute, and hastened below; his heart beat fast with pleasure, being a young heart, and the immediate world of France much to its liking. The world of the Ranger appeared to grow smaller day by day, and freedom is ever a welcome gift.

When the lieutenant reached his berth the captain's arrangements had preceded him: there was a sailor already waiting with the leather portmanteau which Wallingford had brought to sea. The old judge, his father, had carried it on many an errand of peace and justice, and to the son it brought a quick reminder of home and college journeys, and a young man's happy anticipations. The sight of it seemed to change everything, stained though this old enchanter's wallet might be with sea water, and its brasses green with verdigris. The owner beheld it with complete delight; as for the sailor, he misunderstood a sudden gesture, and thought he was being blamed.

"Cap'n ordered it up, sir; never demeaned hisself to say what for," apologized Cooper.

"Take hold now and stow these things I give you," said the excited lieutenant. "Trouble is, every man on board this ship tries to be captain. Don't wrap those boots in my clean shirts!"

"I ain't no proper servant; takes too much l'arnin'," protested Cooper good-naturedly, seeing that the young squire

was in a happy frame. "Our folks was all content to be good farmers an' live warm on their own land, till I took up with follerin' the sea. Lord give me help to get safe home this time, an' I won't take the chances no more. A ship's no place for a Christian."

Wallingford's mind was stretched to the task of making sudden provision for what might not be a short absence; he could hear the captain's impatient tramp on the deck overhead.

"I expect old Madam, your lady mother, and my sister Susan, was the last to pack your clothes for ye?" ventured this friend of many years, in a careful voice, and Wallingford gave him a pat on the shoulder for answer.

"We'll speed matters by this journey to Paris, if all goes well," he replied kindly. "Keep the men patient; there are stirrers-up of trouble aboard that can do the crew more harm than the captain, if they get their way. You'll soon understand everything. France cannot yet act freely, and we must take long views."

"Wish 't I was to home now," mourned Cooper gloomily.

"Don't fear!" cried Wallingford gayly, though 't was but a pair of days since he himself had feared everything, and carried a glum face for all the crew to see. "Good-day, Cooper. If anything happens to me, you must carry back word!" he added, with boyish bravado.

"Lord bless you!" said Cooper. "I figur' me darin' to go nigh the gre't house with any bad tidin's o' you! Marm Susan 'd take an' scalp me, 's if I'd been the fust to blame." At which they laughed together, and hurried to the deck.

"'T is high time!" blustered the captain; but once in the boat, he became light-hearted and companionable. It was as if they had both left all their troubles behind them.

"There's Simpson and Sargent and that yellow-faced Dickson leaning' over the side to look after us and think how well they can spare us both," grumbled

Paul Jones. "I can see them there, whether I turn my head or not. I've set them stints enough for a fortnight, and named this day week for our return. Lay out! lay out!" cried the captain. "Give way, my lads!" and settled himself in the boat.

The wind was fresh; the waves splashed into the gig as they toiled steadily up the river. The walls of the old castle looked grim and high, as they came under the city. In the cathedral abode the one thing that was dear to Wallingford's heart in this strange place, — the stately figure of Anne of Brittany, standing at her mother's feet in the great Renaissance tomb. She wore a look like Mary Hamilton when she was most serious, so calm and sweet across the brow. The young officer had discovered this lovely queen, and her still lovelier likeness, on a dark and downcast day, and had often been grateful since for the pleasure of beholding her; he now sent a quick thought into the cathedral from the depths of his fond heart.

The two travelers, in their bright uniforms, hurried up through the busy town to a large inn, where the captain had ordered his post horses to be ready. Bretons and Frenchmen both cheered them as they passed the market place: the errand of the Ranger was well known, and much spending money had made most of her ship's company plenty of friends ashore. They took their seats in the post chaise, not without disappointment on Wallingford's part, who had counted upon riding a good French horse to Paris instead of jolting upon stiff springs. There was more than one day, however; the morning was fresh and bright, and there were too many mercies beside to let a man groan over anything.

The thought now struck Wallingford, as if he were by far the elder man, that they might well have worn their everyday clothes upon the journey, but he had not the heart to speak. The captain wore such an innocent look of enjoyment,

and of frankly accepting the part of a proven hero and unprotested great man.

"I must order a couple of suits of new uniform from one of their best tailors," said Mr. Paul Jones, only half conscious of his listener. One moment the hardened man of affairs and rough sea bully, at the next one saw him thus: frank, compassionate of others, and amused by small pleasures, — the sentimental philosopher who scattered largess of alms like a royal prince all along the white French roads.

"I go north by Rennes and Vitré, and to Paris by Alençon. I am told the roads are good, and the worst inns passable, while the best are the best," said the little captain, dropping the last of his lofty manner of the quarter-deck, and turning to his companion with a most frank air of good-fellowship. "We can return by the Loire. I hear that we can come by barge from Orléans to Nantes in four days, lying in the river inns by night. I have no love for the road I was so sorry on last month, or the inns that stood beside it."

The young men sat straight-backed and a little pompous in the post chaise, with their best cocked hats bobbing and turning quickly toward each other in the pleasures of conversation. Was this the same Paul Jones who so vexed his ship with bawling voice and harsh behavior, this quiet, gay-hearted man of the world, who seemed to play the princely traveler even more easily than he crowded sail on the Ranger all across the stormy seas, — the flail of whose speech left nobody untouched? He was so delightful at that moment, so full of charming sympathy and keenest observation, that all private grievances must have been dissolved into the sweet French air and the blue heaven over their heads.

"There were others of my officers who might well go to Paris, but I wanted the right gentleman with me now," explained the captain, with frankness. "'Tis above all a gentleman's place when court matters are in hand. You have some acquaint-

ance with their language, too, which is vastly important. I blessed Heaven last time for every word I knew ; 't was most of it hard learnt in my early days, when I was a sailor before the mast, and had but a single poor book to help me. No man can go much in the world over here without his French. And you know Paris, too, Mr. Wallingford, while I am almost a stranger in the streets. I cared not where I was, in my late distresses, and I had longed to see the sights of Paris all my life ! My whole heart is in the journey now, tiresome though we may find many a day's long leagues."

"'T is some years since I lived there for a while," said Wallingford modestly ; but a vision of all the pleasure and splendor of the great city rose to his mind's eye.

"I have suffered unbelievable torture on that petty ship !" exclaimed Paul Jones suddenly, waving his hand toward the harbor they were fast leaving out of sight. "Now for the green fields of France, and for the High Commissioners at Paris ! I wish to God my old auntie Jean MacDuff, that was fain to be prood o' me, could see me with my two postilions on the road, this day." And such was the gayety of the moment, and the boyish pride of the little sailor, that his companion fairly loved him for the wish, and began to think tenderly of his own dear love, and of his mother waiting and watching by the riverside at home.

"'Vitré,'" he repeated presently, with fresh expectation, — "'t is a name I know well, but I cannot call to mind the associations ; of the town of Rennes I do not remember to have heard."

"I wish that I could have fallen in with their great admiral, Bailli Suffren," said the captain, leaning back in the post chaise, and heaving a sigh of perfect content. "We know not where he

sails the seas ; but if it chanced that he were now on his way to the fleet at Brest, or going up to Paris from the sea, like ourselves, and we chanced to meet at an inn, how I should beg the honor of his acquaintance ! The King ought to put a sailor like that beside him on his throne ; as for Bailli Suffren himself, he has served France as well as any man who ever lived. Look, there are two poor sailors of another sort, fresh from their vessel, too ! See how wide they tread, from balancing on the decks ; they have been long at sea, poor devils ! " he grumbled, as the post chaise overtook a forlorn pair of seamen, each carrying a loose bundle on his back. They were still young men, but their faces looked disappointed and sad. Seeing that the captain fumbled in his waistcoat pocket, Wallingford did the same, and two bright louis d'or flew through the morning air and dropped at the sailors' feet. They gave a shout of joy, and the two young lords in the post chaise passed gayly on.

"They 'll sit long at the next inn," said Captain Paul Jones. "They were thin as those salt fish we shipped for the voyage, at Newcastle."

"A prime dun fish is a dainty not to be despised," urged Wallingford, true to his local traditions.

"'T is either a dainty, or a cedar shingle well preserved in brine, which is eatable by no man," pronounced the captain, speaking with the authority of an epicure. "We must deal with their best French dishes while we stay in Paris. Mr. Franklin will no doubt advise us in regard to their best inns. I was careless of the matter in my first visit."

"'T was Poor Richard himself said, 'A fat kitchen makes a lean will,'" laughed Wallingford, "but he is a great man for the properties."

Sarah Orne Jewett.

(To be continued.)

LOVE THE CONQUEROR CAME TO ME.

I.

Love the Conqueror came to me, —
 He whom I did long deride :
 Gave humility for pride,
 April voicing
 My rejoicing.
 I — who fancied I was free —
 Glad to be with garlands tied !

II.

Love the Awakener came to me :
 Called my sleeping soul to strife,
 Offered gift of fuller life
 (Wish, the measure
 Of my pleasure) ;
 And the bud that knew no bee
 Burst, a rose with beauty rife.

III.

Love the Tester came to me :
 For the pæan gave the dirge,
 For caresses gave the scourge
 (Ay, though Fortune
 Did importune),
 Till my breathing seemed to be
 But the tide of sorrow's surge.

IV.

Love the Ennobler came to me,
 With the cross as his device,
 Saying, "Shrink not from the price
 (Pain the burden,
 Peace the guerdon) ;
 Sorrow bravely borne shall be
 Doubly sweet as sacrifice."

V.

Love the Revealer comes to me
 On this battled height, and shows
 Yonder river of repose :
 "Not by creeping,
 But by leaping,
 Learns the rill the harmony
 That within the river flows."

Robert Underwood Johnson.

ANIMALS IN LITERATURE.

DURING the last few years animals have contributed very widely to the enjoyment of the reading public, both here and abroad. The most original work of that author who (whatever his merits or demerits) has stood forth in the world of letters as the conspicuous figure of the nineteenth century's last decade deals with the adventures of the jungle, and lesser writers have successfully invaded the animal kingdom. From the India of a poet's imagination, Baloo, the bear, Teacher of the Law to the Seeonee wolf cubs, has come forth to give us of his wisdom; in the New World, a naturalist has so well told his tale that Lobo, the King of Currumpaw, is not dead for us, but still utters his war cry on the plains of New Mexico; while from far Scotland, Bob, Son of Battle, has leaped into our hearts. Together with these animals have come many others, thrilling us with excitement, arousing tender sympathy, or, it may be, making us laugh at their comical adventures.

Is this present-day interest in books concerning animals to be thought of as a mere fad, a passing whim of a changeable public? Or are there reasons for believing that the interest in works of this kind is sure to endure, whatever may be the fate of the books considered individually? The student of life, the knower of human nature, will, I think, answer "yes" only to the second of these questions. As long as man is interested in man, he will be attracted to animals by reason of his kinship with them. This kinship is the great open secret of our interest. One need not go to the literature of the past to discover the truth of this; yet past literature well bears it out, giving at the same time evidence of another truth, kin to the first and dependent on it, that we have come to recognize as eternal for all

works of greatest art. On the side of life, then, there is this bond between man and animal: the possession in common of the attributes of love, hatred, fidelity, cunning, cruelty, kindness, and many more; the weakness in common before the forces of the elements, of cold, of hunger, of death. On the side of art there is the recognition of this bond; the realization that it is the human interest, the human appeal, which is the chief thing in every great work, be it of literature, sculpture, or music. The presentation of universal truth, rather than actual particular fact in every detail, is the rule of those writers who have for audience the nations and the centuries. It is for this reason that the naturalist, intent on his specific quest, is in danger of wandering into paths that do not lead to permanent and widespread fame in literature. He may successfully appeal for a time to the whole public, granting it is at that moment specially interested in a thorough and minute study of animal ways; if he is a great naturalist, he will be lastingly remembered and read by students of natural history. But unless he has something of the poet in him; unless he appreciates, and causes his readers to appreciate, the human significance of animal action, not explicitly, but by suggestion, not in the technical language of scientific research, but in the more appealing, more imaginative manner of creative writings, his work will not endure as literature. For this reason, the prophecy may be hazarded that *The Jungle Book* will outlast in general interest all contemporary works dealing with animals, because behind its fantastic unreality we see at play, unhampered, the motives of human life.

I ask every reader of this paper to reflect upon his affection for, let us say, that brave old shepherd dog, Bob, Son

of Battle. Is it not because he is like *men* that we have known, fearless and loyal, like "Douglas, Douglas, tender and true," like his master in the book itself, large-hearted, indomitable, faithful? And what is his enemy, Red Wully, but a projection into the animal world of his master, — more fierce, more the brute, but essentially the same soul? Here we have a dramatic picture in black and white, man and dog against man and dog, so artfully drawn that we cannot dissociate the human combatants from their animal allies. We watch the actions of Bob and Red Wully with live emotion, because in their passions, their desires, their intelligence, we feel them to be our brothers.

So, too, consider Mr. Seton-Thompson. Do his stories appeal to us chiefly in that they educate us concerning the less known ways of beasts? It may be interesting to learn, for instance, that wolves are in the habit of going near every carcass they get wind of, or that crows have various methods of cawing; but such facts, once known, are soon forgotten, or, if remembered, arouse no desire to re-read them. This is what I mean by the naturalistic phase of animal literature, — a phase evoking a general interest little likely to be other than temporary. It is only when the human note sounds clearly that we all listen eagerly. Lobo, king of the wolves, caught at last through your devotion to your mate Blanca, ah, you appeal to us despite all your murders, you terrible old hero! Nor, Lobo, are you the only hero whom fate could not conquer except by the meshes of love! And Molly, what a brave and good little mother you are to your reckless son, Raggylug! And you, O creatures born in the days of Mr. Kipling's finer imagination, how really living you are, notwithstanding your unreality! Monkey folk that "boast and chatter and pretend that they are a great people, about to do great affairs in the jungle, but the falling of a nut turns their

mind to laughter, and all is forgotten," well do we know you. Kaa, mighty in your strength, and not forgetful of insults, you are known to us; and you, Bagheera, not given to much speech, but brave and wise. The Master Word in the jungle is, "We be of one blood, you and I." If men but knew it, that is the Master Word for all mankind. But Mr. Kipling will never teach it to them.

I have tried to suggest, in passing, that in a work of literature in which animals figure the possibility of human application, or, at least, an appeal to those emotions which men have in common with the beasts, is necessary. The animal characteristics and habits may be accurately presented, or they may be thrust wholly into the background, and even falsified. The great use of the animal in antiquity shows this very clearly. Every one will recall the *Æsopic* story (a typical fable) of the lion and the mouse: how the life of the mighty monarch was saved by the small creature whom he once had spared. To our recognition in this story of a truth universal in its human application is due, almost entirely, our interest in the mouse and the lion. In our eyes they are not a mouse and a lion, but two men teaching the lessons that the mighty shall be humbled, that nothing is too insignificant to be of some service, and that it is good to cast bread upon the waters. We do not stop to consider whether a lion understands the mouse language, or whether a mouse is given to gratitude; in short, as actual animals they do not concern us. They are merely convenient forms, essentially human, and they show animal characteristics only very secondarily, when at all. The purpose of all *Æsop's* fables was didactic and moral. In the Indian tales where animals figure as chief characters the method is the same, though there is often the added purpose of doctrinal instruction, feasible because of the Buddhistic belief in the transmigration of men's souls into the

bodies of beasts. The Bible shows a similar use; and perhaps in all literature there is not a nobler instance of the introduction of animals to teach ethical truth than is to be found in the parable of the lost sheep. "So much more profitable and gracious is doctrine by example than by rule," wisely wrote Edmund Spenser in his famous letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, that serves as introduction to *The Faerie Queene*.

The method of the ancient moralists was continued well into the Middle Ages, among whose cloisters and schools apologues were widely in vogue. It was then that animals played a considerable part in a large body of short pieces, verse and prose, chiefly interesting in that they furnished a source of one of the most remarkable productions in animal literature, — the *Reynard* epic in all its branches. In contradistinction to the fabulists and clerical writers of apologues, the many poets who, during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, wrought, all over Europe, with the material of animal legend, had for chief purpose the amusement of their hearers. We are presented with a world of beasts, wherein man's social and religious institutions — the court, the feudal system, and the church — are paralleled; with *Reynard* the fox as hero and unifying figure of the whole mass of legend. A strange hero, it must be admitted, — selfish, unscrupulous, treating without any regard to honor the other animals that he meets; and yet we are always glad when he comes forth victorious. The truth is that, in reading this literature, the question of the essential morality is thrust into the background by a recognition of the frank gayety of it all; just as nowadays we listen to Uncle Remus for the sake of the good fun in his stories. The different animals generally retain their distinctive traits, — the donkey is stupid, the bear is slow, the ape is astute; and yet they have the manners and customs of men, and reflect in

a very delightful way mediæval conditions. The fox sallying out on his plundering raids, and then taking refuge in his strong castle, — what is he but the powerful feudal lord feeling small respect for his king? The donkey braying forth the liturgy of the dead is the mediæval priest uttering empty words.

And so we might go on, finding a gentle satire playing in and out among the many episodes of the mediæval fox literature, — a satire which was not indulged in earnestly or bitterly for the sake of reform, but which fitted well with the general purpose of affording amusement. The entertaining adventures of the various animals are their own justification; yet it is unlikely that they would not long since have been forgotten, if it were not for their inherent human interest and possibility of human application. This thought ends in a circle, and has an unbroken continuity and strength; for on reflection it must appear that what is entertaining in the adventures of the animals has its basis in the fact that the animals are suggestive of men and men's ways. Goethe wrote his beast epic avowedly as a satire on all mankind; the poets who had preceded him by five or six centuries wrote primarily with the desire of recounting amusing tales; in the modern writer the amusement is inherent in the satire; in the mediæval writers the satire is inherent in the amusement; in both modern and mediæval man's interest in the animal is bound up with man's interest in man. None of the earlier poems, however, has the breadth of vision, the artistic unity, the universality of application, shown by Goethe's poem. Reinecke Fuchs marks the highest reach of the apologue in all literature.

Where has this incursion into the literary byways of the past led us, if not to the facts with which we first started out? The moralist's mask use of animals in the fables, where no attention is paid to actual animal nature; the merry use in

the mediæval, the serious use in the modern fox epic, where partial attention is paid to animal characteristics; the method of Mr. Seton-Thompson, with its accurate attention to animal traits, — however widely these may diverge from the naturalist's point of view, they do not differ radically in their deepest interest. Then with still another method appears Mr. Kipling, who, by skillfully placing his beasts in their natural *milieu*, invests these imaginative beings with a kind of actuality, and, in doing so, but adds another link to our chain of evidence that in literature the faithful representation of animals as they actually are is not what necessarily insures their permanence. The human note, the possibility of human application, — *there* must the stress be laid.

Let me approach this truth in yet a different manner; the past may again be called upon to furnish material for illustration, and as I have already touched upon the literature revolving around the fox, it is an easy transition to the mention of the mediæval legends concerning his old enemy, the wolf. These are the legends of the werewolf. The werewolf, it is true, has not, to any important extent, entered into literature: here, it may be, in some old chronicle; there, in a modern short story based upon the legend. Briefly, a werewolf was a human being supposed to have the power to assume a wolf's form and nature. A typical legend is that of the child who was killed by a wolf. The pursuers, losing for a moment sight of the beast, suddenly, in bursting through a thicket, came upon a wild-eyed man, trembling with excitement and ghastly from fear. Him they seized as a werewolf. Again, there is the story of the fierce and murderous wolf whom a certain nobleman attacked. He succeeded in cutting off a part of the animal's paw. On returning to his castle, the count found his wife pale, frightened, her hand dressed in a bandage. Her explanation of how an

accident befell her hand has not come down to us. Probably the countess did not attempt any explanation; but if she did, it must have been unconvincing, for the chronicle relates that she was accused of being a werewolf, stood trial, was condemned and burned. The important fact to remark is that in most if not all of these cases, where human beings were put to death as werewolves, not only the judges believed them guilty, but they themselves were fully persuaded of their dual nature.

Mr. John Fiske, in an essay written for the *Atlantic Monthly*, many years ago,¹ dealt with this subject in his characteristically lucid manner, and showed how, in the light of modern science, the belief of the afflicted person in his identity with a wolf is to be regarded as one of the phenomena which the specialist on mental diseases can best explain. Yet, apart from medicine, the belief in werewolves has, I think, a deep though somewhat subtle interest. The werewolf legend suggests immediately the theory of the transmigration of souls, and thus comes into relationship with Indian literature; it can, if the wolfish traits are looked upon as inherited, be considered among the foreshadowings of atavistic literature, of which Ibsen's *Ghosts* is the most terrible example. And further, the werewolf legend contains the possibility of moral and psychological application, in literary form, pointing toward a work that might be made to have all the significance of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. This dual nature, the beast and the human, so naively explained by the mediæval mind, can well be used to typify the good and the evil in man. Though the legend thus treated has potentialities for literature rather than accomplishment, a method in some ways similar was employed by Edgar Allan Poe in *The Black Cat*, where the animal is bound up not alone with the man's consciousness,

¹ *Werewolves and Swan-Maidens*, August, 1871.

but intimately with his conscience. The cat is terrible for us, not as an animal in itself terrible, but because of its hold on the soul of the murderer; and awful, not through any inherited awfulness, but because of its character as an instrument of retribution and justice. Here, then, in a far different manner, we have another indication of the truth that our chief interest in animals in literature is to be associated with our interest in men.

Poe's story illustrates another truth: the modernity of the intensely subjective point of view. When Arthur Dimmesdale, at the climax of Hawthorne's wonderful novel, is about to reveal the scarlet letter on his breast, he says of the red stigma that it is "no more than the type of what has seared his inmost heart." In the same way, the cruel drunkard in Poe's tale sees the outline of the gallows on the breast of the black cat, because in his own soul there is murder, and the cat has become the mirror, as it were, of the man's nature, and the personification of the spirit of fate. The loathsomeness and terror that the man finds in the cat are qualities which his morbid imagination has created, — qualities so intensely perceived because of his own loathsome and terrible inclinations, and not qualities that a normal person would attribute to the animal, a kind and affectionate creature. To interpret animals in terms of one's own personality; to embody and then to portray in an animal emotions, passions, moods, existing primarily in the writer; to let, in a word, the animal representation be a subjective reflection rather than an objective image, — this is the subjective method. It is, indeed, a method more common to poetry than to prose; and by it the poet projects his spirit into the animal world, giving it an individual, vital, suprabestial interest. Shelley's *To a Skylark* shows beautifully this use. A greater songster than a lark is pictured in the poem; for Shelley, finding in the bird's notes a suggestion of the

delight and gladness that he himself longed to give to the world, pours forth his own soul into the skylark, and, in describing the bird high in the air of the heavens, describes in reality himself high in the atmosphere of his ideals.

This subjective use of animals is merely one phase of the wide subjective approach to all nature. The solacing power of birds, trees, mountains, rivers; nature's sympathetic kinship with man's feelings in their joyful or sorrowful, calm or tempestuous states, — all this, whether found in Wordsworth or Keats or Shelley or Tennyson, in Lamartine or de Musset, in Goethe or Heine, or, nearer home, in the works of Bryant, Lanier, and others of our poets, points to an attitude that has in modern times been very widely prevalent.

To some little extent indeed it is evidenced in antiquity; in Virgil preëminently. Not only the forests and the mountains are made to share in the sadness at the death of Daphnis, but the very lions are said to roar forth their sorrow, in token of the universal grief:

"Daphni, tuum Pœnos etiam ingemuisse leones
Interitum montesque feri silvæque loquuntur."

Thus the shepherd of the fifth Eclogue attributes his own emotion to all of nature. But this subjective feeling for nature, with its consequent subjective animal use, is not at all characteristic of the Pagan writers, or of the Hebrews, or of the early Christians. The Pagans saw in nature, primarily, its beauty and its wonder, and worshiped it because of them; the Hebrews, seeing this beauty and this wonder, found therein evidence of the Creator, and in singing the praise of his handiwork, nature, they worshiped their God. This Hebraic attitude has endured throughout the Christian centuries, down to our day. But neither in the Bible nor in Homer, whose poetry introduces the animal in many different ways, will any suggestion of the modern intensely subjective method be

found. Ancient literature, of which Homer and the Bible may be taken as most representative, is uncompromisingly objective.

And here the reader may say: "Ah yes, it has not been difficult to point to the human interest in the use of animals in ancient fables, in mediæval imaginative, in modern satiric works, and, easiest of all, in subjective writings, whether poetry or prose; but what is there to be said of the introduction of animals in the great objective literature of the past? How is your contention to be maintained there?" In this way, I think: A swift study of any of the finest passages in ancient literature will, with but few exceptions, show that where the animal figures, it is in imagery. Let me again go to the master. In Homer, lions, eagles, stags, hares, sheep, bees, — the whole animal kingdom, great and small, slow and swift of foot, — all are introduced; but almost always in metaphor or simile, — almost always as subservient to the poet's purpose of rendering vivid the appearance, the character, and the actions of the heroes. So wide is the choice of illustration that one is lost amidst a wealth of opportunity; yet consider, for example, the verses in the second book of the *Iliad*,¹ with its remarkable instance of twenty-four consecutive lines containing four artistically elaborated and successful similes in which men and animals figure. See how Homer has in these lines given the whole atmosphere of the plain, — the immensity of the army, the excitement of the men, the sense of order in discipline, the magnificent strength and supremacy of Agamemnon (a gradation from the common soldiers to the generals, and then to the commander in chief), all by means of the most familiar scenes in the life of a herding people. This is the use to which genius can put simile, — not merely a parallel picture showing likeness, but a picture adding vividness, reality, intensity, to that with

¹ Lines 459-483.

which it is compared. When a great poet likens him to a bull, the king himself gains in majesty.

I do not mean to say that there have been no beautiful instances of animal description except in comparisons between man and beast; but is it not true that passages written solely for the sake of picturing animal life are very difficult to recall? When we summon animals from the shadowy recesses of literary memories, the albatross flaps its wings, heavy with human fate, from out the pages of English poetry; the golden ass, fired with human passions, comes from the Apuleian days of Italy; modern French fiction brings to sight the tiger of Balzac's story, *A Passion in the Desert*, wherein supremely is shown man's kinship with the beast. But has there been a single work of animal literature, purely descriptive, and without this human interest accentuated, that has endured? I think not. An isolated passage, such as the picturing of the horse in the book of Job, may come to mind, illustrating anew the literary greatness of the Bible; and here a happy epithet, there a vivid phrase, may be remembered. But that is all.

Nor can we escape this conclusion even if we seek the less known regions where such creatures as the phoenix and the unicorn have wandered into literature, or wend our way to the fanciful realms of fairyland animals. If we study the Norman *trouvère's* legend of the unicorn that could be caught only if a virgin were placed where the beast might find her (for on beholding her he would cease to be fierce, and would quietly lie at her feet), we shall find that the meaning is allegorical, and with a perpetual significance. The unicorn is Christ, who, through the Virgin, became man, and then was crucified after having been captured by the hunters of blood; while the single horn is supposed to signify the unity of Christ and God. And if we study such a story as Grimm's tale, with its strange enchantments and magical

changes of swans into men, shall we not find that it is much less removed than it might seem to be from a story, actually true, perhaps, such as Rab and his Friends? Though from far different sides, in all the writings that have been mentioned in this paper, the animals attract through their connection with the world of men.

Once more I desire to revert to Mr. Kipling and to Mr. Seton-Thompson, in order to illustrate a thought that has so far been left in the background, but which is of importance in explaining our interest in animals in literature. This thought has to do with man's consciousness of his superiority over the beast. Men have steadfastly refused to believe that entire truth inheres in the line of Ecclesiastes where it is said that "a man hath no preëminence above a beast; for all is vanity." Men have, since the days of Eden, harnessed the beasts to their will, and made them their servants forever. And so, although the chief human interest in *The Jungle Book* comes with the unconscious recognition of how Tabagui, the jackal, can be paralleled by many a dish-licker among men; how Father Wolf resenting the entrance of Shere Khan, the tiger, represents the idea of a man's home being his own; how the whole conception of the Law of the Jungle interests us through its human analogy; yet, further, it can be shown how the position of Mowgli among the animals intensifies the reader's enjoyment, and this book's fascination for large numbers of persons may be explained by its underlying motif of man's superiority over the animal. "'Look at me,' said Bagheera; and Mowgli looked at him steadily between the eyes. The big panther turned his head away in half a minute." So, too, in Mr. Seton-Thompson's account of *The Springfield Fox*, we

are told how one night the fox took her cubs to a field "where there was a strange black flat thing on the ground. She brought them on purpose to smell it, but at the first whiff their every hair stood on end; they trembled, they knew not why; it seemed to tingle through their blood and fill them with instinctive hate and fear. And when she saw its full effect she told them, 'That is the man-scent.'" Thus in this story, again, is found the interest arising from the thought of man's superiority; and in it, too, is the suggestion of the less unequal relationship between man and animal. The mother love so strikingly set forth, — who among the sons of men has not felt it, even as did these little foxes?

Human nature seems to transcend both space and time. Centuries cannot entirely change it, nor far-divided nations display it wholly differently. If we should wander in search of the animal use in literature from long-gone days to our own hour, from the soil of Greece and the banks of the Ganges to the very publishing houses of America, we should, throughout our quest, perceive that we ourselves are at the bottom of our interest in the animals; and (the baldly didactic use excepted) there would remain the underlying and overshadowing thought of the animal, our brother, having passions, needs, sorrow, love, hate, and death, as we have, — teaching us not only our kinship with the animal world, but also humility and compassion; while over all and under all there would be the other thought of the animal, our inferior, yielding us precedence because of our intellect, by right of which we are the lords of the universe, and the masters thereof, and far below us because of our will, which makes every man the lord of himself, and of his fate the master.

George S. Hellman.

MADEMOISELLE ANGÉLE.

FLEUR, *June 1.*

I AM content. I do not know whether it is this tiny, tranquil village, with its red-tiled roofs and gray walls, dreaming here in the June sunshine on the edge of the Forest of Fontainebleau, or whether it is Angèle.

It happened this way. I was coming down from Paris to paint in the forest. Evening was near when I reached the edge of the wood, but the town was still distant. By chance I wandered upon this wee village among the poppy fields. The sky was bright with the setting sun. The air was sweet with evening, and the perfume of roses, and the tinkling of sheep bells. "I will rest here for an hour," said I. Mademoiselle Angèle came out on the balcony of her mother's inn. "I will rest here all night," said I. Already I have stayed three days.

June 2.

It was my first evening here. I was strolling in Madame Claire's garden, among her roses and poppies and tangled vines. Mademoiselle Angèle appeared.

"What wine do you drink, monsieur?" she asked in French. Her voice was gentle. Her eyes — yes, her eyes were brown, and her lips —

Mademoiselle spoke again. But I had quite forgotten my French. I could only stammer that I did not understand.

"Monsieur does not comprehend?"

"No, mademoiselle."

"Oh!" and she went within. But presently she came out again.

"Supper ees readie!" she cried, with the prettiest bravado in the world, and ran swiftly in again. Her cheeks were rosy, her eyes bright with the adventure of that one little English sentence. I followed her.

"I comprehend, mademoiselle!" I cried gayly, and she looked prettier still.

June 3.

Angèle's hair is like the night, and she has a way of wearing in its deepest shadows a cream-white rose. If one has come down from Paris with the intention of staying an hour, and has stayed five days, and if Angèle does not disapprove of one, why, then one may stop at the lattice when one comes down to one's morning chocolate, and pluck the creamiest-white rose there. And when Angèle chances to pass in the vine-clad doorway . . . "*Bon jour, monsieur*" . . . "*Bon jour, mademoiselle*. Permit me, if you please" . . . and then one may tuck the white rose gently away in Angèle's tresses, without fear of offense, so that Angèle will say softly, in a voice like a little French love song: —

"*Merci, monsieur*. It is a pretty rose."

And then one's chocolate is delicious, and the whole day is the sweeter, and one looks at Angèle more and more, and wonders why girls at home do not wear white roses in their hair, until one suddenly remembers that at home the gardens are not likely to be full of roses, and so, no doubt, there are not likely to be Angèles.

June 4.

Every morning now I twine a white rose in Angèle's hair.

June 5.

Angèle is just seventeen. It is a charming age, I think, — more charming even than sixteen.

June 6.

Angèle asked me to-day when I would paint the forest. I declare I had forgotten the forest. I answered I did not know. Then she hummed a little song. Her voice is very sweet. I think I have

said this before, but one is apt to repeat what one always remembers.

June 8.

Out in the rose garden Angéle is teaching me *la langue Française*. We are using the conversation method. It is so much easier.

June 10.

Sometimes we stroll through the roses, Angéle and I; then down the straggling path through the latticed arbor, hung with vines; then under the cherry trees and through the lettuce and strawberries to the barley, with vagrant poppies nodding in the summer wind. Angéle tells me the names of the flowers, and I pronounce them after her, often lamely, just to hear her pronounce them again. We chat happily, — I in poor, broken sentences, now and then stopping to look for a word in my little red *dictionnaire*. Angéle looks over my shoulder eagerly. Her face is very near. Often it takes a long while to find the right word.

June 11.

If it is very warm, we sit in the arbor, — Angéle with her knitting, I with my little red *dictionnaire*. Angéle is demure. I am in a summer ecstasy. Madame finds us there, her gray eyes twinkling beneath her prim white linen cap. "Only a lesson in French, madame," I explain. But madame only shakes her finger slyly, doubtfully.

And Angéle?

Angéle says, nodding her pretty head while the needles fly in her lithe fingers: —

"Yes, mother dear. Only a lesson in French. The fifth lesson. Monsieur Hubert is a good schoolboy. He is learning fast."

And madame goes away, laughing. When she is gone Angéle murmurs: —

"And now, Monsieur Hubert, *la leçon Française*. You were saying" —

What was I not saying? Somehow, I had never known so many French

words before. I had been telling Angéle that I was never in my life so happy as here in Fleur.

"Why?" she asks softly, innocently, bending a little lower over her needles.

And then I tell her how golden the sunshine is in Fleur, how red and white are the roses, and how peaceful and sweet it is to study *la langue Française* in Madame Claire's garden with Madame Claire's Angéle.

"Yes," is Angéle's reply, pensive, unquestioning.

Madame reappears.

"It is now the sixth lesson, madame," I explain.

"*La sixième leçon Française*," says Angéle.

"Oh, oui. *Je comprends*," says madame, and we laugh, all three.

June 12.

It is now the twenty-third lesson, I think, but I am not quite sure; possibly the twenty-fourth.

June 13.

Last night I told Angéle that her eyes were *comme les étoiles*, — like the stars, which are very bright here in Fleur.

"You are pleased that I think so, Angéle?"

"Yes, Monsieur Hubert."

And Angéle's eyes are very grave and wide. To-day she told madame what I had said, confidently, happily, like a little child.

June 15.

I am painting Angéle's portrait here in the garden. She brings her knitting into the arbor, and I bring my easel and oils; and while we chat, I paint, and while I paint, Angéle steals softly into my heart. I cannot imagine what I should do if she were to go away for a single day. I am sad when night comes. I am glad when it is morning. I am happy all day long.

June 17.

Angéle's profile is exquisite. Angéle's mouth is a Cupid's bow; and when she

smiles at me, I wait in ecstasy to feel the arrow deep in my heart.

June 18.

Angéle wore a great straw hat to-day, and the sunshine, sifting down through its yellow brim, lit up her face with the gold of a summer sunset, while all around was the gathering twilight of her hair.

June 19.

I never thought my name sweet before, but Angéle has a way of saying it — a way — I am afraid I am not myself to-day. The sunshine and roses in Madame Claire's garden go to one's head like wine.

June 20.

When Angéle is near, there is never a moment I could wish her absent. When she is absent, there is never a moment I do not wish her near.

June 21.

Angéle knows, and loves me. I told her this afternoon. To-night I have walked the garden. I cannot sleep. I was never so happy before.

We were in the garden at sunset. I was twining a fresh white rose in her hair. The garden was very still.

"I am happy here, here among the roses, with you, Angéle."

I listened eagerly for her answer. It was very low and sweet.

"And I with you, Monsieur Hubert."

"Because I love you, Angéle."

Angéle lifted her face. It was so happy that I knew.

The stars were out when we remembered again.

June 22.

Madame says she knew it all the time. She is quite willing. Angéle and I shall be married in September, in the little gray church where they ring the Angelus.

June 23.

I have told Angéle a dozen times that I am poor. She always answers : —

"Yes. I know. But what of that, Monsieur Hubert?"

And for the life of me, I cannot tell.

June 24.

The portrait is finished. I never did anything so well before. Angéle says she would know that I loved her by just looking at it.

June 25.

Already Angéle is planning her wedding gown. She told me of it to-day. It is to be all white, with I've forgotten what; but it is to be all white and beautiful, anyway. I was so busy watching her tell me of it that I did not hear a word she said.

Angéle says it is to be the prettiest ever seen in Fleur. I tell her that when she wears it, it will be the prettiest ever seen in France.

June 26.

There are just two months and one week more until our wedding day. Angéle is marking each day off on a little calendar. She tells me there are just sixty-seven and one half more to wait.

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July 19.

Angéle is dead.

It happened suddenly, almost three weeks ago. Even now I could not bring myself to write one single word of this, but that Angéle said to me, leaning on my shoulder, as I wrote one day in the garden : —

"This little book of yours, Hubert, — it is to be our love story."

And there is only one little chapter left.

Angéle was beautiful as a dream. Every morning I brought her a cream-white rose, and twined it in her hair.

"*Merci*, Hubert," she would murmur. "It is a pretty rose."

And on the last day of all, the rose I gave her was not whiter than her cheeks.

Evening was near, but the sun was still bright in the garden. Through the

open window Angéle could hear the birds singing, and could see the flowers and the arbor and the little garden path where she had taught me the lessons in French. There was the seat where she had brought her knitting in the June afternoons, and I my little red *dictionnaire*. Her eyes wandered from the garden to me.

"You were always a good schoolboy, Hubert."

"Was I, Angéle?"

"And I loved you from the very first, though I never told you that."

"My dearest."

"It is a pretty word, that word 'dear-

est,' Hubert. Has the English many words like that?"

"Yes, Angéle."

"And you would have said them all to me?"

"Every one of them, Angéle."

Angéle smiled wistfully. Into the garden stole the shadow of the falling night. The roses trembled in the evening wind. Across the barley came the sound of bells. It was the Angelus.

Angéle's lips stirred softly; and in the English I had taught her, so faintly I could scarcely hear, though her lips were close to mine, —

"Good-night . . . beloved."

Roy Rolfe Gilson.

THE CITIES OF THE WORLD.

THE cities of the world, one after one,
Like camp fires of a night, in ashes gray
Crumble and fall; the wind blows them away.
Karnak and Naucratis and Babylon, —
Where now are their kings' palaces of stone?
As the card houses children build in play,
Tempest and flame and ruin and decay
Have wasted them, and all their lights are gone.
Thus, even thus, Manhattan, London, Rome,
Like unsubstantial figments shall depart.
Their treasure hoards of learning and of art,
Which war and toil have won, a ruthless hand
Will scatter wide, as jewels the wild foam
Gathers and wastes and buries in the sand.

William Prescott Foster.

BRITISH CONFEDERATION.

DURING the last twelve or fifteen years, more than one organization or league has been formed, with the ostensible object of binding more closely together, both politically and commercially, the scattered units which constitute the British Empire. Most of them have either disappeared entirely, or ceased to exercise any influence they ever possessed; the one active body remaining, the British Empire League, working on general, not special lines, and committing itself to no hard-and-fast policy until it has become a thoroughly practical one. It has, consequently, been able to do good work in educating public opinion, and bringing more into prominence the many points of common interest of the English-speaking people; not only of those owning allegiance to the British crown, but of many subject to other governments. Its principal hindrance has been a suspicion (rather an unjust one) that it has been used for the promotion of the political interests of one party in the state. For a time, at least, members of the other held aloof on that account, and even yet the membership is disproportionate. Up to the present, however, it has exhibited a splendid self-restraint in the matter of the South African War, and has not publicly committed itself to anything likely to alienate those who, while disapproving of the war and of the policy that led up to it, are, nevertheless, — perhaps one ought to say, therefore, — ardent patriots, desirous of promoting good will among all citizens of the empire.

If the council of the League persists in refusing its sanction and patronage to any of the vague and crudely conceived ideas of imperial federation which are again floating in the air, as in all probability it will, we may expect the recrudescence of some of the defunct organi-

zations, because, undoubtedly, the temper of the English people just now is to talk, if not to think, big, and there is something attractive in a conclave that issues its edicts to every quarter of the globe.

The quiet, steady movement which culminated in the splendid monument of an Australian Commonwealth is seized upon as an argument in favor of the wider scheme, whereas, if studied in all its aspects and intricacies, it affords convincing evidence of the unwisdom, if not the utter impracticability, of a world-wide empire or commonwealth, which is to retain in its component parts the freedom and independence so characteristic to-day of the dominions lately proud to own the gentle sway of Queen Victoria.

What has been the cause of Australian federation? We have in the Southern Sea a vast continent of some three millions of square miles; that is, more than three fourths the size of Europe, inclusive of Russia. Though its area is seventy-five per cent that of Europe, its population is only one per cent, and this has spread itself out, not from one, but from several centres, hundreds of miles apart. Each, as it was established, required a settled form of government, with a policy suited to the needs of the people and the times. Natural and climatic conditions, such as want of rivers and irrigation generally, and sparse rainfall, forbade the spread of population toward the heart of the continent; and the tendency was, consequently, to stretch out arms toward their neighbors on either side, with whom they eventually came into contact. Had the people been of different races, as in the countries of Europe, the boundary lines would have become sharp and definite; but since they were of the same lineage and the same tongue, such lines could only be purely artificial. So the five colonies, or states, came to be consti-

tuted, nobody knows exactly how, though everybody became aware of their active separate existence. Differences of interest there were bound to be, just as these exist between the component parts of even the smallest states. But in the case of Australia they are wonderfully few. The one great industry of the continent is pastoral and agricultural; the only other worth mentioning is mining, which is dependent on nature's bounty, and cannot be created or stimulated by man's agency. Similarity of occupation, therefore, is added to common race, language, and sentiment, and the obvious query is, not why the people should be united in a political and economic federation, but why they should be distributed into five different states.

Yet the difficulties of union appeared insurmountable, and for ten years, at least, the almost continuous efforts of the ablest men in the colonies resulted in no discovery of any common foundation to build upon. As far as the continent itself and the small adjacent island of Tasmania are concerned, these labors have, most happily, at last proved fruitful, well illustrating the old adage that perseverance commands success. But the perseverance must be directed aright and toward a practicable object, and it was evident that in this case both conditions were fulfilled. The attempt to include New Zealand, with interests identical in almost every respect to those of Australia, but situated at a distance some twelve hundred miles from the continent, has, for the time being, completely broken down, and the two islands forming the colony are to continue a separate entity.

The federation of Australia is fresh and to the point; the similar movement in Canada, which resulted in the constitution of the Dominion thirty years ago, possessed most, if not all, the same features, and one may almost be regarded as the complement of the other. Neither, as we shall see, provides any basis for the similar federation of territories

separated by seas and oceans, and thousands of miles apart.

The consideration of the wider question must, to attain any measure of success, be pursued upon some system, and not loosely followed by generalities. The three main points of view appear to be the Constitutional, the Political, and the Commercial, and we will take these in what may perhaps be regarded as the order of their relative importance.

As every student of history is well aware, the British Constitution is unique. It exists in the imagination, and is nowhere to be found written on parchment, or engraved on tables of metal or stone, or in any other tangible form whatever. No act of Parliament could be passed to destroy this Constitution; one may safely go further, and say that it is difficult to conceive of one that would amend it, because it is neither more nor less than the reflection of the laws and customs that happen to be in force and operative at any given moment. When a measure of reform or of reaction is proposed, which happens to be specially obnoxious to a section of the community, an endeavor is sometimes made to prejudice it by branding it as unconstitutional. There cannot be such a thing as an unconstitutional act of the Parliament of the United Kingdom, because its very adoption at once makes it a part and parcel of the Constitution. The nearest approach there is to a written constitution is to be found in the Acts of Union that incorporate Scotland and Ireland as integral parts of the United Kingdom. The very existence of one of these is forgotten; there is probably not one Englishman in a million, nor one Scotchman in a hundred thousand, who could give, offhand, in anything like detail, the conditions under which the northern half of Britain became merged in the southern. The other, unhappily, has never ceased to be a thorn in the flesh from the day it became law, and ought, if anything can,

to afford a perpetual warning against the government of any part of the British Empire on conditions that may at some future time become obnoxious to a majority of its inhabitants. But even upon the Irish Act of Union different constructions are placed, to suit the exigencies of conflicting parties. When it is proposed to amend one portion of it by the creation of an Irish Parliament for the conduct of Irish local affairs, it is declared by opponents to be a gross breach of the Constitution. When these same opponents desire to amend it by reducing the representation guaranteed by it to the Irish people in the Imperial Parliament, this is declared to be legitimate. If one amendment is constitutional, all must be.

The constitutions of the self-governing colonies are faithful reflections of the original. It came as a surprise to many Englishmen who take deep interest in these questions, that there should be any necessity whatever for the Imperial Parliament to pass an Enabling Act to legalize the Australian Commonwealth. Whatever right of interference Parliament possesses to veto or modify colonial legislation has been so long in abeyance that to resuscitate it on any minor measure would provoke, certainly indignation, probably rebellion, though not, of course, of an armed character. Not very long ago the Natal government enacted a law prohibiting the immigration of Indian coolies, who are subjects of the British crown. If anything could be unconstitutional, surely it is the denial of domicile and protection to such a subject on British territory, wherever located. Yet the action taken by the Imperial Parliament was far removed from anything in the nature of coercion; did not, indeed, exceed an attempt at unofficial persuasion. The political upheaval that has since occurred in South Africa has relegated this matter to the background, but it did, and may again, raise one of the most knotty problems of re-

cent times in the relationship between Great Britain and her colonies.

The Australian Federation Bill contained nothing positively inimical to the rights of British subjects in any part of the world. Whatever freedom is reserved for future dealing with the immigration of colored peoples is no more than would have been claimed by the individual colonies, and has already been exercised by Natal. The one point of serious conflict was the proposed change in the legal relationship by which the final appeal was to lie in an Australian, instead of, as hitherto, an English court of justice. On this point it is admissible that the Imperial Parliament had the right to assert its claims, though whether it was politic in doing so, in opposition to the expressed will of the majority of the Australian electorate, is a matter about which there is likely to continue to be much difference of opinion. On the other hand, the tariff policy embodied in the bill was allowed to pass unchallenged. When the Canadian legislature adopted its preferential tariff, a few years ago, it was not submitted for confirmation to the Imperial Parliament at all, though it was in distinct contravention of well-defined British treaties into which that Parliament had entered. Pressure, indeed, had to be applied to induce the temporary extension of the preference to one or two countries with which ugly disputes might have arisen pending the termination of the treaties. Yet the Federation Bill was submitted for confirmation intact, and the English House of Commons had as much right to amend the tariff clause as the one relating to the ultimate Court of Appeal. On what principle does Canada adopt a tariff which brings the mother country into sharp conflict with some of its neighbors, without question as to its absolute right in the matter, subject only to the consent of the crown, while Australia must first submit to the approval of the British Parliament one that, from an ex-

ternal point of view, promises to be non-contentious?

This is just one of the many anomalies of the British Constitution, which knows no law. It is invertebrate, and in that lie both its strength and its safety. The animal world is divided into two classes, both of which fulfill their functions in their respective spheres. For countries that have grown up under fixed and written constitutions, a wide latitude might prove dangerous, just as an invertebrate lion would become the easy prey of its weakest enemy. The reverse is equally true, and an attempt to detach one section of the British Constitution, and establish it on the principle of the Medes and Persians, would result in the speedy downfall of the entire fabric. Yet imperial federation would necessitate something of the kind; there must be some bone introduced that will be rigid. In the Irish Act of Union there is already an instance of it, and one of the sort is sufficient.

Exactly how and when the difficulty would arise nobody could foresee, as it would happen at a time and in a way least anticipated. It is, for instance, scarcely possible to imagine an act passed by the Dominion Parliament that would be prejudicial to the people of Australia. Yet an occasion might arise on which the vital interests of Canada depended on such a measure, and, under existing conditions, Australia could claim no right to interfere. But were Canada and Australia in a common federation with Great Britain, and possibly other remote parts of the empire, the settlement of such a dispute must rest with the federal assembly in whatever way it is constituted. It is not difficult to conceive that, under such circumstances, Canada or Australia, whichever happened to feel aggrieved by the decision, might break away, not only from each other, but from the empire. Now, the British government can mediate, and even if it fails in its endeavors, at least earns the gratitude of both parties, instead

of the resentment of one, as would be the case were the decision enforced upon some settled principle of a federal constitution.

It may be urged that a similar objection holds good in such a federation of states as the Dominion of Canada or the Commonwealth of Australia. Their close contact and mutual dependence upon one another would, however, justify the use of force and the assertion of the wishes of the majority, while similar pressure would be intolerable in the case of disputants thousands of miles apart. The proposed amendment of the Australian Bill, despite the protests of the colonial delegates, afforded an illustration, though a very mild one, of the deadlocks and conflicts that are possible, were similar machinery set in motion very often.

From the constitutional point of view, therefore, there is nothing but danger in a tightening of the bonds that hold the empire together, and which have hitherto left room for that expansion of liberty and free institutions which is the basis of its strength.

The political aspect covers a wider range, and account must be taken not only of the effects of a general federation on the internal arrangements of the different states included, but of its influence internationally, while large financial issues are involved other than those having direct bearing on commerce and industry. Political parties are essential to the well-being of every self-governing community, and the more evenly they are balanced, the less risk is there of any section being subjected to injustice. In Great Britain, and in all the self-governing colonies, these parties are well defined; and though within the ranks of some of them there may at times exist wide differences of opinion on current questions, this rarely prevents their acting together at critical junctures, and presenting a solid front to their opponents. It is never wise, either in war or

politics, to plan a campaign on the theory of a split in the enemy's ranks, as the scent of battle possesses a miraculously healing power.

Within the British Empire, however, these parties have hitherto always been local, and rarely, in any two of the component states, have the dividing issues been on the same lines. This is perhaps most forcibly illustrated by the relationship between Great Britain and the United States. Many Englishmen follow American politics with keen interest, but there is only one here and there who ever declares himself a Republican or a Democrat, except on some special issue. Similarly, Americans are interested in English politics, yet how many are avowed Liberals or Conservatives, unless they have been influenced by long residence or business connections? It is the same with Great Britain and the colonies. Even in Canada, where the two parties are constructed on much the same basis as in England, the sympathies of Liberals and Conservatives are not always with the corresponding bodies on the other side of the Atlantic. This fact, more than any other, has been the cause of that even friendliness and absence of friction which have been so marked in the relationship during the last ten years.

The Australian delegates who went to London to represent their respective governments on the Commonwealth Bill were all, when at home, strong party men. No sooner had they landed in England than both the great political parties vied with each other in doing them honor and showing them every possible attention. There may have been just the shadow of a desire in each instance to convince the visitors that Codlin was the friend, and not Short; but in the action they took, neither in the slightest degree put any strain on its political principles and opinions. Yet while all this was going on, the Colonial Secretary was openly allying himself with one of the parties in Australia, and that one,

moreover, which in a test vote, previously taken, had proved itself to be in a minority. He appealed to its representatives to cable him the opinions of public men, of influential representatives of the mercantile community, and of a section of the newspaper press; and having obtained them, he did not scruple to use them as a set-off against the declared wishes of the responsible governments of the majority of the colonies. At any other time such a course would have roused the deepest resentment, and very likely ended in the wrecking of the great scheme of federation which has taken such long and patient labor to formulate. The common interest in the campaign in South Africa has momentarily taken some of the keenness off the edge of that independence which, under other circumstances, might have been, and in the future may be, asserted with the utmost vigor.

This is the risk — nay, the certainty — that attends imperial federation. The minority in one state, defeated at home, will appeal to the majority in another that sympathizes with it, and, unless the dispute happens to be of a purely local nature, will endeavor to have the decision upon it pronounced by the federal council. Party faction will become imperial rather than local, and those modifying influences of political life now to be found in the many diversities of the genius of the race will almost cease to exist.

Internationally, the prospect of complication is more serious still. A world-wide empire is a standing menace to the peace of the countries with which it is in contact. The intentions of its citizens may be never more pacific, when an ambitious statesman may plunge it into hostilities which they have no option but to carry on, and opportunities are multiplied with the extension of area. Nine tenths of the people who to-day declare the South African War to have been inevitable were two years ago equally

emphatic in their belief that it was impossible, and both opinions are perfectly honest. A pin prick, if applied in the right quarter, will goad a nation to fury, while in the wrong one the blows of a sledge hammer will fall unnoticed. The real danger, then, lies in the dexterous use of the pin.

Hitherto, a foreign power entering into negotiation with Great Britain has known exactly with whom it has had to deal. None of the self-governing colonies are geographically so situated as to be much concerned with the complicated issues that trouble the nations of Europe, and they have been content either to look on, or to regard them with merely academic interest. But already a change in this respect has taken place. A very remarkable statement was made by Lord Rosebery in a recent speech, which attracted some comment at the time, but not nearly so much as it deserved.

Referring to the war, and to a conversation he had had regarding it with an important Australian statesman, he asked, "Did your people go into the rights of the quarrel and examine them very carefully?" "No," he said, "I cannot say they did. What they went for was the empire. They went for the support of the mother country in a moment of difficulty, when she was asserting the claim of her subjects to free and fair treatment in other countries; and even had the scheme been less just, the enthusiasm in Australia and Canada was so great that the contingent would have been sent with equal zeal and equal fervor."

The last sentence puts very clearly the real reason for the avowed animosity of the peoples rather than the governments of Europe, to Great Britain. It is not because of the suppression of two small republics, with which they have no sympathy, and whose fate would, under ordinary circumstances, be to them a matter of indifference; but if the whole

force of the British Empire is in future to be placed at the disposal of any portion of it that has a grievance against a neighbor, regardless of the exact measure of justice involved, the prospect is indeed gloomy. The possibility of this must be materially increased under a federation that brings representatives from all parts of the world into continual contact. Defense may be their avowed principle; but the spirit of defiance is terribly contagious, and cannot at all times be resisted by even the strongest wills.

No nation with any self-respect will frame its policy and conduct its affairs to please its neighbors rather than in its own interests. At the same time, there is rarely any need to be flagrantly offensive, and there is invariably a safe course to be found between the two extremes. Whether it lies, for Great Britain, in some scheme of federation with the outlying portions of the empire is a question that ought to be carefully considered before any action is taken.

The most difficult problem in the Australian scheme was the financial relationship between the various colonies. This concerned a general tariff much less than the equitable appropriation of the revenue to be derived from it, and the relative liability for the expenditure of the commonwealth; and the result is that this remains the least satisfactory as well as the crudest feature of the measure. Yet the financial economy of the different states was almost identical. All have considerable debts, but invested in public works, almost entirely of a productive nature. Their sources of revenue are much the same: all derive a considerable portion from customs and excise duties; most of them, in addition, from income and land taxes, as well as from probate duties. Expenditure is on the same objects, — interest on debt, and the maintenance of civil government. None have rendered themselves liable for extraordinary external outlays, such as are involved by an army and a navy.

The solution was apparently simplicity itself.

The finance of an imperial federation would be as complicated as that of an Australian one is simple. The British Exchequer is usually referred to as imperial; and rightly so, because upon it rests the burden of whatever outlays within the empire are not purely local. The normal expenditure on the army and navy alone amounted, last year, to some £51,000,000; equivalent, that is, to £1 5s. per head of the population of the United Kingdom. This is exclusive of the sum paid by India as the contribution toward its own defense. Were the population of the self-governing colonies included, the expenditure would average 19s.; and if equally distributed, Canada would contribute, in round figures, £5,000,000, Australia £4,000,000, and South Africa £2,500,000. To adopt Canada as an instance in point, it would mean that the existing revenue would require to be nearly doubled. At present, taxation is confined to import and excise duties; the yield is rather less than \$35,000,000, and the proportion between the two about three to one. These could not be approximately doubled without serious injury to the trade of the Dominion, and any considerable increase of revenue that was required would have to be from some form of direct taxation, to which the Canadian people have never been accustomed. Would they be willing to pay such a price for imperial federation?

The answer for the present is, that the colonial contributions would be nothing like in proportion to that of the mother country. But each part of the empire would rightly expect to be upon an equality with every other in any federation that existed; and this could hardly be the case unless each contributed its fair share to the common fund for defense. Degree of vulnerability, proximity to a possible future enemy, extent of coast line or of frontier to a neighboring power, are all factors in the equation,

which make it a very mixed one. The glamour of the idea might for a year or two insure smooth and amicable working, but diversity of interests would in the long run assert themselves and create confusion, even if it did not result in the rebellion of those taxpayers who felt the benefits accruing to them inadequate to their outlay. The contributions already made by several of the colonies to imperial defense have either been accompanied or followed by demands for local service in excess of their monetary value.

The present age is far more concerned with industrial and commercial questions than with constitutional and political ones, and the hankering after federation is to a large extent born of a hope that it will be productive of material advantage. At one time, indeed, the agitation took the definite form of a demand for an Imperial Customs Union, which was to concede a fiscal privilege to all trade within the empire, either by a reduced tariff, where one already existed, or by the imposition of a duty on foreign as distinct from colonial produce, where both were free. The idea was popular throughout the colonies, but the unswerving adherence to free-trade principles in Great Britain proved too much for it. Still, an experiment in this direction was made by Canada, which adopted a preferential tariff, practically restricted to the produce and manufactures of Great Britain and one or two of the colonies, notably the West Indies. The advantage during the first year of operation was twelve and one half per cent, but for reasons previously alluded to, it had to be extended to one or two other countries. For nearly eleven months of the year ending 30th June, 1899, the concession was twenty-five per cent, and foreign participation disappeared. From the very first the United States was excluded. The result of the two years' trading, as far as imports are concerned, is interesting, and the figures are as follows: —

Imports from	1897.	1898.	Percentage increase over 1897.	1899.	Percentage increase over 1898.
United Kingdom . . .	\$29,401,000	\$32,043,000	9	\$36,931,000	15½
United States	57,023,000	74,825,000	31½	88,467,000	18
Other Countries . . .	20,194,000	19,439,000	3¾ ¹	23,948,000	23½
Total	\$106,618,000	\$126,307,000	18½	\$149,346,000	18¾

Relatively, therefore, British trade increased least of any, and the preference has once more been raised from twenty-five to thirty-three and one third per cent, in the hope of stimulating it. The expectation that imports from the United States would be materially reduced was signally disappointed; the gain was no less than fifty-five per cent during the two years. Not all the imports, of course, are affected by duty; but in dutiable goods alone, the British increase in the two years was thirty-six per cent, and the American forty-six per cent, — a proportion which, while showing better than the totals, is still far from satisfactory.

The principal American gain was, as might be expected, in iron and steel, the figures having considerably more than doubled in the two years: the value in 1897 having been \$7,700,000, and in 1899, \$16,760,000. The import of British iron and steel remained stationary at \$2,700,000. In cotton goods, if in anything, the advantage ought to have told. The import of British manufactures did show the substantial gain from \$2,685,000 to \$3,862,000; but American goods showed a greater proportionate one, namely, from \$1,120,000 to \$1,680,000. In dutiable woollens, British goods have always enjoyed something approaching a monopoly, and the increase in the two years was from \$5,550,000 to \$7,605,000. But American goods also advanced in the interval from \$218,000 to \$433,000, German from \$850,000 to \$1,000,000, and French from \$440,000 to \$590,000. The generous treatment of the West Indies with respect to sugar ought at least to be reflected in the trade returns; but whereas the 1897 import

¹ Decrease.

was valued at \$423,000, that of 1899 was worth only \$310,000. German beet was represented by \$2,390,000 and \$2,750,000 in the two respective years, and Belgian by \$375,000 and \$1,450,000. In this particular instance, however, the competition of the United States may have affected the result, as that country also accords a special tariff to cane sugar as against beet.

In one respect the preferential tariff has proved a success. It procured for the Canadian consumer a reduction of twenty-five per cent of the duty on most of the \$27,500,000 worth of British merchandise imported in 1899 which was subject to it, and put between one and two million dollars in his pocket. That, however, was not the principal reason for its adoption, and from the point of view of the real motive it can hardly be pronounced a success. Certainly, the first experiment in stimulating trade within the British Empire, to the exclusion of foreign competitors, by means of special tariff laws, is not encouraging so far as it has gone, nor can it be contended that the trial has not been a fair one.

Though given unconditionally, and without the pretense of any demand for it on the part of Great Britain, many Canadians who supported it did so expressly with the hope that it would lead to some reciprocal concession in the British tariff. In that they have been disappointed, and some of them accordingly protested vigorously against the further concession from one fourth to one third, and made it a test question at the recent election, in which, however, they were signally defeated.

From figures that follow, it will be seen that Canada is most advantageously

situated for an experiment of this kind. Excluding even the United States, her imports from foreign countries are in excess of her exports, and the risk of loss of trade in this direction was very small. But it is rumored that one of the first acts of the Australian Commonwealth Parliament will be to pass a somewhat similar measure, and how differently situated Australia is from Canada will be realized at a glance. The complete trade figures for Australia are available for the year ending 31st December, 1899, and for Canada for the year ending 30th June, 1899, and are as follows: —

	Imports from Foreign Countries.	Exports to Foreign Countries.
Canada ¹ . . .	£4,400,000	£1,800,000
New South Wales	£4,400,000	£9,150,000
Victoria . . .	2,800,000	4,100,000
South Australia . .	800,000	1,450,000
West Australia . .	450,000	100,000
Queensland . . .	700,000	550,000
Australia . . .	£9,150,000	£15,350,000
New Zealand . .	£1,200,000	£800,000

The figures for Australia must be taken together, as there is little or no direct communication between several of the colonies and foreign countries, while there is a large intercolonial trade, part of which probably finds its way abroad through Sydney and Melbourne. The value of the direct imports of these five colonies from the United Kingdom in 1899 was nearly £21,000,000, and the adoption of a preferential tariff for the purpose of diverting a portion of the £9,000,000 into the same channel would imperil the £15,350,000 of exports which Australia supplied to the countries from which she drew the £9,000,000. The risk is not a legitimate one, and, as far as Great Britain is concerned, there is no desire that it should be incurred.

There is no occasion to go into the figures bearing on the trade of the other possessions, some of which would be found to occupy the position of Canada,

¹ Excluding United States.

others that of Australia. No customs union would be possible or practicable that did not offer material scope for the development of trade between the Dominion and the Commonwealth on the one hand, and the United Kingdom on the other, and there is no evidence that this would follow. Nor is there much necessity to refer to the commerce of the United Kingdom itself. The business with the colonies is about one fourth only of the total, while of late years the purely foreign trade has been increasing at a more rapid rate than the colonial. British possessions have no cause for complaint in this respect, as, with one single exception, — namely, sugar, — their products have found a ready market in England whenever they could not dispose of them elsewhere to greater advantage, and they can increase their own purchases whenever and to whatever extent they choose.

The only feasible plan for commerce under imperial federation is absolute free trade within the empire, except on such commodities as alcoholic liquors and tobacco, selected for purely revenue purposes. Needless to say, to this, few if any of the colonies would consent, nor is there the slightest wish on the part of the mother country to coerce them into doing so. And quite apart from any policy of protection, the method of collecting the revenue chiefly by indirect taxation is, in many countries, at once more economical and more practicable than from direct sources; so that a uniform fiscal system throughout the empire would entail inconvenience as well as loss to some portions of it.

So long as trade is conducted on legitimate lines, it is advisable that each part of the empire should be left to do the best it can for itself. Conditions which suit Canada may be detrimental to India; besides, the currents are so continually changing throughout the world that freedom of action is essential if they are to be taken at the flood. But in one

respect there is an opportunity afforded for mutual combination and protection. Trade is not always legitimate, and an agreement might well be entered into, that whenever a foreign government seeks to injure an industry carried on in a country attached to the British crown, by means of bounties, or premiums, or some similar method involving the expenditure of public money, means will be taken to check the import, except under conditions that will render the competition equitable. The continental bounties on sugar are an instance in point, but there is no guarantee that the system will not be extended. The principal export of Australia, for instance, is wool. For several years there was a deficiency of this staple, and prices rose to a level satisfactory to producers in all parts of the world. But supply once more overtook the demand; prices fell to an extent that produced a serious crisis. The Argentine Republic has been making great strides in its production of wool, and its fiscal system is an extravagant one. It is quite conceivable that the day may come, when, to insure markets for its flock masters,

the government may decree an export bounty on wool. Is it likely that Australia will submit to be displaced on such terms in the English market? The surest way to prevent anything of the sort is to establish the general principle that every part of the empire will, by fiscal legislation, repel any such attack on a section of it.

Painting the lily and gilding refined gold are occupations universally regarded as superfluous. Wherever absolute freedom to follow its own inclinations and work out its own destinies has been accorded to a British colony, it has grown strong and become prosperous. To meddle with so beneficent a system, to crib and confine it by written constitutions and acts of Parliament, is to invite disaster. As long as Englishmen love the political freedom they have won and so thoroughly enjoy, they will do well, in whatever part of the world they live and exercise their rights, to resist every attempt to restrain perfect liberty of action in all matters pertaining to government, and in their commercial relationships with the world at large.

J. W. Root.

THREE CENTURIES OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE tendency to consider centuries as natural periods in the history of culture, and their termini as milestones, indicates a mental habit that is far from logical, but it is one that men do not easily resist. A philosophically planned outline of any development of civilization, whether in politics, sociology, or art, will doubtless make use of more rational divisions than are afforded by the arbitrary lines that mark the centuries from one another; but it is not always convenient to be philosophical, and convenience must be taken into account in all our efforts to inculcate the

teachings of history upon the overburdened modern mind. If the adoption of an artificial scheme proves an aid to retention, or if it effects an economy of energy, no further plea need be made for it, in an age like our own, when the accumulated results of scholarship are so great and so varied that no individual can hope to possess himself of them in more than the broadest outline. Even science, which is nothing if not logical, does not scorn to use artificial classifications, where they seem likely to prove helpful; and there is surely no reason why history should not avail itself of

analogous devices, if they give promise of practical usefulness. It sometimes happens, moreover, that a century really does stand for a natural period in the history of civilization; that it has a broadly distinctive character of its own, and thus satisfies the demands both of logic and of practical convenience.

Turning from these general reflections to the special subject offered for investigation by our own country, we may note the fact that America has had a share in the history of civilization for four full centuries, and that for three of them the history of North America has been primarily a part of the history of English civilization. Now that the accounts have been closed for the last of these centuries, the work done by them invites examination, and the American contribution to the arts of civilization may fittingly be set forth. But that contribution, in most of its aspects, received such ample consideration a few years ago, when the fourth centennial of the discovery of America plunged us all into the retrospective mood, that a renewal of the discussion is hardly called for at the present time. It is to the special subject of American literature that attention is at present directed, and the provocation is supplied by the recent appearance of two highly important works upon this subject: Professor Barrett Wendell's *Literary History of America*¹ and Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman's *American Anthology*.² The publication of these two volumes, just at the time when we should be naturally inclined to take a survey of our literary past, gives us an excuse more than sufficient for saying a few words about American literature. It will appear, moreover, that in this case the century is something more than an arbitrarily determined space of time, and that the three centuries of our literary

history constitute logical as well as chronological periods.

It is a rather surprising fact that Mr. Wendell has had but one predecessor in dealing with the whole of American literature upon a somewhat generous scale. Histories of textbook dimensions have been prepared by many hands, and some of these books are deserving of high praise; studies of special periods or phases of our literature have not been lacking, and some of them are noteworthy examples of criticism; but the history of American literature in its entirety—from the True Relation of the most famous of John Smiths down to the much truer relations given us by the novels of Mr. Howells—has thus far been told at any length only in the admirable work of Professor Charles F. Richardson, and in the present equally admirable work of Professor Wendell. There is, happily, no need of praising one of these works at the expense of the other, since they embody methods so different that there is no question of rivalry. Mr. Richardson isolates his subject, and deals with it in the manner of the conventional historian of literature. Mr. Wendell takes our literature to be a part of the literature of the English-speaking race, and keeps always in mind the interrelations of English and American thought. The very aim of the series for which his book was written, moreover, constrains him to take the standpoint of the historian of culture rather than that of the critic of literature alone. To write the history of a people, and in so doing "to shift the point of view from politics to literature,"—this is a view of the purpose of history by no means unreasonable, although it may at first sight seem a startling novelty.

It is only by adhering to such a method as this that the true significance of

¹ *A Literary History of America.* By BARRETT WENDELL. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1900.

² *An American Anthology.* 1787-1900. Edited by EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1900.

American literature is made apparent. A great deal of zealous patriotism has been wasted in the endeavor to claim absolute distinction for American writers whose value has been almost wholly relative to the needs of their own countrymen. The proper response to the Englishman's scornful query, "Who reads an American book?" should have taken the form of neither recrimination nor vaunting,—as it so frequently did,—but should rather have stated, with unruffled temper, that American books were read by Americans, because they ministered to the spiritual cravings of the American mind, and were the truthful expression of its insistent idealism. The Englishman no longer asks that question, although he is still at times unconsciously irritating, if not offensive. He is probably the latter when he classifies our poets as mocking birds and cornercrakes; and he is certainly the former when he assures us, with calm superiority of wisdom, that we do not know our own poets when we hear them. He is merely amusing when, as in a recent critique of American poetry, he bewails the "sad and strange" fact "that the wind of those free prairies and vastly splendid mountains cannot fan to greatness the flame which feeds on the souls of all great nations, from Palestine to England, from Italy to Persia and the Himalayas!" With Mr. Wendell's book the sober-minded critic, whether on this side of the Atlantic or the other, can find little fault. It frankly emphasizes the binding tie of a language used in common by the two countries, and as frankly recognizes the fact that a broad view of our literature must consider it as an offshoot from the literature of the motherland. It makes no undue claims for the merits of American writers, and is sensible of their shortcomings when tested by absolute æsthetic standards; but at the same time it insists upon their significance for our national development, and, by constantly bringing them into

relation with our national life, in the larger meaning of the term, it enforces the lesson that the importance of a literary product is not solely a matter of verbal or metrical felicity, or even of its universality of appeal.

Without some such saving principle as this for his inspiration, the historian of American literature would find, for at least the first two of our three centuries, that the story he had to tell would be like that of the needy knife-grinder. The writings of Cotton Mather, Edwards, and Franklin certainly do not loom very large in the consciousness of the modern reader. He has heard of them, but the chances are that he has not read them; or, if he have been thus greatly daring, it has been with other than literary intent. Yet these are the greatest names of our literature antecedent to the present century. The question is a fair one, whether it is worth while to delve into the literary annals of two centuries that have nothing better to offer than this, and the answer depends upon our point of view in dealing with the history of literature. We shall find scant entertainment in this hostelry, and the provender will prove hard of digestion. But if we are looking for something different from entertainment; if our interest have an admixture of the philosophical; if our aim be not merely to know what the years have brought forth, but rather to discover "the law lying under the years," then we shall find it profitable to read even the *Magnalia Christi* and *The Day of Doom*. And in a very human sense, it is well worth while to get an insight into the mental processes of so typical an exponent of the Puritan theocracy as Cotton Mather, or of so successful an author as Michael Wigglesworth. The one was altogether the biggest American of his time, and the other wrote a book—and a poem at that—which had a commercial success that, to be paralleled in our own age, would require the sale of some

new novel to the extent of more than two million copies within the first year of its publication. These men were famous worthies in their day; and if their day has completely passed away, it has left a record that may still prove profitable for the perusal of posterity.

The earlier chapters of Mr. Wendell's book help us to get from that record something more than the ordinary analistic treatment will yield; they reveal to us something of the inner life of the period, something also of its philosophical significance for the whole of our English literature. They remind us that Cotton Mather, with all his crotchets and pedantries, could, upon occasion, coin so noble a phrase as that wherein the "daily Conversation" of the first minister of Cambridge is characterized as "a Trembling Walk with God;" they remind us that the soul of Jonathan Edwards, immured within the grim fortress of Calvinism, was not without its glimpses of the stars, and that the gloom of his theology was relieved by the vision of that "unfailing and eternal peace" which is the portion of the Christian elect. But such matters as these are merely incidental. Mr. Wendell's book is essentially the defense of a thesis and the application of a formula.

Let us first consider Mr. Wendell's thesis. We find it stated in the following terms, at the close of his survey of the seventeenth century: "Though the phrase seems paradoxical, it is surely true that our national life, in its beginnings, was something hardly paralleled in other history, — a century of untrammelled national inexperience." Reviewing the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries together, he reaches a similar conclusion: "As we have seen, the history of England during these two centuries was that of a steadily developing and increasing national experience. In comparison, the history of America reveals national inexperience." This is a hard saying, unless we place all the emphasis

upon the word "national," in which case the saying becomes a truism. What the author means is that the seventeenth century in America offered nothing that corresponds with the Civil War, and the Commonwealth, and the Restoration; that the eighteenth century of our American history was not stirred by the menace of Jacobite risings and French invasions. Such excitements of the national consciousness were no doubt lacking in the colonies, for the obvious reason that until after 1760 the colonies did not dream of such a thing as the creation of an American nation. Yet it might be urged with some force that the wars, the political upheavals, and the social developments of the mother country were all reflected in our colonial history, and that, being an integral part of the English people, — and a population of picked men at that, — the American colonists might have been expected to make a notable contribution to the common literature of the two countries. That they failed to make such a contribution is clear, but it seems hardly fair to say that the failure was due to their lack of experience. Besides having a share in the experience of their kinsmen oversea, they had abundant experiences of their own. It was no stagnant life that was led by these pioneers of our civilization. It was rather a life of activities so varied and so strenuous that little energy could be spared for the arts; for, as Mr. Stedman remarks, "their epic passion was absorbed in the clearing of forests, the bridging of rivers, the conquest of savage and beast, the creation of a free government." In trying to account for the American failure to produce good literature during the two centuries in question, we do not need this ingenious theory of national inexperience; it is quite sufficient to observe that the process of transplanting always results in a setback to growth, whether the stock be of trees or of men. In this case, moreover, the stocks transplanted

were not of the sort from which literature might be expected. Neither the Puritan nor the Cavalier strain in our colonial life came from an environment stimulating to literary productivity; neither the one nor the other brought with it the ideals of a society in which literature has come to its own. The fox hunter and the preacher have at least this in common: that they look upon every form of art with indifference, if not with scorn.

As a concomitant of the transplanting process, we nearly always find the manifestation of a conservative tendency both as to language and as to literary manner. We all know how certain locutions, lost to modern English speech, have survived in our own country, and have even come to be dubbed Americanisms by the incautious English critic. This conservative tendency, as far as its influence upon literary manner is concerned, is strikingly illustrated in the history of American literature, and Mr. Wendell has taken it for a guiding principle in his exposition of our literary history. This leads us to the formula of which mention has already been made, — a formula which is certainly fruitful, although possibly strained in its application, and reiterated with a persistency that suggests the use which Matthew Arnold made of some of his pet phrases. Mr. Wendell first calls our attention to the fact that practically all the men who played a conspicuous part in the early history of the American colonies were Elizabethans born and bred, and that the New World, in its formative period, was thus infused with the Elizabethan spirit and made to partake of its temper. Now, the Elizabethan spirit was everywhere characterized by the three qualities of "spontaneity, enthusiasm, and versatility;" and these are the qualities that we find in the literary history of America, persistently exhibited for a period of some two hundred years after they have ceased to characterize the literary

history of England. They are strikingly exemplified by Cotton Mather, who is our typical man of letters in the seventeenth century; and even at the middle of the eighteenth century they are again brought to the surface by the Great Awakening that followed upon the preaching of Whitefield, and became dominant during the years of the Revolutionary agitation. There is an important truth in the following paragraph: "In many superficial aspects, no doubt, particularly if of the prosperous class, the native Americans of 1776 appeared to be men of the eighteenth century. In personal temper, however, Thomas Hutchinson and Samuel Adams were far more like John Winthrop and Roger Williams than Chatham and Burke were like Bacon and Burleigh. One inference seems clear: the Americans of the Revolutionary period retained to an incalculable degree qualities which had faded from ancestral England with the days of Queen Elizabeth."

Translated into the terms of literary history, Mr. Wendell's formula means simply that American literature (such as it was) down to a hundred years ago lagged far behind the literature of the mother country. Just as American politicians never came to realize, even during the eighteenth century, how profoundly the English Constitution had been modified by the Revolution of 1688, so American writers never felt the full influence of those profound transformations of the literary ideal which brought forth as the successors of Marlowe and Shakespeare such men as Bunyan and Milton, and as the successors of these such men as Dryden and Pope, and again of these such men as Goldsmith and Johnson. As far as it is possible to trace corresponding phases in the history of American literature, they seem to be anywhere from a generation to a century belated. This has all been said before, and in its generalized form the proposition has become almost a com-

monplace; it has remained for Mr. Wendell to recognize the full significance of the proposition, to support it by the most cogent reasoning, and to adduce illustrative examples from nearly every period of our literary history. He calls our attention to the fact that our only serious literature in the seventeenth century "was a phase of that half-historical, half-theological sort of work which had been a minor part of English literature generations before;" he reminds us that Dwight's satire is written, "as any one can see, in the traditional manner of the early eighteenth century;" he emphasizes the likeness between McFingal and Hudibras; and he notes the startling fact that Barlow was contemporary with Burns. Even more significant, perhaps, is the pamphleteering of Revolutionary America, as indicating "in our country a kind of intellectual activity which in England had displayed itself most characteristically a hundred years earlier." Such reversions as these may also be found in our nineteenth-century literature. Irving wrote in the manner of Goldsmith, and the underlying impulse of Bryant's verse was of eighteenth-century derivation. The literary ideals of our historians — Prescott and Parkman — have had much in common with those of Gibbon. Holmes has more than once been styled the last survival of the eighteenth century, and his manner is much more that of Pope than of his nineteenth-century contemporaries. And in some respects Hawthorne is the most remarkable of all these reversions; for in his work we have the fine flower of the Puritan spirit, the perfect expression of those moods to which our earlier writers vainly struggled to give utterance. A writer of Hawthorne's temper would have been simply unimaginable in Victorian England, but he appears as a perfectly natural product of the New England of the same period.

Mr. Wendell's treatment of our liter-

ature during the century just ended offers many interesting points for consideration, but we may not discuss them here. The hero worshiper and the enthusiast will find small encouragement in this history, for the author's sense of perspective is too just to permit him to abet their extravagances. The champions of Poe and Whitman and Webster will doubtless feel aggrieved at the way in which these men are handled, and those to whom the writings of Emerson possess something of the sanctity attaching to the ark of the covenant will not altogether relish Mr. Wendell's critical examination of the philosopher of Concord. But readers of temperate judgment will applaud the good sense and the acute intelligence which are conspicuous in almost every chapter of this book, nor will they be offended by the breeziness of its style or the happy-go-lucky character of its commentary. This random critical firing is apt to excite a certain momentary apprehension, but it nearly always hits the mark before a particular target is done with. There is only one thing in Mr. Wendell's philosophy to which we take serious exception, and that is his high-sounding but rather meaningless talk about "imperial democracy." We cannot share the complacency with which he regards the most recent happenings in our history, and do not believe that our late sinister departure from the consecrated traditions that have made this nation great and praiseworthy is to be glossed over by empty phrases about world politics and manifest destiny. "After three centuries of separation, England and America are once more side by side," we are told; but the circumstances which have brought about this *rapprochement* are no cause for congratulation to either nation. Mr. Wendell strikes a far deeper note when he dwells upon the tie that binds us to England, not for a single hour of political emergency, but for all time, — the tie of a common speech, a common liter-

ature, and a common devotion to "the two ideals most deeply inherent in our native language, — those of the Bible and the Common Law." The phrase just quoted may perhaps be called Mr. Wendell's *Leitmotiv*, so frequent and so effective is its appearance in the discussion.

From exposition to illustration is a natural step; and while Mr. Wendell has been doing the one service for our American literature, Mr. Stedman has been engaged in the performance of the other, — at least for the last century of our literature, still further restricting his field to that of our poetry alone. Mr. Stedman's qualifications for this task are too eminent to need setting forth. Himself one of the foremost of our writers of verse, — certainly unsurpassed in poetical achievement by any other now living, — his rank as a critic of poetry is equally beyond dispute; for his three published volumes in this department of literature constitute the most important body of systematic and serious criticism thus far produced by any American writer. The publication of his American Anthology now completes the labors of a quarter of a century devoted to the English and American poets of the last hundred years. In the production of the series of four volumes in which these labors are embodied he has combined industry with enthusiasm, and the nicest discrimination with the most generous appreciation. There may be individuals who think that they might have made a better anthology of American song than Mr. Stedman has made, but we fancy that their suffrages, were they to vote upon the subject, as Herodotus tells us the Greek generals voted upon the qualities of leadership displayed in the Persian wars, would result in much the same way. Each general, we read, made Themistocles his second choice; and so each critic, however high he might rank his own qualifications for the task, would be pretty sure to cast his second vote for Mr. Stedman.

It is important, at the outset, to state the exact purpose of this American Anthology. It is not intended to be a poetry book pure and simple, analogous to Mr. Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*. Mr. Stedman might have made such a book, had he wished; what he really set about to do was something quite different. His aim was to illustrate the whole movement of American poetry, from the lyrics of Freneau to the trifles of the latest college graduate, and to illuminate each phase of this historical development by whatever material seemed typical, whether its absolute value were great or small. Mr. Stedman, as a critic, is distinctly influenced by the modern evolutionary conception of the history of literature; and it is well to be reminded that his conception demands, in Amiel's metaphor, that our survey shall not content itself with the triangulation of the peaks, but shall also exhibit whatever is significant in the detail of the contour. Applying this method to the problem before him, Mr. Stedman has found nearly six hundred writers of verse entitled to be represented in this conspectus of a century of American poetical endeavor. Many of these writers are of extreme minority, no doubt; but that is not the point, and no criticism of the volume could be so ill timed as that which should seek to raise an easy laugh by satirical comment upon our six hundred poets. When we find stout volumes bearing such titles as *The Poets of Indiana* and *The Poets of Kansas*, satire is justified, for a vainglorious provincialism is almost certain to be the note of such collections; but the very greatness of the American nation, and the immense significance of its history for the civilization of the future, would offer sufficient reasons for the serious study of its poetry, were that poetry merely respectable in quality and amount.

That American poetry is something more than respectable is a claim that will now hardly be gainsaid, even by the

countrymen of Shelley and Wordsworth and Tennyson. That it has fairly and worthily reflected the idealism upon which this nation was based is a proposition that will be denied by no disinterested critic. That it falls short of the standard of world literature is a fact of far less importance to Americans than the other fact, that it has offered a sincere and intimate revelation of their better moods, strengthened them in their finer impulses, and revealed to them their nobler possibilities. It has, in Mr. Stedman's phrase, once more assumed "its ancient and rightful place as the art origivative of belief and deed." An American born and bred, with the blood of Revolutionary ancestors in his veins and the unbending ethical idealism of the Puritan in his conscience, cares little for the canons of comparative criticism or the hierarchy of literary fame when he reads his Emerson or his Whittier or his Lowell. They are too dear to him to be weighed in the critical balance; their message is too personal to be judged by objective standards. He may yield to none in his reverence for the poets of august and world-resounding names; but he knows that the poets of his own country have been more directly influential in moulding his spiritual life; that they have done for him what the sweetest or the sublimest poets born under alien skies could not have done; that it is from them that he has learned the lessons of

"righteous anger, burning scorn
Of the oppressor, love to humankind,
Sweet fealty to country and to home,
Peace, stainless purity."

And, knowing these things, his critical instincts become dissolved in an emotion of gratitude too deep for words and too insurgent for analysis.

It is in this sense that the poetry contained in *An American Anthology* is a strictly national product, and it is this feeling for its vital significance for us as a people that has made the editor of the collection so sympathetic an expositor. But in a deeper sense we must recognize our poetry as only an affluent of the stream that has been flowing ever since the soul of Cædmon poured itself forth in song. That stream is the true Father of Waters in the literature of the modern world, and American poetry may well be content with its function of chief tributary. Idle indeed is the effort to deal with it, in the philosophical spirit, as a thing apart; such an effort can result only in magnifying its accidental variations and losing sight of its essential characteristics. It should be our proudest boast that in our poetry, as in our politics and our law, "we are sprung of Earth's first blood;" that we

"speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals
hold
Which Milton held."

The more carefully we read the contents of Mr. Stedman's representative collection, the more strongly are we persuaded that, in their twofold character as a distinctive American product and as a constituent part of English literature, it is in the latter character that they impress themselves the more deeply upon the intelligence.

William Morton Payne.

RECENT VERSE.

AMONG recent books of verse, Mrs. Fields's *Orpheus, a Masque*,¹ is notable for its delicacy of mood and quiet distinction of manner. In the forty or more pages of this singularly attractive volume, she has presented a new version of one of the most permanently lovely and significant of Greek myths. The Orpheus story has been told many times in modern poetry, and for all its simplicity it lends itself endlessly to new meanings. In Mrs. Fields's *Masque*, the dramatic action turns upon the spiritual growth of Eurydice after her sojourn in Hades. Moved now only by the love that allies itself to highest good, she refuses to follow Orpheus back to "the household ways he loved so well," since she cannot bring herself to abandon the sorrowful and forsaken spirits whom she has learned to know in the shadow land. But Orpheus cannot respond to her entreaties to

"Come, follow and succor
With love and rejoicing
The spirits repentant."

Sadly she disengages herself from him, and he returns alone to Thrace, there to meet strange adventures and a strange doom. Mrs. Fields has given to this sacrificial, purgatorial element in the legend a deep meaning, and she has clothed the poem throughout with an unbroken beauty of expression. The monologues and dialogues are in firm, well-moulded verse; the lyrics are deftly varied in metrical effect; and the *Masque* leaves an impression of grace, purity of feeling, and a vital interpretation of a profoundly imaginative legend.

Another veteran writer whose latest book will bring her fresh laurels is Mrs.

Dorr. Very characteristic of the spirit of her new volume² is the sonnet:—

"Whom the Gods love die old! O life, dear life,
Let the old sing thy praises, for they know
How year by year the summers come and go,
Each with its own abounding sweetness rife!
They know, though frosts be cruel as the knife,
Yet with each June the perfect rose shall blow,
And daisies blossom, and the green grass grow,
Triumphant still, unvexed by storm or strife.
They know that night more splendid is than day;
That sunset skies flame in the gathering dark,
And the deep waters change to molten gold;
They know that autumn richer is than May;
They hear the night-birds singing like the lark—
Ah, life, sweet life, whom the Gods love die old!"

A book of such rich and eloquent verse as this is an evidence not only of ripeness of experience, but of artistic maturity as well. Mrs. Dorr's lyrics have always had the note of spontaneity. They have expressed with rare fidelity the beauty of her northern New England country. They have never failed in musical quality or in genuineness of feeling. But her *Afterglow*, in its tender portrayal of gracious memories, in the pathos and longing with which it addresses unearthly listeners, in its human sympathy and religious faith, shows her fine powers at their very best.

Mr. Lloyd Mifflin comes before the public for the fourth time with *The Fields of Dawn and Later Sonnets*.³ His command of the sonnet form has received wide recognition; and if in this new col-

DORR. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1900.

¹ *Orpheus. A Masque.* By MRS. FIELDS. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1900.

² *Afterglow. Later Poems.* By JULIA C. R.

³ *The Fields of Dawn and Later Sonnets.* By LLOYD MIFFLIN. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1900.

lection there are few evidences of technical advance, it is because the author has long since mastered his instrument. About half of the one hundred sonnets deal with the scenes and mild adventures of the author's youth. These are gracefully and musically rendered, but, like many sonnets of minor Wordsworthians, they recall, with a prodigal luxury of reminiscence, images and events that are of little intrinsic or suggestive significance. The Later Sonnets are better in this regard, and contain many memorable lines. Sometimes Mr. Miffin's work is merely mellifluous; the conscious employment of the tone values of proper names now and then smacks of preciosity; but again the lines chime with a sonorous splendor that rivals Heredia. As a whole, the collection lacks variety and passion, although it reveals everywhere the hand of an admirable workman.

Poetry at once more masculine and more mystical is to be found in Mr. William Vaughn Moody's *Masque-Drama*.¹ Mr. Moody's odes and lyrics, some of which are already familiar to readers of *The Atlantic*, are more likely to win attention than this powerful but not very easily understood *Masque of Judgment*, whose *dramatis personæ* are Raphael, Uriel, Michael, Azazel, the Angels of the Pale, White and Red Horses, the Spirits of the Throne-Lamps, the Lion and Eagle of the Throne, the Angel of the Tree of Knowledge, the Spirits of the Saved and the Lost, Moon-Spirits and Voices! The action takes place immediately before the Incarnation, during and after the Crucifixion, and upon the Day of Judgment. The internal conflict passes in the soul of Raphael, "friend of man and nature's old-time lover," while the catastrophe is a horrible Twilight of the Gods, when the Creator dies

in the death of the Antagonist, and "the snake reigns, coiled on the holy hill." Together with much that is turbid, bizarre, and violent, the drama contains many passages of extraordinary clarity and perfection. Its verse betrays the close student of Miltonic prosody; the exquisite lyrical movements suggest Paracelsus; while its romantic dramatic structure reminds the reader now of Shelley's Prometheus, now of Byron's Cain and Heaven and Earth. These are high comparisons, of course. But *The Masque of Judgment* is a thoroughly original piece of dramatic writing. Subtle philosophical conceptions underlie its grandiose imagery. In the fantastic shadows of the ruined world which it depicts there is everywhere a smouldering glow of strange beauty, and the poem, hasty and immature though it seems to be, is rich in promise.

Another excellent performance of one of the younger American verse-writers is the new volume by Miss Josephine Preston Peabody.² She takes the title of her one-act Elizabethan play from a line in the XXIXth Sonnet of Shakespeare. Her heroine is Mistress Mary Fytton, the mysterious — or is it only the supposititious? — "dark lady" of the Sonnets. The hero is "a Player, Master W. S. of the Lord Chamberlain's Company," whose successful rival in Mistress Fytton's fickle affections is "William Herbert, Son of the Earl of Pembroke." These personages, with various minor ones, are skillfully thrown together in a Bankside inn, and the dramatic climax is swiftly evolved when Mistress Fytton makes a last attempt to command anew the Player's loyalty, for reasons of her own. The dialogue and construction are alike satisfying, and the characterization is nowhere more discriminating than in the portrayal of the Player, who says

¹ *The Masque of Judgment*. A Masque-Drama in Five Acts, and a Prelude. By WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 1900.

² *Fortune and Men's Eyes*. New Poems with a Play. By JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 1900.

and does nothing that Shakespeare might not presumably have said and done, and much that he assuredly might. Equally attractive writing, though of another *genre*, may be found in the poems and songs which Miss Peabody prints in the same volume. She loves the close-packed line, the subtle phrase, the elusive word, the "shade" rather than the full chord of color. It is delicate and craftsmanlike work, done after all, perhaps, with too fine a point. Broader strokes would be more telling.

Mr. Stephen Phillips's new play¹ has already received comment in *The Atlantic's* recently printed Letter from England. Upon a first reading of the book one is chiefly impressed with the technical excellence of Mr. Phillips's stagecraft, in which he has evidently been guided throughout by his own experience as an actor. The play, rich as it is, shows an economy of mere ornament, a restraint, a swift and supple movement, that are rare in English poetical dramas. A second reading tempts one to linger over the lines upon which the author of *Marpessa* and *Paolo and Francesca* has given full play to his love of beauty and mastery of words; to enjoy the Tennysonian music of

"long and leafy Lebanonian sigh,"
and

"the low long 'Ah' of foliage,"

or to savor all of Marlowe, not only in such obvious echoes as,

"Summon the queen,
Or I will call not earthly vengeance down.
I have exhausted earth, I'll fetch the lightning
And call on thunder like an emperor!"

and the thrice-repeated

"Hippo, Samaria and Gadara,
And high-walled Joppa, and Anthedon's
shore,
And Gaza unto these, and Straton's towers,"

but in the more subtle analogies of lines like,

"Those eyes that bring upon us endless
thoughts!

That face that seems as it had come to pass
Like a thing prophesied!"

But with a third reading of *Herod* one becomes conscious not so much of dramatic skill and haunting single lines as of the fact that the English race is never for long without a poet, and that, in spite of every dissonance, garishness, and cruelty revealed in the new century's dawn, we have still,

"ever the moonlight, ever the moon
With bathing and obliterating beauty."

HOW TO WRITE A NOVEL FOR THE MASSES.

THE one thing necessary in a novel of romance is romance. The ordinary novel-reader is a dull bird, who knows little, and cares less, about the facts of history, the cut of a cloak, or the geography of a particular country. To him anachronisms do not exist, because he would not know one if he saw it in a cage. Of course I don't mean you, dear reader;

¹ *Herod*. A Tragedy. By STEPHEN PHILLIPS. London and New York: John Lane. 1901.

but you must admit that the vast majority of the reading public is made up of dull, unthinking people, so why should writers spend so much time substantiating facts, studying costumes and scenery and other details that do not affect the real interest of the story, which is and must be the romantic portion of it?

Let me show you how it ought to be done:—

"It was dawn of a clear spring morning. Guy le Cormorant set forth from

his father's castle with never a sou in his pocket, a large credit at his banker's, and the whole world before him."

Here chuck in some reference to the "'Provençal robins' that during the reign of the good Louis sang with such surpassing sweetness." If you wish to, run in a few Breton peasants, and dot the meadow with sheep, and fill the fields with Lyonnaise potatoes. The public won't know or care whether you are right or not.

Now it's time for your first adventure, for you are nearing the end of the second page, and a successful romantic novel should yield an adventure to every ten pages, and stop at the 300th page.

"Around the corner of the Louvre" (never mind what or where the Louvre is; the public will think it is a river or a field) "came the wicked seneschal, Vignon de Morimont. His fat horse jogged along lazily, and from the corners of his treacherous eyes he looked at the brave young Guy."

Now have Guy accuse him of having murdered his (Guy's) grandmother in 1560.

"When my father told me that my grandam" ("grandam" has a good sound always, like a great oath) "had been murdered by de Morimont of Morimont Castle, I swore that the murder should not go unavenged. All this morning have I sought thee; now have I found thee. Prepare for an awful doom."

Now let them draw their broadswords, and then say something about Richelieu having issued an edict against the carrying of broadswords by gentlemen. Start in as if you were going to be very dry over it, but cut it short quickly. That will make the reader like you. Then have Guy fly at the wicked seneschal, and spit him on the broadsword, and toss him into a plane tree. A plane tree is better than the most ornate tree that your reader is likely to know about. If a man thinks that you know something that he does n't know, he suspects you of know-

ing other things of which he is ignorant, and his respect increases.

Having tossed the seneschal into the plane tree, let Guy mount his horse and continue on his way. Adventure number one is over, and he has won out easily; but it will be a mistake to let him win every round with as little effort. In a story, a dead-sure thing is not exciting.

It is now time to bring in more singing of birds, as a sort of contrast. If a shepherd is handy, let him pipe up a little, so as to put Guy into good spirits, as the stabbing of the seneschal is on his nerves a bit. Guy might toss the shepherd a sequin or a groat. The public has heard of both coins, but does n't know where they grow.

Refer briefly to the clouds, and carry him on horseback past the place "where in 1493, the year after Columbus discovered America, two monks of St. Bernard were murdered by Villon, the poet scamp. A shrine still marks the spot, — a shrine erected by Villon's daughter." That will make the public say, "My, don't he know a lot!"

Now it is high time to bring Blanche de Boisgobey upon the scene. You may have her poor, but of good family, or you may make her a rich runaway, fleeing from the unpleasant attentions of Prince de Joinville; but have her family good, by all means, and she herself must be absolutely unspotted. The great public will not stand for a tarnished woman in the rôle of heroine of one of these romantic novels.

Describe her clothes, but in this you'll have to be careful; for while the men won't know anything about it, the women will catch on if you make any flagrant error. I guess you'll have to take the trouble to read up the clothes, unless you have a sister who is up on garments. You might dress Blanche in the fashion of to-day, and say that she was fond of being ahead of her time.

But if you drop a hint of another adventure, not far off, you can draw it mild

on the clothes business. Make her just as pretty as you know how, and that without describing her features; because no two persons agree on a woman's beauty, particularly no man and woman. Just say that she was as beautiful as "that fair queen of Greece whose husband swam the Hellespont to rescue her from the clutches of King Xerxes." There's more ancient history, and the dear public is left to its own imagination to conjure up proper features for her.

Now bring on your second adventure. People have a dim idea that wolves once overran France. You can speak of the great she-wolf that in 1343 ate up an entire village in the department of the Loire or the Soir; never mind how you spell it, — the public won't know the difference. Have that she-wolf, grown old and hungry, come out of a copse (by all means, a copse) and spring upon poor Blanche, who is on her way to a nunnery.

"While the terrible wolf was yet in midair, Guy pushed his horse to a mad gallop, and, raising his arms above his head, he caught the famished beast in his Herculean grasp, diverting her for a moment from her purpose."

Now you can give 'em a pretty good fight. Have the wolf and Guy and the horse go down together in a grand mix-up. Let Blanche pinch the wolf's tail, and have that so anger the "vulpine beast" that she tears a hole in Guy's doublet. It is a little early in the game to spoil his face, but if you give the reader a hint that it will heal up before they are married, I think you are safe to scratch him pretty hard. Of course, as soon as Blanche sees the scratches she will fall in love with him, and then faint.

Make the combat long, and have Guy pretty nearly done for, when, by an opportune stab, he punctures the heart of the monster.

He can come in for the big bounty that is on the wolf, if you want; but as he is rich already, that won't amount to

much, except as it gives him a chance to bestow it on a group of poor villagers who have been attracted to the scene of the fight. Be sure to call it "largess" if he scatters it among them.

Now you see why you have provided a stout horse. It is so that Blanche may sit behind Guy, and continue on her way to the nunnery, he having gallantly offered to set her down at her corner.

Now it is time for the real villain to appear. The seneschal Guy treed on the second page was only for early seasoning. The real villain is, of course, Prince Henri Milledieudetonnefleurs de Joinville, and you would do well to place him on a stallion, and have him ride for two days and two nights in pursuit of Blanche.

It's really necessary to bring in a little more scenery. A novel would seem bare without it. You might set out a double row of Lombardy poplars that were planted in honor of the victory of Magna Charta over Count de Blois in 1010. Never mind the public; they won't know. It'll look all right in type. Mention a dense flock of Marseillaise blackbirds that obscured the light of the sun, and let it be as a portent against the success of the wicked Henri. Mention other flights, casually, and speak of the Children's Crusade in search of the Northwest Passage, that was near to having been discontinued owing to a flight of sea gulls from John o' Groat's to Land's End. This last will establish you as a master of curious knowledge.

Let Guy go to sleep, weak from loss of blood, and while the horse crops at the grass, and Blanche plucks ox-heart daisies, bring on the villain at an easy gallop, and have him pick up Blanche and ride off with her. Keep Guy asleep for a half hour, so that he will deserve the more credit when he, on his fat old horse, chases and overtakes the fleet stallion. For of course he overtakes the villain. The stallion has peculiarly shaped hoofs, having lost a portion of each one

in the battle of Cressy or Sedan, — either one will do, — and Guy is able to track Henri in this way. Otherwise, the hero not being a woodsman, Henri would have escaped with his prey, and it would have caused a bad break in the story.

Let Guy come on Henri in a narrow defile, — a characteristically French one. If you don't happen to know any French defile, describe an American one, and it will go all right.

Of course this won't be the final fight, because you've got to fill at least three hundred pages, and Guy will have adventures with the pickpockets of Paris, and in the Bay of Biscay and the Swiss Alps; but I can't write the whole book for you, so we'll suppose it is the final fight.

Let Henri have the advantage at the start, but give Guy great staying powers. Make him fatigué Henri, and make Henri say, "*Je suis fatigué.*" That's real French, and you can find a lot more like it where that came from. Make Henri in need of rest and refreshment, and then let Guy come some celebrated thrust on him. You can name the thrust, if you

wish; invent it and describe it in detail out of your own head. No one will ever show you up; and if any one does, it will advertise the book.

Make Guy smile at Blanche, who by this time is loving him tremendously, and then, "with a sudden turn of the wrist, — that wrist that ten years later was to save the life of the great Mirabeau, — Guy gave Henri the congé, and the wicked prince turned and reeled in his tracks."

Now make Guy say, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense,*" or "*Dum vivimus, vivamus;*" and then, to conclude the book, make the old seneschal of page 2 crawl up, filled with remorse. He had dropped out of the plane tree, and the fall had brought him to. Make him ask forgiveness of Guy; and then, "while little French birds were singing rondels, and as peasants bent over their hoes in clod-like attitudes, or leaned upon their spades to listen to the Angelus, the monk pronounced the words that made Blanche and Guy husband and wife, — or rather, wife and husband."

There you are. It's a seller.

Charles Battell Loomis.

GIVE THE COUNTRY THE FACTS.

As month after month passes, and the Fifty-Sixth Congress nears its close, it becomes clear that the administration owes one debt to the country which it is slow to pay. The country deserves to know all the obtainable facts about the Philippine situation. It desires these facts, and it has a right to them. By an unmistakable popular vote last November the public asserted its confidence in the present administration. It believed, and it still believes, that American interests are more secure in the hands of the Republican party than they would be if controlled by a demoralized Democratic

party, under incompetent leadership. But the majority for President McKinley, however impressive, was not great enough to warrant any confident irresponsibility on the part of the Republican leaders. Their admirable party discipline has been freshly illustrated by the promptness with which they have passed upon many issues of national importance. They have already accomplished much. They have much still to accomplish. And they have thus far shown themselves singularly unconcerned about one issue, in which the plain people of both parties and in every section

of the country have a great deal at stake.

The country is tired of the Philippine War. It would like to close the account. Nearly three years have passed since the battle of Manila Bay, and the pacification of the islands is as yet hardly begun. The administration has had all the money and the troops it has asked for. With unquestioning loyalty, Americans have sent their young men to perish in the Philippine swamps, believing that this was a sacrifice demanded by national duty. We do not like to put our hand to the plough and turn back. We are not in the habit of abandoning a task because it is difficult. The country as a whole has appreciated the obstacles encountered by our soldiers in their endeavor to restore order. It has resented — and justly resented — the re-primations and extravagances of anti-imperialistic criticism. It does not believe that anything is to be gained by calling names, — by dubbing the President of the United States a “murderer and a villain.” In a word, the country has “stood by the flag,” believing that the flag has gone only where it had good right to go.

This feeling was never stronger than on the morning after the November election. But the leaders of the victorious party have presumed upon the vote of confidence then given to them. Nearly four months have elapsed, and there has been not only no appreciable progress in establishing civil government in the Philippines, but no indication that the majority in Congress realize that the country has a right to expect from them a definite Philippine programme. While the lives of volunteer American soldiers have been in deadly peril, Congress has been debating the details of a shipping subsidy bill. What is still worse, the country has been deceived as to the plain facts of the Philippine situation. The reports of generals in the field, the findings of the two commissions, the messages

of the President, the speeches of recognized leaders of the party, contain absolutely irreconcilable statements. Ours is a government by public opinion. But how is the public-spirited citizen to learn the truth about the most elementary facts concerning the Filipinos, such as their tribal relations, the extent to which they use a common language, the state of popular education and political intelligence, and the territorial limits of their present rebellion against the United States? Even upon fundamental questions like these, our newspapers and magazines are as confused and contradictory as any intelligence given out by the administration. Are the revolutionists “a few disaffected Tagalogs,” or are we encountering the patriotic resistance of a practically united people? Every American voter has a right to the possession of these facts, provided the facts are known at Washington. If they are not known at Washington, they ought to be.

The precise fashion in which this necessary information is to be gathered and laid before the American people does not now concern us. It may be through an unpartisan information bureau, such as has lately been organized by private persons. It may be in accordance with the plan of Senator Hoar or of Senator Spooner. Any plan is better than no plan. If we can get an honest Philippine Blue Book, one publisher is as good as another. But by some means or other the country will insist upon knowing precisely what it is doing in the Philippines. It wants the facts.

We have spent a vast amount of money in this Philippine investment. If we have wasted it in the impossible task of trying to force our civilization upon an unwilling people, we cannot find out our blunder any too soon. The war has cost many thousands of American lives. We have always been reckless of life in a good cause, but the fathers and mothers

of boys who have fallen in the Philippines have a right to know the precise grounds of the quarrel. Finally, in our forcible annexation of foreign territory there are involved certain principles fundamental to our existence as a nation, certain ideals of liberty and self-government which are more important to the perpetuity of the United States than any sacrifice of treasure and life in a single generation. It is because of the vast interests involved that our Philippine policy should not be shrouded in any official mystery.

The Atlantic does not often comment editorially upon matters of political controversy. It believed thoroughly, as its readers will remember, in the justice of our war with Spain. It accepts cheerfully all of the logical consequences of that war. But it recognizes that in undertaking to govern the Philippines we have ventured upon a difficult and perplexing course. We need all the light we can get, from whatever quarter; we need caution, patience, tact. Our present predicament may be likened to that of a company of woodsmen who are following a very blind trail across an unknown swamp. We must make the best of it. If we are to make any progress, we must stick together, and stick to the business in hand. It is useless now for the

anti-imperialist to drop his pack and shriek and wail because we did not take the path he wanted us to follow. It is equally ridiculous for some youthful imperialist to climb a stump, and, with much drumming of reverberant wings, to vociferate that we have a genius for geography, and that the trail is perfectly plain. The homely truth is that we are meanwhile up to our knees in mud and water, and in no temper to listen to speeches. We want to know where we are. The compass of political theory can doubtless help us, but close observation of this unfamiliar region will help us more. We shall get through somehow. We have been in the woods before, although not in this particular swamp. We may conclude, by and by, to swing back on to the ridge again, as the safer plan, and to leave the Philippine Islands, under some amicable arrangement, to the Philippine people. But all that is in the future. The duty of the present moment is to cease petty recrimination; to take our bearings, and face the situation. We want the plain facts, however unflattering to our woodcraft they may be. Give the country the facts about the Philippines, and everything else may safely be left to the good sense and the patriotism of the American people.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

It is a dangerous experiment to re-read
A Broken Idol. a favorite book — especially if it be a novel — after the lapse, say, of five or ten years. One is apt to find a broken idol on one's hands. That is my own case at the present moment, and the idol, whose pieces do not seem to me worth saving and cementing together again, is *Jane Eyre*. Nothing of the old charm is left, except here and

there a fleeting touch of passion, — a quality so rare in literature that even a touch of it is not to be disregarded. Greatly to my surprise, the book as a whole strikes me as supremely tiresome. From beginning to end there is not a breath of fresh air or a glimpse of natural life in it. At every turn one stumbles over antiquated stage properties, and detects the creak of rusty and

worn-out machinery. That "demoniac laugh," which echoes through the house at midnight, is a sound that was heard in mouldy castles on the Rhine a century or two before Charlotte Brontë was born; the inconsequential "uncle," who dies in a foreign land just in the nick of time to leave a fortune to the starving heroine, has been dying and coming to life again ever since 1500; and the hero, who disguises himself as a monk or a gypsy, and, unrecognized, holds a protracted conversation with the heroine, belongs to a numerous family of heroes who have always done that puerile and impossible thing. This whole episode is in the very worst manner of the worst romantic school. As a piece of English prose the work will not stand examination. Yet, in the year of grace 1847, Jane Eyre took England by storm. Thackeray sat up all night reading it; Dickens wept over it; learned scholars, mighty statesmen, and hard-hearted critics swelled the chorus of its praise. In the twinkling of an eye an obscure young woman in a dismal little parsonage down in Yorkshire became a London lioness of the very largest proportions. Neither Mr. Richardson's Pamela nor Miss Fanny Burney's Evelina ever wrought more havoc among the *jeunesse dorée* of the town than did Charlotte Brontë's plain governess, with her hair primly brushed down over the brows. An interesting pallor, disconnected with any other personal charm, was instantly all the rage in current fiction. In suburban boarding schools, young ladies (with short upper lips) nibbled their slate pencils, and longed to be morbid governesses that they might melt glacial Mr. Rochesters. It appears to me that the only really sane persons in England at the moment were the six publishers who declined the manuscript before Messrs. Smith and Elder got hold of it. These gentlemen may not have been sane, but they were lucky. I know that Jane Eyre is still read and admired,

—so potent is tradition; but if Jane Eyre could be given to the world tomorrow for the first time, I doubt if it would thrill two continents. How did it manage to do so fifty-odd years ago? Perhaps meretricious taste has its bacillus, like the bubonic plague, and from time to time becomes epidemic. This theory would help Mr. Howells to account for the phenomenal prevalence just now of "the historical novel," and is sympathetically placed at his service.

"FORSAN et hæc olim meminisse juvabit," I began. "Construe," When I was a Boy. interrupted the master dryly. Now it was the custom in Cohannet Academy for a pupil to pronounce his allotment of Vergil's immortal lines, and then to do them into English, with as little wear and tear of the master's nerves as possible. So when Mr. Trand said, "Construe," his proceeding took on the nature of a flank movement. To be sure, had not a guilty conscience weighed me down, I might have made a bold try at the line. To one who had been forced to memorize a whole page of Latin grammar on the subject of defective verbs, "meminisse" was not so formidable as its look; and "juvabit," in one or another of its "pleasing" forms, was a well-known friend. But if the master's manner meant anything, it meant that I was weighed in the balances and found wanting; so I faltered, until "Sit down" came, in the same sarcastic tone.

A wonderful man was Mr. Trand. How did he know that, totally unprepared with my translation, I was afraid to say so, and hoped to soften his displeasure by scanning the lines in my most scholarly manner? I had failed to keep my appointment with Publius Vergilius Maro the evening before, on account of a previous and more important engagement. It was the First of May, the date sacred to the hanging of May baskets. Thirty years ago, in the country, "hanging May baskets" meant high carnival in prankdom. With some boys

it lasted the month through. But my father, who had never formulated the doctrine that "one man's rights end where another's begin," nevertheless held to its substance, and allowed me one night only for the mad romp. My small daughters demand an appreciable sum of money for their Maying; but we of the farming districts, in those old days, found our pockets none the lighter for our fun. We hung dried herrings, — alewives being plentiful in the Great River, — and potato lay figures, and even "poetry." We ran for miles, we paid old scores, we incurred risks of canine attacks. So, "Sit down," said Mr. Trand, and I sat down, — ashamed, but not sorrowful. I must pay the piper, but had I not danced?

That was before intermission. "After school" I sat glowering at my book, my heart hot with scorn; not because I must prepare my translation before I went home, but because I must translate such absurd and pernicious sentiments. "Pleasing to remember these things hereafter"! Well, so I thought the night before, or even that morning, despite Mr. Trand's intimation that boys who didn't intend to get their lessons would do well to stay away from school altogether. But the entire aspect of "these things" had changed since morning. At intermission I had umpired a baseball game. Through what strange attribute of human nature is it always possible to find an umpire for a boys' game of ball? He knows beforehand that he will leave the field with as many temporary enemies as there are players on the losing side. He knows his physical, mental, and moral reputation will be in rags. And woe to his vulnerable spot! Let him not think to cover it from the sharp eyes of enraged boyhood. I had many times been called "farmer" and "hayseed." I did not much care. Farmers had their compensations, and hayseed was good in its place. I had myself acquired considerable proficiency

in inventing names with little sharp points to them. But that day's taunt struck deeper, and, so to speak, drew blood. Although not sharing in the physical heat of the contest, I had removed my coat and "vest," and as I stood contending that Melvin Thomas was on the base when the ball touched him, and consequently was not "out," some one of my opponents cried: "Oh, he's got on a woman's shirt! Look at the woman's shirt!" The phrase struck the crowd as a most ingenious instrument of torture, and presently even Melvin Thomas, whose cause I had espoused so hotly, joined in the cry, "Oh, see the woman's shirt!" These were things "pleasing to remember," indeed! When I got home I would tear off that shirt! Yes, *tear it off!*

My tormentors meant only that my shirt gave evidence of being made by my mother's unskillful fingers. Not that she was unskillful, to speak exactly, but just unmindful of fashion's dictates, and satisfied with the models of her own youth. Indeed, every garment I wore was subject to the same reproach, a fact well known to my acute schoolfellows. But they could hardly have shouted — in those days — "woman's trousers" or "woman's vest," and perhaps neither would have made so effective a war cry.

I walked the four miles home, that night, with my mind made up. I would go out into the world and make a place for myself, and it would be a place where all clothes were irreproachably "ready-made." And so it came about. Only, such is the mutability of human opinion that "ready-made" clothing no longer seems to be the guarantee of high social standing! But my real life seems to begin with that day, — with the happiness of the May evening, and the parsing of Vergil, and the scorn of my companions, and the hot resolve in my boyish heart; and I find now that Vergil is right, and that somehow it is "pleasing to remember."

THE appearance of Mr. Farnham's clear and well-ordered life of Parkman's Tenacity. Parkman¹ recalls a spare and martial figure once familiar on certain quiet streets of Boston, and a life of entire yet inconspicuous heroism.

The memories and recollections which the publication of this book has awakened are singularly harmonious, and unite to reproduce for us a man of austere simplicity and Roman fortitude. Mr. Godkin's reminiscences, that he tucked a few weeks ago modestly into a corner of *The Nation*, were fittingly summed up in *Constantia*, which he counted Parkman's peculiar trait. It is perhaps as good a word as any for that enduring, steadfast quality by which he withstood disease and despair, and was able, when well on in years, to say, "I have not yet abandoned any plan which I ever formed."

The Atlantic editorial memory contains an instance of Parkman's tenacity, the preëminence of which has thus far not been endangered by any rival feats. When Lowell was editor, in the first year of the magazine, he invited Parkman to prepare an article on the conquest of Canada. Thirty years later, when Lowell's fourth successor had come to what the first editor used playfully to call "the seat of the scorners," Parkman finished and sent the paper. Only Holmes, in that light-footed leap over a decade and a half with which he begins the Autocrat, "As I was saying when I was interrupted," comes into any comparison with this splendid disregard of time. And with Holmes it was merely a flash of fancy.

Parkman's unconquerable patience, glacier-like as it may seem from one point of view, was by no means an index of a phlegmatic nature. Rather, his nature was of steel, durable, but highly tempered. "A life of action and death in battle" was, he says, his earliest wish.

¹ *The Life of Francis Parkman*. By CHARLES HAIGHT FARNHAM. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1900.

All his young ambition seems to have run to martial deeds. His heroes were La Salle, Montcalm, Wolfe, and Champlain, soldiers and explorers; and as long as he lived he kept within view a picture of the Colleoni statue at Venice, the most spirited equestrian statue in the world. The weight of the long campaign against illness which meant torturing pain, and the dread of mental breakdown, checked somewhat the eagerness of his spirit, but left his fortitude undimmed. As he grew older, he wore more and more the look of a veteran. A kind of heroic severity settled upon his figure, and to strangers his bearing became increasingly impressive. It is told of a clever authoress who went to be presented to Parkman, that she found him standing to greet her resting upon his crutches, like an old soldier, and wearing a look of so much dignity and distinction that she could not so much as say a word, but retired in admiring confusion.

We have reason to be grateful for Mr. Farnham's gracious service in recalling for us this notable figure, and portraying a character which is among the most memorable and heroic in our literary history.

THE fact that one never knows how often it rains until one lives in the open air is as true of the tourist as of the soldier. Once deprived of ready shelter, we become slaves to the elements. Especially is this the case in a foreign city, where indoor life is scant and meagre, and where all communication is swayed and limited by Ollendorf. Thus musing, I made my damp and drizzly way through the wet streets to the studio of a compatriot, who had often invited me to divide with him the besiegement of a rainy Sunday.

I found Mr. Hamilton Wilde occupied in setting to rights a very disorderly collection of curios, sketches, screens, rugs, Japanese or Turkish, and stray canvases, — the last covered with figures in

every stage of development; while the dust from his activities threw over the whole scene an air of half realism, as of a picture seen through clouded glasses.

"I am glad you came to-day," he said, with a smile of welcome. "I've been hard at work trying to finish the picture of the boy Browning, and I rather expect a visit from the father. Look!" and he carefully lifted a many-stained cloth from his largest easel, disclosing a bright, lifelike composition, whose subject was a boy of twelve or thirteen, seated on a handsome pony, which latter was pawing, to the evident delight of himself and his rider. "Yes," continued my friend, "I've had hard work to get the shadows to fall correctly from the pony's legs," pointing to a burst of sunshine which seemed to envelop the group, beneath which recent tracks wrought confusion on the ground below.

There still remained about this artist some remnant of that Puritanism which compelled obedience to the fourth commandment; but, although the ethics of New England forbade him to paint on the Sabbath Day, there was no law against tidying and dusting his studio; that was not *his* labor.

I was admiring the fantastic weapons, the embossed armor, and all the pretty picturesqueness that goes to the appointing and equipment of a first-class studio, and had lost myself in deciphering an inscription on a Toledo blade, when a heavy step, followed by a very distinct knocking, announced the poet: a stout, middle-sized man of about fifty, with graying hair, a fine complexion, and a wholesome robustness of bearing quite at variance with the indolent *morbidezza* which so often seems to herald genius among the Latins, and sometimes among ourselves. "A man who looks like that," remarks Bulwer, "might play on the violoncello, marry for love, and even write poetry, and yet not go to the dogs." Of all attempts at description by those who had seen the poet, that of Professor

Hill seemed the most fitting, — "A nice Englishman."

He immediately walked over to the largest easel, and, taking the cloth off, gazed at the picture with fond eyes, long and tenderly; then, suddenly, as if ashamed of his preoccupation, he turned to me with deprecation in voice and gesture. "Pardon me! You see I'm so delighted to be a father that I forget that I can be anything else. You are not old enough to understand, perhaps; but I am like the Elector of Hanover, who was to receive a visit from the Spanish ambassador, — a most stately personage. When that dignitary entered, he found the elector on his hands and knees, playing horse with his little son. Pausing and half rising, he exclaimed, 'Excuse me, but are you a father?' 'Oh yes,' said the Spanish ambassador. 'Then I'll continue my ride.'" Then, as though suiting the action to the word, Browning turned his back to us, and resumed his delighted gaze at the picture, which I immediately began to consider very remarkable, — such is the indorsement of high authority!

After another long and earnest look at the portrait of his boy, the poet began to walk up and down the room, with nervous, hurried stride, talking in a low voice, as if in soliloquy, yet really to the artist and myself: "Yes, I want that picture exhibited in London. I did intend to hang it up over my bed foot, so that I might wake each morning and find myself a father; but that would be mean and selfish, besides being an injustice to Wilde [pointing to the artist], who, surely, has some rights of recognition among his peers." Fumbling in the corners of his memory awhile, he came out with a sort of Eureka exclamation, as he recalled the address of a London picture dealer to whom the art treasure could be confided, — No. 167 Strand. He kept walking up and down, repeating the name and number, as though committing it to memory, like a

schoolboy. Suddenly stopping at a side table, he began to tumble the books that lay helter-skelter thereon, and, with a low cry of surprise and pleasantry, he reft from the disorder a volume of his own poems, remarking as he turned the leaves, "Where did this come from?" Then, taking the open book to the window for better light, he read aloud the name of the artist, with the added words, "From his loving mother." "Dear me!" exclaimed the frankly gratified poet. "That's very pleasant. And had I readers so long ago beyond the seas?" "Always among the transcendentalists," remarked Wilde. "How very pleasant! And I never saw this before: why did you never show it me? So like you, Ham, to remember the pleasure that comes unlooked for is thrice welcome."

Dropping the book, he sauntered to the piano, and began to play chords and modulations with a skill and musicianly manner almost professional. Remembering how George William Curtis had delighted in Browning's organ-playing at Vallombrosa, I was eager to listen to the wizard whose heard melodies might contend with those unheard. But, beyond a somewhat dizzying maze of chords and sequences, there was little that could be recognized. His touch was skilled and admirable, while his management of the pedals seemed modest and judicious; but the most noticeable feature of Browning's playing was gusto. Never did I meet a musician who so tasted his own music, so to speak. Like the lady in *Alastor*, the beating of whose heart was heard to fill the pauses of her music, he appeared to include in himself player and audience, as well as poet and composer, with sufficing completeness. I was not surprised to hear him say that he had heard Mendelssohn play; but as

to the rumor that he had been a pupil of that great master of form, he denied it as absurd, saying that he never had possessed patience enough for a musician, or at least a virtuoso, although at one period he had practiced a number of hours each day, for some months.

Turning suddenly from his playing, Mr. Browning looked up, observing: "What am I doing here? Mumbling over blind chords, when I've been invited to hear you play! You are quite an exponent, I hear, of American music."

Remembering the allegory concerning the Scottish and French kings, to the effect that it is polite to obey, I complied without deprecation. Seating myself at the piano, I continued playing for an hour or so, furtively watching the poet, who sat with closed eyes, beating time with his foot, or occasionally with his hand. The repertoire included most styles then in vogue, from the *Marche de Nuit* of Gottschalk to the simplest negro melody.

"Yes, yes," murmured the poet, "further evidence of what I have long suspected. You Americans [turning to Wilde] *are* a luxurious people: your metre is wearisomely faultless, and your music dallies overmuch with the chord of the diminished seventh. You are far more refined than we English would have you, and even I miss the robust virtues we have been led to expect. But, after all, you are consistent."

Here followed a most affectionate leave-taking between "Ham" and "Robert," for the two had reached that stage of intimacy which makes the calling of first names an added tie; and with a cordial invitation to take a "cup of tea with Mrs. Browning," the poet left as suddenly as he came, — producing upon my mind an impression as of one escaping through spring doors.

VICTORIA.

MAY 24, 1819 — JANUARY 22, 1901.

“HER court was pure ; her life serene ;
God gave her peace ; her land reposed ;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen ;

“And statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet

“By shaping some august decree
Which kept her throne unshaken still,
Broad-based upon her people’s will,
And compass’d by the inviolate sea.”

Tennyson.